Grace E Cann

Sophia M Bartlett

THE

NATIONAL PRECEPTOR:

OR,

SELECTIONS

IN

PROSE AND POETRY;

CONSISTING OF

NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE, ARGUMENTATIVE, DIDACTIC, PATHETIC, AND HUMOROUS PIECES;

TOGETHER WITH

DIALOGUES, ADDRESSES, ORATIONS, SPEECHES, &c.

CALCULATED

TO IMPROVE THE SCHOLAR IN READING AND SPEAKING; AND TO IMPRESS THE MINDS OF YOUTH WITH SENTIMENTS OF PIETY AND VIRTUE.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.

SIXTH EDITION.

BY J. OLNEY, A. M.

AUTHOR OF "A PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY AND ATLAS."

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NEW YORK.

ROBINSON, PRATT & CO., 63 WALL STREET.

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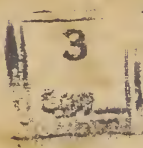

DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, *ss.*

[L. S.] BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eighth day of August, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Messrs. Goodwin & Co., of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The National Preceptor, or Selections in Prose and Poetry; consisting of narrative, descriptive, argumentative, didactic, pathetic, and humorous pieces: together with dialogues, addresses, orations, speeches, &c.; calculated to improve the scholar in reading and speaking, and to impress the minds of youth with sentiments of piety and virtue. Designed for the use of schools and academies. By J. Olney, Author of 'A practical system of modern Geography and Atlas.'"

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."—And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

CHARLES A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

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PREFACE.

THE art of reading well, is a highly valued accomplishment, and in all our schools should be considered of the first importance; it is not only the foundation of good speaking, but it may be termed the basis of a finished education.

Experience has convinced me that it may be easily taught, by beginning with such lessons as are *intelligible* and *interesting* to the learner, and making each selection with reference to the *natural progress* of the mind. Where emotions are excited, there is little need of rules for their expression.

Questions like the following are often asked:—Why do children and youth more frequently fail in good reading, than in any other branch of education? Why do we often hear a youth, whose tones in conversation are varied and agreeable, read in a dull, monotonous manner? Why are there so few good readers in society? We believe a correct answer will be found in the fact that *bad habits* have been formed by a *practice* of reading *uninteresting* if not *unintelligible* exercises. Let any competent judge examine the books used in teaching this valuable art, and he will see that their compilers have hitherto but little known or regarded the *taste*, *wants* and *capacities* of those for whom they have laboured.

The following work is designed for the middle and higher classes in our Academies and Schools. In preparing it, great care has been taken to select such lessons, as are calculated to give exercise to the various emotions of the mind and the corresponding tones and inflections of the voice. It will be found to contain a greater quantity of interesting and useful matter than any other similar work; and the different selections are so arranged as to give the learner a knowledge of reading the various kinds of style, from the simple narrative to the lofty epic. The compiler flatters himself that the work is such an one as has long been needed; and in the earnest hope that it may be found useful to the young in improving their style of reading, and in exciting them to virtuous action,

Humbly submits it to the candor
of an enlightened public.

J. OLNEY.

Hartford, April, 1831.

The following extract from the North American Review is inserted here for the benefit of teachers and others interested in the education of youth.

"It ought to be a leading object in our schools to teach the art of reading. It ought to occupy three-fold more time than it does. The teachers of these schools should labor to improve *themselves*. They should feel, that to them, for a time, are committed the future orators of the land. We had rather have a child, even of the other sex, return to us from school, a first-rate reader, than a first-rate performer on the piano-forte. We should feel that we had a far better pledge for the intelligence and talent of our child. The accomplishment, in its perfection, would give more pleasure. The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence. And there may be eloquent readers, as well as eloquent speakers. We speak of perfection in this art; and it is something, we must say in defence of our preference, which we have never yet seen. Let the same pains be devoted to reading, as are required to form an accomplished performer on an instrument; let us have our *phonasci*, as the ancients had,—the formers of the voice, the music-masters of the reading voice; let us see years devoted to this accomplishment, and then we shall be prepared to stand the comparison. It is, indeed, a most intellectual accomplishment. So is music, too, in its perfection. But one recommendation of the art of reading is, that it requires a constant exercise of mind. It demands continual and close reflection and thought, and the finest discrimination of thought. It involves, in its perfection, the whole art of criticism on language."

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

SIMPLIFIED FROM THE WORKS OF

PORTER, WALKER, AND RUSH.

All who attentively observe the movements of the voice in reading or in speaking, will perceive that it rises and falls as in singing. Let any one count slowly, and he will easily discover these variations of the voice, as, *onē, twō, thrèe,—foùr, five, sìx ;*—here it will be seen that the voice varies in its tones. Let these words drawl off the tongue and these slides of the voice will be still more apparent. In the question and answer,—*Will you go to-day? No*—any one will easily perceive that the voice is inclined upwards on the word *day*, and downwards on *no*. These movements, or slides of the voice are called *inflections*, which include all those gradual waving variations which are heard in good reading, or in animated conversation.

The modifications of the voice are four—viz. The *rising inflection*, which turns the voice, upwards, marked thus (ˊ)—the *falling inflection*, which turns the voice downwards, marked thus (ˋ)—the *circumflex*, which is a union of the falling and rising inflections, marked thus (◡)—and the *monotone*, which is a sameness of sound, marked thus (‾). That the learner may acquire a practical knowledge of these inflections, it is important that he should be exercised on examples like the following, till he can easily distinguish one from the other.

RISING INFLECTION.	FALLING INFLECTION.
Will you rídе	——or wàlk?
Will you reád	——or spèll?
Did he act próperly	——or impròperly?
Is he rích	——or poòr?
Is he leárned	——or ignòrant?
Will you gó	——or stày?
Did you see *him'*	——or his *bròther?*
Did I say fáme	——or blàme?
Did I say reád	——or reàd?
You must not say nó	——but nò.
Is he stúdious?	So am 'I.
Does he stúdy?	I am ìdle.
Is he rích?	I am poòr.
Does he ríde?	I shall wàlk.
Will you wálk?	I shall rìde.

Rule 1. When interrogative sentences, connected by the disjunctive *or*, succeed each other, the first ends with the rising inflection, the latter with the falling; as,

Did you say nó——or yès?
Did you rún——or wàlk?
Will you wríte——or reàd?

Rule 2. A direct question, or that which admits the answer of *yes* or *no*, has the rising inflection, and the answer has the falling; as,

Did you say fáme? Nò. I said nàme.
Did you speák? I did.
Will you ríde? I will wàlk.

Rule 3. The indirect question and its answer, has the falling inflection;

Why are you ìdle? I have no boòk.
Why do you stùdy? That I may leàrn.
What is your nàme? A good scholar.

Rule 4. When a sentence is composed of a positive and negative part, which are opposed to each other, the *positive* must have the falling inflection and the *negative* the rising; as,

He did not say *yoûrs*——but *minè*.
He did not say *yoûnger*——but *oldèr*.
He will not go *to-dây*——but to-mòrròw.
Study not for *amûsement*——but for *imprôvement*.

Rule 5. Commands, denunciation, reprehension, generally require the falling inflection; as,

Give me the boòk. Hènce! bègone! awày!
Stànd! the ground's your own, my brâves.
Wo unto you Phârisees! Why tèmpt ye me.

Rule 6. When two members consisting of single words commence a sentence, the first has the falling, the second the rising inflection; as,

Idlèness and *ignorance* are inseparable companions.

Rule 7. The final pause, or that which denotes the sense to be finished, requires the falling inflection; as,

Lovè, jôy, peàce; long-suffering`, gentlenéss, goodnèss, faith`, meekness`, and ténperânce, are the fruits of the Spìrit.

Rule 8. Tender emotions require the rising inflection; as,

Jesus saith unto her, Mâry.
Yoú too, Brútus.

Rule 9. The *circumflex* is generally applied to phrases that are of a hypothetic nature, and to negations contrasted with affirmations; as,

If ye lôve mê, keep my commandmènts.
The kingdom of God is not in wôrds, but in powèr.

PAUSES.

Pauses are distinguished into two kinds; viz. The *Grammatical Pause*, designated by points, and addressed to the *eye;* and the *Rhetorical Pause*, dictated by the sense, and therefore addressed to the *ear*.

It is taken for granted that the learner is already acquainted with the *first*, which renders it unnecessary to give any explanation of it here.

The Rhetorical Pause is that cessation of the voice which the reader or speaker makes after some important word in a sentence, and upon which he wishes to fix the attention of the hearer.

When a proper name, or a word which stands for the subject of a discourse, begins a sentence, it requires a pause after it, although the grammatical relation would allow no visible punctuation; as

Hypocrisy is a homage that *vice* pays to virtue.
Prosperity gains friends; *adversity* tries them.
Homer was the greater gènius; *Virgil* the better àrtist.

Here, although the grammatical relation would admit no visible pause after the words in Italic, yet the ear demands one, which no good reader would fail to make. The following examples are marked to show more fully the use of this pause.

Some—place the bliss in action, *some*—in ease;
Those—call it pleasure, and contentment—*these*.
Thou—art the man.
The young—are slaves to novelty; the old—to custom.

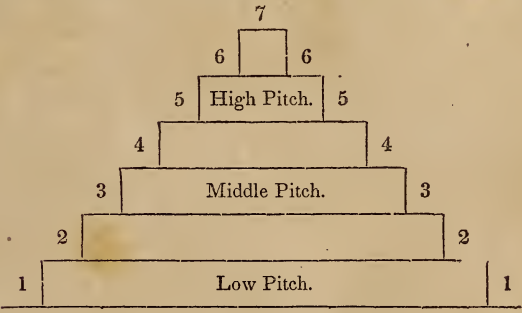
Memory—is the purveyor of reason.
Man—is the merriest species in the creation.
Virtue—is of intrinsic value.
The great pursuit of man—is after happiness.

The good reader will perceive the propriety of pausing after the first word, as the subject of the sentence. By this pause the mind is fixed upon the principal object of attention, and prepared to proceed with clearness and deliberation to the reception of what follows.

PITCH OF VOICE.

By *Pitch of Voice* is meant those *high* and *low* tones which prevail in speaking. Every person has three pitches of voice, which are easily distinguished; viz.—the *natural* or *middle pitch*,—the *high pitch*,—and the *low pitch*. The *natural* or *middle pitch* is that which is heard in common conversation. The *high pitch* is used in calling to one at a distance. The *low pitch* is employed when we speak to one quite near, and who, though surrounded by many, is the only one supposed to hear.

The learner must be informed here, that *high* and *loud*, and *low* and *soft*, have not the least affinity. To render the different pitches of the voice clear and intelligible to the learner, the following diagram is inserted, exhibiting to the eye a scale of speaking tones, similar to that used in music.



Let the learner commence in as low a bass-key as possible, and count up the diagram, rising a tone* each number, the same as sounding the eight notes in music, and he will easily discover that the degrees of pitch in speaking, are the same as those in singing. This scale of speaking tones, may seem difficult at first, but a very little practice will render it easy. Let the learner speak *one* in as low a bass-key as possible—then *two*, &c. and he will find that he can speak these with as much ease and correctness as he can sing them. When he has acquired a knowledge of these different pitches and tones—let him take a sentence and read it on the lowest note—then read it on a note higher, and so on, till he has reached the highest note of his voice. Take the following line.

"On,—on,—to the just and glorious strife."

* The Semitone between the 3 and 4 is not noticed here, being unnecessary in the present case.

A little practice, it is believed, will give the reader a perfect command of his voice in all the degrees of tone from the lowest to the highest notes to which the voice can be raised.

ACCENT.

Accent is a stress of voice given to a particular syllable to distinguish it from others in the same word; as in the word *a-tone'-ment*, the stress is laid on the second syllable. Accent is, in a measure, dependent on emphasis, and is transposed where the claims of emphasis require it; as when words occur, which have a partial sameness in form, but are contrasted in sense; as,

Neither *jŭ*stice nor *ĭn*justice.
Neither *hón*or nor *dĭs*honor.
He must *ĭn*crease but I must *dĕ*crease.
He that *ăs*cended is the same as he that *dĕs*cended.
Neither *lăw*ful nor *ŭn*lawful.
Neither *wór*thy nor *ŭn*worthy.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is a stress of voice laid on particular words in a sentence, to distinguish them from others, and convey their meaning in the best manner; as, "You were not sent here to *play*, but to *study*." The learner will perceive that the words *play* and *study* are pronounced with more force than the rest of the sentence, and are therefore termed the emphatical words.

A word, on which the meaning of a sentence is suspended, or placed in contrast, or in opposition to other words, is always emphatical.

As to the *degree* or *intensity* of force that the reader or speaker should give to important words in a sentence, no particular rules can be given. He must enter into the spirit of what he reads—*feel* the sentiment expressed, and he will seldom fail in giving each word its proper force, or emphatic stress. Emphasis is ever associated with thought and emotion; and he who would become eminent as a reader, or speaker, must remember that the "soul of eloquence is *feeling*."

EXAMPLES FOR EXERCISE.

I do not *request* your attention, but *demand* it.
It is not so difficult to *talk* well, as to *live* well.
Prosperity gains friends, *adversity* tries them.
'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in *writing* or in *judging* ill.
Angels! and ministers of *grace*,—defend us.
I come to *bury* Cæsar, not to *praise* him.

A METHOD OF MARKING THE DIFFERENT FORCES OF WORDS.

Various methods have been devised to mark the different forces of words in sentences, in such a manner as to convey a clear idea of the pronunciation. The most simple and practical method is to unite the unaccented words to those that are accented, as if they were syllables of them. This classification naturally divides a sentence into just so many portions, as it contains accents; as in the following sentence:

Prosperity | gains friends | and adversity | tries them.

When there is no uncommon emphasis in a sentence, we can pronounce it with more or fewer accents, without materially affecting the sense. The

following sentence may be pronounced in four portions, or in ten, without any injury to the sense of it.

Pitchuponthátcourseoflife | whichisthemostéxcellent | andcústom | will makeitthemostdelightful.

Pitch | uponthát | cóurse | oflîfe | whichisthemòst | éxcellent | andcústom | willmákeit | themóst | delightful.

Some | place the bliss | in action | some | in ease.
Those | call it | pleasure | and contentment | these.

The following extract from the poems of Ossian is inserted as scored by Dr. Rush:

And is the son of Semo fallen? | Mournful are Tura's walls. | Sorrow dwells at Dunscai. | Thy spouse is left alone in her youth. | The son of thy love is alone! | He shall come to Bragela, | and ask why she weeps? | He shall lift his eyes to the wall, | and see his father's sword. | Whose sword is that? | he will say. | The soul of his mother is sad. | Who is that, | like the hart of the desert, | in the murmur of his course? | His eyes look wildly round | in search of his friend. | Conal | son of Colgar, | where hast thou been | when the mighty fell? | Did the seas of Cogorma roll round thee? | Was the wind of the south in thy sails? | The mighty have fallen in battle, | and thou wast not there. | Let none tell it in Selma, | nor in Morven's woody land. | Fingal will be sad, | and the sons of the desert | mourn.

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NATIONAL PRECEPTOR.

LESSON I.

My Dog and my Shadow.

1. In a solitary excursion through the woods, Major Halden fell in with a man whose singular appearance attracted his attention. He was sitting on the ground at the foot of a beech tree, eating a crust of bread, which he shared bit by bit with his dog.

2. His dress betrayed the utmost poverty, but his countenance exhibited every symptom of cheerfulness. The Major saluted him as he rode past, and the man pulled off his hat. "Do you see?" said he to his dog, laughing. "What could the dog see?" asked the Major, whose curiosity was much excited by the man's happy looks.

3. The stranger laughed. "Aye," said the man, in a humorous tone, "I wish to make the dog take notice of your civility; it is so uncommon for a well-dressed person on horseback, to lift his hat or cap to a tattered foot passenger like me." "Who are you then?" said the Major to the man, looking at him attentively. "A child of fortune."

4. "A child of fortune! You mistake, without doubt; for your coat seems to speak otherwise." "My coat is in the right, sir. But as I can joke in this coat,—the only one I have,—it is of as much value to me as a new one, even if it had a star* upon it." "If what you say does not proceed from a disordered mind, you are in the right, countryman."

5. "A disordered mind, or a light mind, is sometimes the gift of God, at least for children of fortune of my case.—My fate once hung heavy on my mind like lead; but care now passes through it as the wind does through my coat, and if that be a fault, it makes up for a great deal of misfortune." "But," says the Major, "whence did you come, and whither are you going?"

* *Star*, a badge of rank.

6. "That question is not difficult to be answered, sir. I came from my cradle, and I am now going straight forward to my grave. With these two stages of my life I am well acquainted. In a word, I am endeavoring to soften my fate; but I must have something very engaging, for my dog and destiny remain faithful to me; and my shadow also, but like a false friend, only when the sun shines.

7. "You shake your head, sir, as if you mean to say I have made choice of bad company. I thought so at first, but there is nothing so bad as not to be useful sometimes. My destiny has made me humble, and taught me what I did not before know,—that one cannot unhinge the world. My dog has taught me there is still love and fidelity in it, and—you cannot imagine what fine things one can talk with, and respecting, one's shadow!"

8. "Respecting one's shadow? that I do not understand." "You shall hear, sir—at sunrise, when I am walking behind my long towering shadow, what conversation I hold with it on philosophical subjects.

9. "Look," say I, "dear shadow, art thou not like a youth, when the sun of life is rising the earth seems too small; just when I lift a leg, thou liftest another, as if thou wouldst step over ten acres at once; and yet when thou puttest down thy leg, thy step is scarcely a span long.

10. "So fares it with youth. He seems as if he would destroy or create a world; and yet, in the end, he does none of those things which might have been expected from his discourse. Let the sun now rise higher, and thou wilt become smaller as the youth boasts less, the older he grows.

11. "Thus I compare, you see, the morning, noon, and evening shadow, with a hundred things; and the longer we walk together, the better we get acquainted. At present I can forego many things which I formerly considered indispensable necessaries.

12. "The shadow is my watch and my servant. It is only a pity, that a man cannot exist in his shadow, as his shadow does in him." "Well, and what do you say in the evening to your shadow?"

13. "A man's shadow *then* is a very serious thing—the best moralist.—When the shadow runs before one, still becoming longer and less visible, as if already hiding its head in the darkness of eternity, while behind one is the setting sun, and before one a rising star—the shadow then seems to say, thou art on the brink of eternity,—thy sun is going down,—but lose

not courage; like me, thou wilt become always greater; and before thee is already suspended a better star—the first ray of eternity beyond the grave."

14. With these words the man became serious, and the Major also. Both looked at each other in silence. "Come," said the Major, "you must go with me, countryman." He took the stranger by the hand, and conducted him to his house.

LESSON II.

The Honest Moravian.—THOMPSON'S COLLECTION.

1. DURING the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was out on a foraging* party. On perceiving a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley, he went up and knocked at the door. Out came one of the Moravians, or United Brethren, with a beard† silvered by age.

2. "Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troopers a foraging." "Presently," replied the Moravian. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley.

3. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide; "and you shall be satisfied."

4. They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up and remounted.

5. The officer, upon this, says to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble: the first field was much better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

LESSON III.

The Dervis.‡—SPECTATOR.

1. A DERVIS travelling through Tartary,‖ having arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn, or caravansary. Having looked

* For-a-ging, collecting food for horses.
† Pronounced Beerd.
‡ Dervis, a Turkish Priest.
‖ A country in Asia.

about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet,* and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the manner of the eastern nations.

2. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him "what was his business in that place?" The Dervis told them that he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know in a very angry manner, that the house he was in, was not a caravansary, but the king's palace.

3. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the Dervis, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary? "Sir," says the Dervis, "give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two:"

4. "Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?" The king replied, "my ancestors." "And who," says the Dervis, "was the last person that lodged here?" The king replied, "my father." "And who is it," says the Dervis, "that lodges here at present?" The king told him, that it was he himself.

5. "And who," says the Dervis, "will be here after you?" The king answered, "the young prince, my son." "Ah, sir," said the Dervis, "a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace but a caravansary."

LESSON IV. 4

The Old Lark and her Young Ones.

1. An old lark had a nest of young ones in a field of wheat, which was almost ripe, and she was not a little afraid that the reapers would be set to work, before her young ones were large enough to be able to remove from the place.

2. One morning, therefore, before she took her flight to seek something to feed them with, "my dear little creatures," said she, "be sure that in my absence you take the strictest notice of every word you hear, and do not fail to tell me of it, as soon as I come home again." Some time after she was gone, in came the owner of the field and his son.

3. "Well, George," said he, "this wheat, I think, is ripe enough to be cut down; so to-morrow morning, as soon as the sun is up, go and desire our friends and neighbors to come and

* Wallet, a small bag, or knapsack.

help; and tell them, that we will do as much for them the first time they want us."

4. When the old lark came back to her nest, the young ones began to nestle and chirp about her, begging her to remove them as fast as she could. "Hush," said she, "hold your silly tongues; for, if the old farmer depends upon his friends and his neighbors, you may take my word for it, that his wheat will not be reaped to-morrow." The next morning, therefore, she went out again, and left the same orders as before.

5. The owner of the field came soon after to wait for those to whom he had sent; but the sun grew hot, and none of them came to help him. "Why then," said he to his son, "our friends have left us in the lurch, so you must run to your uncles and your cousins, and tell them that I shall expect them to-morrow, betimes, to help us reap."

6. This also the young ones told their mother, as soon as she came home again. "Never mind it," said she to the little birds; "for if that is all, you may take my word for it, that his brethren and his kinsmen will not be so forward to assist him as he seems willing to persuade himself. But be sure to mind," said she, "what you hear the next time; and let me know it without fail."

7. The old lark went abroad the next day as before; but when the poor farmer found that his kinsmen were full as backward as his neighbors, "You perceive," said he to his son, "that your uncles and cousins are no better than strangers! but hark ye, George, do you provide two good sickles against to-morrow morning, and we will reap the wheat *ourselves*."

8. When the young birds told the old bird this; "Now," said she, "we must be gone indeed; for when a man resolves to do his work *himself*, you may then be assured *it will be done*."

LESSON V.

Moderate Wishes the source of Happiness.

1. The youthful shepherd Me-nál-cas, being in search of a stray lamb from his flock, discovered in the recesses of the forest, a hunter stretched at the foot of a tree, exhausted with fatigue and hunger. "Alas, shepherd!" he exclaimed, "I came hither yesterday in pursuit of game; and have been unable to retrace the path by which I entered this frightful solitude, or to discover a single vestige of a human footstep. I

faint with hunger; give me relief, or I die!" Menalcas, supporting the stranger in his arms, fed him with bread from his scrip,* and afterwards conducted him through the intricate mazes of the forest in safety.

2. Menalcas being about to take leave of the hunter Eschinus,† was detained by him. "Thou hast preserved my life, shepherd, he said, and I will make thine happy. Follow me to the city. Thou shalt no longer dwell in a miserable cottage, but inhabit a superb palace, surrounded with lofty columns of marble. Thou shalt drink high-flavored wines out of golden goblets,‡ and eat the most costly viands from plates of silver."

3. Menalcas replied, "Why should I go to the city! My little cottage shelters me from the rain and the wind. It is not surrounded with marble columns but with delicious fruit trees, from which I gather my repasts; and nothing can be more pure than the water which I draw in my earthen pitcher from the stream that runs by my door. Then on holidays I gather roses and lilies to ornament my little table; and those roses and lilies are more beautiful, and smell sweeter, than vases of gold and silver.

Eschinus. Come with me, shepherd, I will lead thee through sumptuous gardens, embellished with fountains and statues; thou shalt behold women, whose dazzling beauties the rays of the sun have never tarnished, habited in silks of the richest hues, and sparkling with jewels; and thou shalt hear concerts of musicians whose transcendent skill will at once astonish and enchant thee.

Menalcas. Our sun-burnt shepherdesses are very handsome. How beautiful they look on holidays, when they put on garlands of fresh flowers, and we dance under the shade of our trees, or retire to the woods to listen to the song of the birds! Can your musicians sing more melodiously than our nightingale, black-bird, and linnet? No; I will not go to the city.

Eschinus. Then take this gold, and with it supply all thy wants.

Menalcas. Gold is useless to me. My fruit-trees, my little garden, and the milk of my goats supply all my wants.

Eschinus. How shall I recompense thy kindness, happy shepherd? What wilt thou accept from me?

Menalcas. Give me only the horn that hangs to thy belt. Horn is not easily broken; therefore, it will be more useful to me than my earthen pitcher.

* Scrip, a little bag. † Pronounced Es-ki-nus. ‡ Goblet, a bowl, or cup.

The hunter, with a smile, took the horn from his belt and presented it to the shepherd, who hastened back to his cottage, the abode of contentment and happiness.

LESSON VI.

Affection to Parents rewarded.

1. FREDERICK, the late king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door where his servant was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet, or letter, hanging out of his pocket.

2. Having the curiosity to know its contents, he took and read it, and found that it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages, to assist her in her distress, and concluding with beseeching God to bless him for his filial attention to her wants.

3. The king returned softly to his room, took a roll of ducats,* and slid them, with the letter, into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently, that the page awoke, opened the door, and entered.

4 "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment, happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt with astonishment the roll. He drew it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word.

5. "What is the matter?" said the king; "what ails you?" "Ah! sire," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody has wished to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."

6. "My friend," said Frederick, "God often sends us good in our sleep: send the money to your mother; salute her in my name; and assure her that I shall take care of her and *you*."

7. This story furnishes an excellent instance of the gratitude and duty which children owe to their aged, infirm, or unfortunate parents. And, if the children of such parents follow the example of Frederick's servant, though they may not meet with the reward that was conferred on him, they will be amply

* Du-cat, a coin of several countries in Europe, struck in the dominions of a duke. It is of silver, or gold. The silver ducat is generally of the value of an American dollar; and the gold ducat of twice the same value.

recompensed by the pleasing testimony of their own minds, and by that God who approves, as he has commanded, every expression of filial love.

LESSON VII.

The Golden Mean.

1. When the plains of India were burnt up by a long drought,* Hamet and Selim, two neighboring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of the grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in the extremity of distress, prayed for water.

2. On a sudden, the air was becalmed,—the birds ceased to chirp,—and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and saw a being of mighty stature advancing through the valley, whom they knew, on his nearer approach, to be the genius of distribution. In one hand he held the sheaves of plenty, and in the other the sabre† of destruction.

3. The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him: but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the spices of Sabœa;‡ "Flee not from your benefactor, children of the dust! I am come to offer you gifts, which only your own folly can make vain.

4. "You here pray for water, and water I will bestow; let me know with how much you will be satisfied; speak not rashly; consider, that of whatever can be enjoyed by nobody, *excess* is no less dangerous than *scarcity*. When you remember the pain of thirst, do not forget the danger of suffocation. Now, Hamet, tell me your request."

5. "O being! kind and beneficent," says Hamet, "let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a little brook, which in summer shall never dry, and in winter shall never overflow."

6. "It is granted," replied the genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre, when a fountain, bubbling up under their feet, scattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance,—the trees spread a greener foliage —and the flocks and herds quenched their thirst.

* Pronounced drout, dryness, want of rain, or water.
† Pronounced sā-ber, a short sword.
‡ Pronounced Sā-be-a, Arabia.

7. Then turning to Selim, the genius invited him likewise to offer *his* petition. "I request," says Selim, "that thou wilt turn the Ganges through my grounds, with all its waters and all its inhabitants."

8. Hamet was struck with the greatness of his neighbor's sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart that *he* had not made the same petition before him; when the genius spoke: "Rash man, be not insatiable! Remember, to thee, *that* is nothing, which thou canst not use: and how are *thy* wants greater than the wants of Hamet?"

9. Selim repeated his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event.

10. As Selim was looking with contempt upon his neighbor, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found, by the mighty stream, that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Selim, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

LESSON VIII.

Against Religious Persecution.—A Rabbinical Tale.

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Aram sat at the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun. And behold! a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff. And Aram arose, met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way."

2. And the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree." But Aram pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent. And Aram baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Aram saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of Heaven and earth?"

3. And the man answered and said, "I worship the God of my fathers, in the way which they have appointed." And Aram's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Aram, saying, "Aram, where is the stranger?"

4. And Aram answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name, therefore have I driven him out before my face into the wilderness." And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me, and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

5. And Aram said, "Let not the anger of my Lord wax hot against his servant; lo, I have sinned, I pray thee, forgive me." And Aram arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent, and when he had treated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

LESSON IX.

*Story of Goffe, the Regicide.**—President Dwight.

1. In the course of Philip's war, which involved almost all the Indian tribes in New-England, and among others those in the neighborhood of Hadley,† the inhabitants thought it proper to observe the first of September, 1675, as a day of fasting and prayer.

2. While they were in the church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages. The people instantly betook themselves to their arms,—which, according to the custom of the times, they had carried with them to the church,—and, rushing out of the house, attacked their invaders.

3. The panic, under which they began the conflict, was, however, so great, and their number was so disproportioned to that of their enemies, that they fought doubtfully at first, and in a short time began evidently to give way.

4. At this moment an ancient man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head; and, with a firm voice and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages.

* A regicide is one who puts a king to death. Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell, were three of the judges who condemned to death Charles I. king of Great Britain, 1648. They afterwards fled to America.

† Hadley, a town in Massachusetts, on the east bank of Connecticut river, 97 miles west of Boston—40 north of Hartford.

5. When the battle was ended, the stranger disappeared; and no person knew whence he had come, or whither he had gone.

6. The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential; the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it were so unaccountable; his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel, sent by heaven for their preservation.

7. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted, until it was discovered, several years afterward, that Goffe* and Whalley† had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe; Whalley having become superannuated‡ some time before the event took place.

LESSON X.

The Affectionate Dog.

1. In the time of Robespierre,§ a revolutionary tribunal in one of the departments of the north of France, condemned to death an ancient and respectable magistrate, on suspicion of his being guilty of a conspiracy. Immediately after the decree was passed, he was committed to prison, where he saw his family dispersed by a system of terror.

2. Some had taken flight; others, themselves arrested, were carried into distant jails; his domestics were dismissed; his house was buried in the solitary of the seals; his friends either abandoned him or concealed themselves; every thing in the world was silent to him, except his dog. This faithful animal had been refused admittance into the prison. He had returned to his master's house and found it shut. He took refuge with a neighbor, who received him; but that posterity may judge rightly of the times in which we have existed, it must be added that this man received him trembling, in secret, and dreading lest his humanity for an animal, should conduct him to the scaffold.

* Pronounced Gof. † Whal-le.

‡ Superannusted, to become feeble, or impaired by old age.

§ Pronounced Rob-es-peer', a sanguinary tyrant of France, was born at Arras in 1759. At an early period of the French revolution, he became the chief of the Jacobins—the leading party at that time,—and at length obtained the supreme command. A confederacy was formed against him, and he was arrested in the national assembly, and executed in July, 1794.

3. Every day, at the same hour, the dog left the house, and went to the door of the prison. He was refused admittance; but he constantly passed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity, at length, gained upon the porter, and he was one day allowed to enter. The dog saw his master. It was difficult to separate them; but the jailer carried him away, and the dog returned to his retreat.

4. He came back the next morning, and every day; and once each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked at him, licked his hand again, and went away of himself. When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd, and the guard, he penetrated into the hall, and crouched himself at the feet of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose for ever.

5. They conducted him to the prison, and the dog for that time did not visit the door. The fatal hour arrives;—the prison opens;—the unfortunate man passes out; it is the dog that receives him at the threshold. He clings upon his hand. Alas! that hand will never be spread upon thy caressing head! he follows him;—the axe falls;—the master dies;—but the tenderness of the dog cannot cease.

6. The body is carried away,—he walks by its side;—the earth receives it;—he lays himself upon the grave. There he passes the first night, the next day, and the second night. The neighbor, in the mean time, unhappy at not seeing him, risks himself, searching for the dog, guesses by the extent of his fidelity the asylum he has chosen,—finds him,—caresses him,—brings him back, and gives him food.

7. An hour afterwards the dog escaped, and regained his favorite place. Three months passed away; each morning he came to seek his food, and then returned to the grave of his master; but each day he was more sad, more meagre, more languishing, and it was plain that he was gradually reaching his end. They endeavored, by chaining him up, to wean him; but you cannot triumph over nature! He broke or bit through his bonds; escaping, returned to the grave, and never quitted it more! It was in vain they endeavored to bring him back.

8. They carried him food, but he ate no longer! For four and twenty hours he was seen employing his weakened limbs, in digging up the earth that separated him from the remains of the man he had so much loved. Passion gave him strength, and he gradually approached the body; his labour of affection then vehemently increased; his efforts became convulsive! he

shrieked in his struggles; his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his last gasp, as if he knew that he had found his master.

LESSON XI.

The French Merchant.—CHILD'S MONITOR.

1. A FRENCH merchant, having some money due from a correspondent,* set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and then set off for home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

2. The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and, taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and, wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along.

3. He then ran to his master, and, by crying, barking, and howling, endeavored to remind him of his mistake. The merchant did not understand his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in his efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

4. The merchant, absorbed in some revery, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but awaked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to see if the dog would drink. The animal was too intent on his master's business to think of himself: he continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

5. "Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant; "it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad: what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find some one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

6. With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant, turning

* Correspondent, one with whom an intercourse is carried on either by letters, or messages.

his face away in agony as he fired; but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavored to crawl toward his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude.

7. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse, with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented that he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he thought only of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by despatching a mad animal, than he had suffered by his loss.

8. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual: "I am most unfortunate," said he to himself; "I would almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found.

9. In an instant, he opened his eyes to his rashness and his folly. "Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame. I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He wished only to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life."

10. He instantly turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw, with half-averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road.

11. At last, he arrived at the spot where he had alighted.—But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he raved in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear, but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it.

12. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy, by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his life for a few moments.

13. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever

LESSON XII. / 2

Running for Life.

1. Colter came to St. Louis* in May, 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of 3000 miles, which he traversed in 30 days. I saw him, on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clark's party; one of these, for its singularity, I shall relate.

2. On the arrival of the party at the head waters of the Missouri, Colter, observing an appearance of abundance of beaver† being there, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri alone.

3. Soon after, he separated from Dixon, and trapped in company with a hunter named Potts; and aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day.

4. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view.

5. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on.

6. In a few minutes afterwards, their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore.

7. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe; and, at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and, on receiving it, pushed off into the river.

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* St. Louis, a city in Missouri, situated on the Mississippi river.

† Beaver, an amphibious animal, valuable for its fur, and remarkable for its ingenuity in constructing its lodges or habitations.

8. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded!" Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot.

9. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, "*He was made a riddle of.*"

10. They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were at first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interfered, and, seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast.

11. Colter, who had been some time amongst the Keekatso or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those, armed Indians; he therefore cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift.

12. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie,* three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him *save himself if he could.* At this instant the horrid war-hoop† sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving his life, ran with a speed at which himself was surprised.

13. He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain, six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet.

14. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered; and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than one hundred yards from him.

* Pronounced prá-re, an extensive tract of land, mostly level, destitute of trees, and covered with tall coarse grass. They are numerous in the western states and territories, and frequently extend farther than the eye can see.

† War-hoop, the savage yell of war.

15. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter: he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him; for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body.

16. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him.

17. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped—turned round—and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop—but, exhausted with running, he fell, whilst endeavoring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground and broke.

18. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell.

19. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter: who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton-tree wood, on the borders of the Fork, through which he ran, and plunged into the river.

20. Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which, a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet.

21. Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling like so many fiends.*—They were frequently on the raft, during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire.

22. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft, and swam silently down the river, to a considerable distance, where he landed, and travelled all night. After seven days' tedious journeying, he arrived at Lisa's Fort, on the Yellow Stone.

* Pronounced feends, evil spirits.

LESSON XIII.

Charles II. and William Penn.†*—Friend of Peace.

When William Penn was about to sail from England for Pennsylvania, he went to take his leave of the King, and the following conversation occurred :

"Well, friend William," said Charles, "I have sold you a noble province in North America ; but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself."

"Yes, I have," replied William, "and I am just come to bid thee farewell."

"What ! venture yourself among the savages of North America ! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores ?"

"The best security in the world," replied Penn.

"I doubt that, friend William ; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind I tell you before hand, that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you."

"I want none of thy soldiers," answered William, "I depend on something better than thy soldiers."

The king wished to know *what that was.*

"Why, I depend upon themselves—on their own *moral sense* —even on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which hath appeared unto all men."

"I fear, friend William, that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America."

"Why not to them as well as all others ?"

"If it had appeared to them," said the king, "they would hardly have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done."

"That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch

* Charles II. King of England, A. D. 1660, and reigned 25 years.

† William Penn, a celebrated quaker, or friend, was born in London, in 1644. He established the colony of Pennsylvania, and from him the state derives its name. He died at Rushcomb, in England, 1718. The character of Penn is truly amiable, benevolent, and humane, and his labours were ever devoted to the benefit of mankind.

for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on their best fish and venison and corn, which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the *savages*, as we call them, thy subjects, termed *Christians*, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds, for farms for themselves! Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?"

"Well, then, I hope, friend William, you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner."

"I am not afraid of it," said Penn.

"Aye! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds too, I suppose?"

"Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them."

"No, indeed! How then will you get the lands?"

"I mean to buy their lands of them."

"Buy their lands of them! why, man, you have already bought them of me."

"Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate too; but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands."

"Zounds, man! no right to their lands!"

"No, friend Charles, no right at all:—What right hast thou to their lands?"

"Why, the right of *discovery;* the right which the Pope and all Christian Kings have agreed to give one another."

"The right of *discovery!* a strange kind of right indeed.—Now suppose, friend Charles, some canoe loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy Island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?"

"Why—why—why," (replied Charles,) "I must confess I should think it a piece of great impudence in them."

"Well, then, how canst thou, a CHRISTIAN, and a CHRISTIAN PRINCE too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people whom thou callest *savages?* Yes, friend Charles, and suppose again that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy Island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and to drive the rest away, wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?"

The King assenting to this with strong marks of conviction, William proceeded—"Well, then, friend Charles, how can I,

who call myself a *Christian*, do what I should abhor even in heathens? No, I will not do it—But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this I shall imitate God himself, in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America."

LESSON XIV.

The Ungrateful Guest.—GOLDSMITH.

1. PHILIP,* king of Macedon,† is celebrated for an act of private justice, which does great honor to his memory. A certain soldier, in the Macedonian army, had, in various instances, distinguished himself by extraordinary acts of valor; and had received many marks of Philip's approbation and favor.

2. On a particular occasion, this soldier embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm; and he was cast on the shore, helpless and naked, with scarcely any appearance of life. A Macedonian, whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress; and, with the most humane and charitable tenderness, flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger.

3. He bore him to his house, laid him on his own bed, revived—cherished—and comforted him; and for forty days, supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require.

4. The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor; assured him of his interest with the king; and of his determination to obtain for him, from the royal bounty, the noble returns which such extraordinary benevolence had merited. He was at length completely recovered; and was supplied by his kind host with money to pursue his journey.

5. After some time, the soldier presented himself before the king; he recounted his misfortunes; he magnified his services; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man by whom his life had been pre-

* Philip became king of Macedon, 360 B. C. He was a brave, artful and ambitious man. He aspired to the sovereignty of Greece, but was assassinated by Pausanias, 336 B. C., while meditating the conquest of Persia, at the head of the Grecian forces. He was succeeded by his son, Alexander the Great.

† Macedon, an ancient kingdom in the northern part of Greece, now embraced in Turkey in Europe.

served was so devoid of gratitude, and of every humane sentiment, as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands, where he had been so tenderly and kindly entertained.

6. Unhappily, Philip, without examination, precipitately granted his infamous request. The soldier then returned to his preserver; and repaid his goodness by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry.

7. The poor man, stung with such an instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrongs, to seek relief: and in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner.

8. The king was instantly fired with indignation. He ordered that ample justice should be done without delay; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horribly repaid; and, to show his abhorrence of the deed, he caused the soldier to be seized, and to have these words branded on his forehead—"The Ungrateful Guest."

LESSON XV.

Parental Tenderness.

1. During the Indian wars which preceded the American revolution, a young English officer was closely pursued by two savages, who were on the point of killing him, when an aged chief interfered, took the officer by the hand, encouraged him by his caresses, conducted him to his hut, and treated him with all the kindness in his power.

2. The officer remained during the winter with the old chief, who taught him their language, and the simple arts with which they were acquainted. But when spring returned, the savages again took up arms, and prepared for a more vigorous campaign. The old chief followed the young warriors until they approached the English camp, when, turning to the young officer, he thus addressed him:

3. "You see your brethren preparing to give us battle; I have saved thy life—I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow and arrows—to surprise the beasts of the forest—and to scalp your enemy; wilt thou now be so ungrateful as to join thy

countrymen, and take up the hatchet against us?" The Englishman declared that he would sooner perish himself than shed the blood of an Indian.

4. The old savage covered his face with both his hands, and bowed down his head. After remaining some time in this attitude, he looked at the young officer, and said in a tone of mingled tenderness and grief, "Hast thou a father?" "He was living," said the young man, "when I left my native country." "O how unhappy must he be," said the savage.

5. After a moment's silence, he added, "I have been a father, but I am one no longer; I saw my son fall by my side in battle. But I have avenged him; yes, I have avenged him," said he with emphasis, while he endeavored to suppress the groans which escaped in spite of him. He calmed his emotions, and turning towards the east, where the sun was rising, he said, "dost thou behold the heavens with pleasure?" "I do," responded the young man. "*I* do no longer," said the savage, bursting into tears.

6. A moment after, he added, "do you look with delight upon yonder beautiful flower?" "I do," answered the young man. "*I* do no longer," said the savage; and immediately added, "Depart to thine own country, that thy father may still view the rising sun with pleasure, and take delight in the flowers of spring."

LESSON XVI.

No Rank or Possessions can make the guilty mind happy.—CICERO.

1. DIONYSIUS,* the tyrant of Sicily,† was far from being happy, though he possessed great riches, and all the pleasures which wealth and power could procure. Damocles,‡ one of his flatterers, deceived by those specious appearances of happiness, took occasion to compliment him on the extent of his power, his treasures, and royal magnificence: and declared that no monarch had ever been greater or happier than Dionysius.

2. "Hast thou a mind, Damocles," says the king, "to taste this happiness; and to know, by experience, what the enjoyments are, of which thou hast so high an idea?" Damocles,

* Pronounced Di-on-ish'-e-us. He raised himself from obscurity to the throne—reigned forty years—and died 366 B. C., and was succeeded by his son, Dionysius II.

† Sicily, an island in the Mediterranean, south of Italy.

‡ Pronounced Dam'-o-cles.

with joy, accepted the offer. The King ordered that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded sofa, covered with rich embroidery, placed for his favorite. Side-boards, loaded with gold and silver-plate of immense value, were arranged in the apartment.

3. Pages* of extraordinary beauty were ordered to attend his table, and to obey his commands with the utmost readiness and the most profound submission. Fragrant ointments, chaplets of flowers, and rich perfumes, were added to the entertainment. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles, intoxicated with pleasure, fancied himself amongst superior beings.

4. But in the midst of all this happiness, as he lay indulging himself in state, he sees let down from the ceiling, exactly over his head, a glittering sword† hung by a single hair. The sight of impending destruction put a speedy end to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, the glitter of the carved plate, and the delicacy of the viands, cease to afford him any pleasure.

5. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table.—He throws off the garland‡ of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation; and earnestly entreats the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer a happiness so terrible.

6. By this device, Dionysius intimated to Damocles, how miserable he was in the midst of all his treasures; and in possession of all the honors and enjoyments which royalty could bestow.

LESSON XVII.

Beauty and Deformity.—PERCIVAL'S TALES.

1. A YOUTH, who lived in the country, and who had not acquired, either by reading or conversation, any knowledge of the animals which inhabit foreign regions, came to Manchester, to see an exhibition of wild beasts. The size and figure of the elephant struck him with awe; and he viewed the rhinoceros with astonishment.

2. But his attention was soon drawn from these animals, and directed to another, of the most elegant and beautiful form;

* Page, a boy attending on a person of distinction, rather for formality, or show, than for servitude.

† Pronounced sord. ‡ Garland, a wreath, or band of flowers.

and he stood contemplating with silent admiration the glossy smoothness of his hair, the blackness and regularity of the streaks with which he was marked, the symmetry of his limbs, and above all, the placid sweetness of his countenance.

3. "What is the *name* of this lovely animal," said he to the keeper, "which you have placed near one of the ugliest beasts in your collection; as if you meant to contrast beauty with deformity?" "Beware, young man," replied the intelligent keeper, "of being so easily captivated with external appearance.

4. "The animal which you admire is called a tiger; and notwithstanding the meekness of his looks, he is fierce and savage beyond description: I can neither terrify him by correction, nor tame him by indulgence. But the other beast, which you despise, is in the highest degree docile, affectionate, and useful.

5. "For the benefit of man, he traverses the sandy deserts of Arabia,* where drink and pasture are seldom to be found; and will continue six or seven days without sustenance, yet still patient of labor. His hair is manufactured into clothing; his flesh is deemed wholesome nourishment; and the milk of the female is much valued by the Arabs.

6. "The camel, therefore, for such is the name given to this animal, is more worthy of your admiration than the tiger; notwithstanding the inelegance of his make, and the two bunches upon his back. *For mere external beauty is of little estimation;* and deformity, when associated with amiable dispositions and useful qualities, does not preclude our respect and approbation."

LESSON XVIII.

The Discontented Pendulum.—Jane Taylor.

1. An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

2. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

* Arabia, an extensive country in the south-west of Asia; the inhabitants are a wandering people, called Arabs.

3. At length, the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation—when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

4. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.

5. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands. "Very good!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

6. "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"—"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there *is* a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

7. The minute hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very *thought* of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day, by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

8. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself, should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue

us to *do*. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

9. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum, "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

10. "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in." "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

11. Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up, as if nothing had been the matter.

12. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL.

13. A celebrated modern writer says, "Take care of the *minutes*, and the *hours* will take care of themselves." This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the thought of having much to do.

14. The present moment is all we have to do with, in any sense; the past is irrecoverable, the future is uncertain; nor is it fair, to burden one moment with the weight of the next.—Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof.

15. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to take but one step at a time, and this process continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

16. Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses, at once. One moment comes

laden with its own *little* burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last:—if *one* could be borne, so can another and another.

17. Even looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience, that may be expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon *one*.

18. Let any one resolve always to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can; and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never do wrong. But the common error is to resolve to act right after breakfast, or after dinner, or to-morrow morning, *or next time;* but *now*, *just now*, *this once*, we must go on the same as ever.

19. It is easy, for instance, for the most ill-tempered person to resolve that the next time he is provoked, he will not let his temper overcome him; but the victory would be to subdue temper on the *present* provocation. If, without taking up the burden of the future, we would always make the *single* effort at the *present* moment; while there would, at any one time, be very little to do, yet, by this simple process continued, every thing would at last be done.

20. It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes with many, in resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfils. It is not thus with those, who, "by *patient continuance in well-doing*, seek for glory, honor, and immortality."

21. Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task, to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labors, and their works "follow them." Let us, then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and accepted time."

LESSON XIX.

*Battle of Lexington.**—Weems.

1. April the 19th, 1775, was the fatal day marked out by mysterious heaven, for tearing away the stout infant colonies

*Lexington, a town in Massachusetts, 11 miles N. W. of Boston.

from the old mother country. Early that morning, General Gage,* whose force in Boston was augmented to 10,000 men, sent a detachment of 1,000 to destroy some military stores which the Americans had collected in the town of Concord, near Lexington.

2. On coming to the place, they found the town militia assembled on the green near the road. "*Throw down your arms, and disperse, you rebels,*" was the cry of the British officer, (Pitcairn,) which was immediately followed by a general discharge from the soldiers; whereby eight of the Americans were killed, and several wounded.

3. The provincials† retired. But finding that the British still continued their fire, they returned it with good interest; and soon strewed‡ the green with the dead and wounded. Such fierce discharges of musketry produced the effect that might have been expected in a land of freemen, who saw their gallant brothers suddenly engaged in the strife of death.

4. Never before had the bosoms of the swains experienced such a tumult of heroic passions. Then throwing aside the implements of husbandry, and leaving their teams in the half finished furrows, they flew to their houses, snatched up their arms, and bursting from their wild shrieking wives and children, hasted to the glorious field where LIBERTY, heaven-born goddess, was to be bought with blood.

5. Pouring in now from every quarter, were seen crowds of sturdy peasants, with *flushed cheeks* and *flaming eyes*, eager for battle! Even age itself forgot its wonted infirmities: and hands, long palsied with years, threw aside the cushioned crutch and grasped the deadly firelock. Fast as they came up, their ready muskets began to pour the long, red streams of fiery vengeance.

6. The enemy fell back appalled! The shouting farmers, swift-closing on their rear, followed their steps with death, while the British, as fast as they could load, wheeling on their pursuers, returned the deadly fire. But their flight was not in safety. Every step of their retreat was stained with blood—

* Thomas Gage was an officer of some distinction in the British army.—He was appointed Governor of Massachusetts in 1774, and soon began that course of illegal and oppressive acts which brought on the war of the revolution. Soon after the commencement of the war, he returned to England, where he died, 1787. He was the last Governor of Massachusetts appointed by the King.

† Provincials, those troops raised in the provinces, and sent to oppose the British army.

‡ Pronounced strowd

every hedge or fence by which they passed, concealed a deadly foe.

6. They would, in all probability, have been cut off to a man, had not General Gage *luckily recollected*, that *born of Britons*, these Yankees might possess some of the family valor, and therefore sent 1000 men to support the detachment. This reinforcement met the poor fellows, faint with fear and fatigue, and brought them safely off to Boston.

LESSON XX.

Battle of Bunker's Hill.—CHARLES BOTTA.

1. WHETHER he was deceived by the resemblance of name, or from some other motive unknown, Colonel Prescott, instead of repairing to the heights* of Bunker's Hill to fortify himself there, advanced further on in the peninsula, and immediately commenced his intrenchments upon the heights of Breed's Hill, another eminence, which overlooks Charlestown,† and is situated towards the extremity of the peninsula, nearer to Boston.

2. The works were pushed with so much ardor, that the following morning, by day-break, the Americans had already constructed a square redout,‡ capable of affording them some shelter from the enemy's fire. The labor had been conducted with such silence, that the English had no suspicion of what was passing. It was about four in the morning, when the captain of a ship of war first perceived it, and began to play his artillery. The report of the cannon attracted a multitude of spectators to the shore.

3. The English Generals doubted the testimony of their senses. Meanwhile the thing appeared too important not to endeavor to dislodge the provincials, or, at least, to prevent them from completing the fortification commenced; for, as the height of Breed's Hill absolutely commands Boston, the town was no longer tenable, if the Americans erected a battery upon this eminence.

4. The English, therefore, opened a general fire of the artillery of the town, of the fleet, and of the floating batteries stationed around the peninsulas of Boston. It hailed a tempest of bombs and balls upon the works of the Americans—they

* Pronounced hites.

† Charlestown is one mile north of Boston, and is connected with it by a bridge across Charles river.

‡ Redout, a small square fort, without defence, except in front.

were especially incommoded by the fire of a battery planted upon an eminence named Cop's Hill, which, situated within the town, forms a species of tower in front of Breed's Hill. But all this was without effect.

5. The Americans continued to work the whole day, with unshaken constancy; and towards night, they had already much advanced a trench, which descended from the redout to the foot of the hill, and almost to the bank of Mystic river.—The fury of the enemy's artillery, it is true, had prevented them from carrying it to perfection.

6. In this conjuncture, there remained no other hope for the English Generals, but in attempting an assault, to drive the Americans, by dint of force, from this formidable position.—This resolution was taken without hesitation; and it was followed, the 17th of June, 1775, by the action of Breed's Hill, known also by the name of Bunker's Hill; much renowned for the intrepidity, not to say the temerity, of the parties; for the number of the dead and wounded; and for the effect it produced upon the opinions of men, in regard to the valor of the Americans, and the probable issue of the whole war.

7. Between mid-day and one o'clock, the heat being intense, all was motion in the British camp. A multitude of sloops and boats, filled with soldiers, left the shore of Boston, and stood for Charlestown; they landed at Moreton's Point, without meeting resistance; as the ships of war and armed vessels effectually protected the debarkation with the fire of their artillery, which forced the enemy to keep within his intrenchments.

8. This corps* consisted of ten companies of grenadiers, as many of light infantry, and a proportionate artillery; the whole under the command of Major-General Howe,† and Brigadier-General Pigot. The troops, on landing, began to display, the light infantry upon the right, the grenadiers upon the left; but, having observed the strength of the position, and the good countenance of the Americans, General Howe made a halt, and sent to call a reinforcement.

9. The English formed themselves in two columns. Their plan was, that the left wing, under General Pigot, should attack the provincials in Charlestown; while the centre assaulted the redout; and the right wing, consisting of light infantry, should force the passage near the river Mystic, and thus assail the

* Pronounced kore,—a body of armed men.

† General William Howe, a brother of Lord Richard Howe, the Admiral of the British fleet. He succeeded General Gage in the command of the British army, October 10, 1775.

Americans in flank and rear; which would give the English complete victory.

10. It appears, also, that General Gage had formed the design of setting fire to Charlestown, when evacuated by the enemy, in order that the corps, destined to assail the redout, thus protected by the flame and smoke, might be less exposed to the fire of the provincials.

11. The dispositions having been all completed, the English put themselves in motion. The provincials, that were stationed to defend Charlestown, fearing lest the assailants should penetrate between this town and the redout, and thus find themselves cut off from the rest of the army, retreated.

12. The English immediately entered the town and fired the buildings—as they were of wood, in a moment the combustion became general. They continued a slow march against the redout and trench; halting, from time to time, for the artillery to come up, and act with some effect, previous to the assault. The flames and smoke of Charlestown were of no use to them, as the wind turned them in a contrary direction.

13. Their gradual advance, and the extreme clearness of the air, permitted the Americans to level their muskets. They, however, suffered the enemy to approach, before they commenced their fire; and waited for the assault, in profound tranquillity. It would be difficult to paint the scene of terror presented by these circumstances.

14. A large town, all enveloped in flames, which, excited by a violent wind, rose to an immense height, and spread every moment more and more; an innumerable multitude, rushing from all parts, to witness so unusual a spectacle, and see the issue of the sanguinary conflict that was about to commence.

15. The Bostonians, and soldiers of the garrison, not in actual service, were mounted upon the spires, upon the roofs, and upon the heights. The hills, and circumjacent fields, from which the dread arena could be viewed in safety, were covered with swarms of spectators, of every rank, and age, and sex; each agitated by fear or hope, according to the party he espoused.

16. The English, having advanced within reach of the musketry, the Americans showered upon them a volley of bullets. This terrible fire was so well supported, and so well directed, that the ranks of the assailants were soon thinned and broken—they retired, in disorder, to the place of their landing—some threw themselves precipitately into the boats. The field of battle was covered with the slain.

17. The officers were seen running hither and thither, with promises, with exhortations, and with menaces, attempting to rally the soldiers, and inspirit them for a second attack. Finally, after the most painful efforts, they resumed their ranks, and marched up to the enemy. The Americans reserved their fire as before, until their approach, and received them with the same deluge of balls. The English, overwhelmed and routed, again fled to the shore.

18. In this perilous moment, General Howe remained for some time alone upon the field of battle—all the officers, who surrounded him, were killed or wounded. It is related, that, at this critical conjuncture, upon which depended the issue of the day, Genéral Clinton,* who, from Cop's Hill, examined all the movements, on seeing the destruction of his troops, immediately resolved to fly to their succor.

19. This experienced commander, by an able movement, re-established order; and seconded by the officers, who felt all the importance of success to English honor and the course of events, he led the troops to a third attack. It was directed against the redout at three several points.

20. The artillery of the ships not only prevented all reinforcements from coming to the Americans, by the isthmus of Charlestown, but even uncovered, and swept the interior of the trench, which was battered in front at the same time. The ammunition of the Americans was nearly exhausted, and they could have no hopes of a recruit. Their fire must, of necessity, languish.

21. Meanwhile, the English had advanced to the foot of the redout. The provincials, destitute of bayonets, defended themselves valiantly with the butt end of their muskets. But the redout being already full of enemies, the American General gave the signal of retreat, and drew off his men.

22. While the left wing and centre of the English army were thus engaged, the light infantry had impetuously attacked the palisades, which the provincials had erected, in haste, upon the bank of the river Mystic. On the one side, and on the other, the combat was obstinate; and if the assault was furious, the resistance was not feeble.

23. In spite of all the efforts of the royal troops, the provincials still maintained the battle in this part; and had no thoughts

* Sir Henry Clinton, a British General during a greater part of the Revolutionary war, was the son of George Clinton, one of the colonial governors of New-York. He returned to England in 1782, and was made governor of Gibraltar in 1795, where he soon died.

of retiring, until they saw the redout and upper part of the trench were in the power of the enemy. Their retreat was executed with an order not to have been expected from new levied soldiers. This strenuous resistance of the left wing of the American army was, in effect, the salvation of the rest; for, if it had given ground but a few instants sooner, the enemy's light infantry would have taken the main body and right wing in the rear, and their situation would have been hopeless.

24. But the Americans had not yet reached the term of their toils and dangers. The only way that remained of retreat was by the isthmus of Charlestown; and the English had placed there a ship of war and two floating batteries, the balls of which raked every part of it. The Americans, however, issued from the peninsula, without any considerable loss.

25. It was during the retreat that Dr. Warren* received his death. Finding the corps he commanded hotly pursued by the enemy, despising all danger, he stood alone before the ranks, endeavouring to rally his troops, and to encourage them by his own example. He reminded them of the mottos inscribed on their ensigns; on one side of which were these words—"An Appeal to Heaven;" and on the other—"Qui transtulit, sustinet;" meaning the same providence which brought their ancestors through so many perils, to a place of refuge, would also deign to support their descendants.

26. An English officer perceived Dr. Warren, and knew him; he borrowed the musket of one of his soldiers, and hit him with a ball, either in the head or in the breast. He fell dead upon the spot. The Americans were apprehensive lest the English, availing themselves of victory, should sally out of the peninsula, and attack the head quarters at Cambridge.

27. But they contented themselves with taking possession of Bunker's Hill, where they entrenched themselves, in order to guard the entrance of the neck against any new enterprise on the part of the enemy. The provincials, having the same suspicion, fortified Prospect Hill, which is situated at the mouth of the isthmus, on the side of the main land.

* Joseph Warren was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1740. He studied medicine, and became eminent in the profession. He distinguished himself, at an early period, by a zealous opposition to the unjust measures of the British government toward the colonies. He was bold, ardent, decisive, eloquent, and accomplished in literature, and soon rose to the first place in the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens. Four days previous to the battle of Bunker's Hill, he was appointed a Major-General in the American army, and on the day of that battle, to encourage the soldiers within the lines, he joined them as a volunteer. He was killed in the 35th year of his age.

28. But neither the one nor the other were disposed to hazard any new movement; the first, discouraged by the loss of so many men, and the second, by that of the field of battle and the peninsula. The provincials had to regret five pieces of cannon, with a great number of utensils, employed in fortifications, and no little camp equipage.

29. General Howe was greatly blamed by some, for having chosen to attack the Americans, by directing his battery in front against the fortifications upon Breed's Hill, and the trench that descended towards the sea, on the part of Mystic river.

30. It was thought, that if he had landed a respectable detachment upon the isthmus of Charlestown, an operation which the assistance of the ships of war and floating batteries would have rendered perfectly easy to him, it would have compelled the Americans to evacuate the peninsula, without the necessity of coming to a sanguinary engagement.

31. They would thus, in effect, have been deprived of all communication with their camp, situated without the peninsula, and, on the part of the sea, they could have hoped for no retreat, as it was commanded by the English.

32. In this mode, the desired object would, therefore, have been obtained without the sacrifice of men. Such, it is said, was the plan of General Clinton; but it was rejected, so great was the confidence reposed in the bravery and discipline of the English soldiers, and in the cowardice of the Americans.

33. The first of these opinions was not, in truth, without foundation; but the second was absolutely chimerical, and evinced more of intellectual darkness in the English, than of prudence, and just notions upon a state of things. By this fatal error, the bravery of the Americans was confirmed; the English army debilitated; the spirit of the soldiers, and perhaps the final event of the whole contest, decided.

LESSON XXI.

Application.—DODSLEY.

1. SINCE the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee; it behoveth thee, O man, to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

2. This instant is thine; the next is in the bosom of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth. Whatsoever

thou resolvest to do, do it quickly; defer not until evening what the morning may accomplish.

3. Idleness is the parent of want and of pain; but the labor of virtue bringeth forth pleasure. The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

4. Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honor, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the king in his council? Even he that hath shut out idleness from his house; and hath said to sloth—thou art my enemy.

5. He riseth up early, and lieth down late; he exerciseth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action; and preserveth the health of both.

6. The slothful man is a burden to himself; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loitereth about; and knoweth not what he would do. His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud; he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

7. His body is diseased for want of exercise; he wisheth for action, but hath not power to move. His mind is in darkness; his thoughts are confused; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application. He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking the shell.

8. His house is in disorder; his servants are wasteful and riotous; and he runneth on towards ruin; he seeth it with his eyes; he heareth it with his ears; he shaketh his head and wisheth; but hath no resolution; until ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind; and shame and repentance descend with him to the grave.

LESSON XXII.

The Shortness of Life.

1. We see the grass fall by the mower's scythe, and the gay flowers that adorn the meadows, unregarded, swept away. The green, the yellow, the crimson, the succulent, fall undistinguished before the fatal instrument that cuts them off. They are scattered on the ground, and withered by the intense heat of the day.

2. That blooming flower which stands the pride of the verdant field, glowing in beautiful colors, and shining with the dawn of the morning, ere the sun gains its meridian height, falls a sacrifice to the severing steel, and fades in the scorching rays of noon.

3. Thus is it with human life—The thread is cut, and man falls into the silent tomb. Nothing can ward off the fatal stroke; the aged, old and infirm—manhood, in strength and vigor—youth, in bloom and beauty—the infant, weak and helpless, are without distinction swept away by the scythe of the great destroyer, Death.

4. The active youth, who in the morning rises with health and vivacity, may at noon lie pale and motionless, at the feet of this great victor; and at the setting of the morrow's sun, be consigned to the dark and lonesome mansions of the dead. Cities and nations are subject to the same fate.

5. How soon is a flourishing town depopulated by a pestilential disease. How soon is a nation cut off by the raging of a direful war.

"O! that mine head were waters, and mine eyes
"Were fountains flowing like the liquid skies;
"Then would I give the mighty flood release,
"And weep a deluge for the human race."

LESSON XXIII.

The Faithful Greyhound.—M. DWIGHT.

1. THE story on which the following ballad is founded is traditionary. In a village at the foot of Snowdon,* Lewellyn the Great had a house. His father-in-law, King John, had made him a present of a hound named Gelert—a dog of extraordinary qualities, both in the family and in the chase.

2. On one occasion he staid away from the chase, as it would seem by instinct, that he might prove to be guardian of a young son of his master. On returning from the hunt, Lewellyn was met by Gelert, who fawned upon him, as usual, but was covered with blood.

3. Alarmed at the spectacle, the master pressed onward to the spot where his child's bed was placed, which he found overturned, and the covering and floor stained with blood, but no child to be seen.

4. After calling with a frantic voice, but receiving no answer, believing that Gelert had destroyed him, he plunged his sword into the heart of the faithful animal, who cast a piteous look at his master, gave a single yell, and expired.

* Snowdon, a mountain in Wales, 3,571 feet high above the level of the sea.

5. The dying cry of the dog aroused the infant, and Lewellyn, hearing a noise, upon examining the bed-clothes which were lying near in a heap, he there found his son, who had just wakened from sleep, entirely safe and unhurt, while close by him lay the dead body of a hideous wolf, who had been killed by the faithful Gelert, while in the act of attempting to destroy the life of the child.

6. Lewellyn was struck with horror at the spectacle before him—after giving vent to his grief for the rash act of destroying the preserver of his son, he raised a splendid tomb over Gelert. The place still goes by the name of "*Beth Gelert*," or Gelert's Grave.

Beth Gelert, or the Grave of the Greyhound.—W. SPENCER.

1. THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a dog and many a hound
Obey'd Lewellyn's horn.

2. And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come Gelert, thou wert ne'er the last
"Lewellyn's horn to hear.

3. "Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
"The flower of all his race?
"So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
"A lion in the chase!"

4. 'Twas only at Lewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he serv d, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

5. In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of Royal John;*
But now, no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

6. And now, as o'er the rocks and dells,
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries.

* John, king of England, A. D. 1199.

7. That day Lewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved—
For Gelert was not there.

8. Unpleased Lewellyn homeward hied;
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

9. But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

10. Lewellyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

11. Onward in haste Lewellyn past,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood drops shocked his view.

12. O'erturned his infant's bed he found
With blood stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

13. He called his child—no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild:
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But no where found his child.

14. "Vile brute! my child by thee's devoured,'
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

15. His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

16. Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh,
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant cry.

17. Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd;
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

18. No wound had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

19. Ah, what was then Lewellyn's pain?
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Lewellyn's heir.

20. Vain, vain was all Lewellyn's wo:
Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow that laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue.

21. And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marble, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

22. There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Lewellyn's sorrow proved.

23. And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear, he oft would hear,
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

24. And 'till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gelert's Grave."

LESSON XXIV.

Mortality.—BARBAULD.

1. CHILD of mortality, whence comest thou? why is thy countenance sad, and why are thine eyes red with weeping?—I have seen the rose in its beauty; it spread its leaves to the

morning sun. I returned: it was dying upon its stalk; the grace of the form of it was gone: its loveliness was vanished away; its leaves were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

2. A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned: the verdure was nipt by the east wind, the branches were lopt away by the ax; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it mouldered away and fell to the ground.

3. I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the streams; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald; they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned: they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them; there were none found of so great a multitude.

4. I have seen a man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowed with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he leaped; he walked; he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those. I returned: he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him; and the breath out of his nostrils. Therefore do I weep because DEATH is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God; all that is made must be destroyed; all that is born must die.

LESSON XXV.

Immortality.—BARBAULD.

1. I HAVE seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground.—I looked again; it sprung forth afresh; its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air.

2. I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon: there was no color, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around.—I looked: the sun broke forth again upon the east, and gilded the mountain tops; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

3. I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat: it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone; it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move.—I looked again: it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

4. Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth: but thou shalt be raised again; and thou shalt never die any more.

5. Who is he that comes to burst open the prison doors of the tomb; to bid the dead awake; and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven? He descends on a fiery cloud; the sound of a trumpet goes before him; thousands of angels are on his right hand.—It is Jesus, the Son of God; the Saviour of men; the friend of the good. He comes in the glory of his Father; he has received power from on high.

6. Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality! for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued. Jesus has conquered death: child of immortality! mourn no longer.

LESSON XXVI.

The End of Perfection.—Mrs. Sigourney.

1. I have seen a man in the glory of his days and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger—he felt no sickness—he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain.

2. His mind was vigorous like his body; he was perplexed at no intricacy; he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain.

3. He went forth fearless upon the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigor of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed.

4. And when I looked on him, I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!"

5. I returned—his look was no more lofty, nor his steps proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered; and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him.

6. The vigor of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed.

7. His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted his enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful while he stood trembling on the verge of the grave.

8. He said of his son—he is my brother; of his daughter—I know her not; and he inquired what was his own name.—And one who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me as I looked on the melancholy scene —"Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

9. I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet; and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; and when she floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze.

10. I returned—but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but I found her not. Her eye sparkled not there—the music of her voice was silent—she rejoiced on earth no more.

11. I saw a train, sable and slow paced, who bore sadly to an open grave what was once animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence: "Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the earth, whence she was at first taken, we consign the body of our sister."

12. They covered her with the damp soil, and the cold clods of the valley; and the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave, and as he wept, he said,—"there is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness that continueth in man; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection."

13. I have seen an infant with a fair brow and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced

and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart, *it is beautiful.*

14. It was like the first pure blossom which some cherished plant has shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dew drop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

15. I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge—it bowed its ear to instruction—it stood like a lamb before its teachers.

16. It was not proud, or envious, or stubborn, and it had never heard of the vanities and vices of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Saviour had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

17. But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honorable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honor of his family.

18. And his heart answered secretly, "By my wisdom have I gotten all this:"—So he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him. And as I passed along, I heard the complaints of the laborers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartments, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door.

19. But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved—the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, *I have seen an end of all perfection.*

LESSON XXVII.

The Two Bees.—Dodsley.

1. On a fine morning in summer, two bees set forward in quest of honey,—the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs,—the most fragrant flowers,—and the most delicious fruits.

2. They regaled themselves with the various dainties that were spread before them; the one loaded himself at intervals, with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelled in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification.

3. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, in spite of his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality.

4. His philosophic companion, on the other hand, sipped a little, with caution; but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them.

5. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to inquire whether he would return to the hive: but he found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy.

6. Clogged in his wings,—enfeebled in his feet,—and his whole frame totally enervated,—he was but just able to bid his friend adieu; and to lament, with his latest breath—that though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence leads to inevitable destruction.

LESSON XXVIII.

Heroism of a Peasant.

1. A GREAT inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the bridge near Verona* was carried off by the flood, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction.

2. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succor, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was present, held out a purse of one hundred sequins,† as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver the unhappy family.

* Verona, a city in the northern part of Italy, now embraced in the Austrian empire, is situated on the river Adige.

† Sequin, a gold coin of Venice and Turkey, valued at two dollars and twenty-one and a half cents.

3. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragments of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one among the vast number of spectators had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along, was informed of the proffered reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope.

4. "Courage!" cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to the shore. "Brave fellow!" exclaimed the nobleman, handing him the purse; "here is the promised recompense."

5. "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant; "my labor is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife and children. Give the purse to this poor family who have lost all."

LESSON XXIX.

Biographical Sketch of Major Andre.

1. John Andre, Aid-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, and Adjutant-General of the British army in America, during the revolution, was born in England in 1741. He was, in early life, a merchant's clerk, but obtained a commission in the army at the age of seventeen. Possessing an active and enterprising disposition, and the most amiable and accomplished manners, he soon conciliated the esteem and friendship of his superior officers, and rose to the rank of Major.

2. After Arnold* had intimated to the British, in 1780, his intention of delivering up West Point† to them, Major Andre

* Benedict Arnold, at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, was a resident of New-Haven, Connecticut. He embraced with enthusiasm the cause of the colonies, and, on account of his daring courage, was promoted to the rank of Major-General; but he was vicious, extravagant, cruel, vain, luxurious, and mean. Becoming displeased with the government, he basely resolved to deliver up West Point to the British, and turn *traitor* to his country. When Andre was taken, he escaped with difficulty, on board a British ship of war. He was made a Brigadier-General in the British army, and at the close of the war he went to England, and received 10,000*l.* sterling, as a reward of his villany. He died in London, 1801, detested by all who knew him.

† West Point, a military post on the Hudson river, 58 miles north of the city of New-York.

was selected as the person to whom the maturing of Arnold's treason, and the arrangement for its execution, should be committed. A correspondence was for some time carried on between them, under a mercantile disguise, and the feigned names of Gustavus and Anderson; and at length, to facilitate their communications, the Vulture sloop of war moved up the North River, and took a station convenient for the purpose, but not so near as to excite suspicion.

3. An interview was agreed on, and in the night of September 21, 1780, he was taken in a boat, which was despatched for the purpose, and carried to the beach without the posts of both armies, under a pass* for John Anderson. He met General Arnold at the house of a Mr. Smith. While the conference was yet unfinished, day-light approached; and to avoid the danger of discovery, it was proposed that he should remain concealed till the succeeding night.

4. He desired that he might not be carried within the American posts; but the promise, made to him by Arnold, to respect this objection, was not observed. He was carried within them contrary to his wishes and against his knowledge. He continued with Arnold the succeeding day, and when on the following night he proposed to return to the Vulture, the boatmen refused to carry him because she had during the day shifted her station, in consequence of a gun having been moved to the shore and brought to bear upon her.

5. This embarrassing circumstance reduced him to the necessity of endeavoring to reach New-York by land. Yielding with reluctance to the urgent representations of Arnold, he laid aside his regimentals, which he had hitherto worn under his surtout, and put on a plain suit of cloaths, and receiving a pass from the American General, authorizing him, under the feigned name of John Anderson, to proceed on the public service to the White Plains, or lower, if he thought proper, he set out on his return.

6. He had passed all the guards and posts on the road without suspicion, and was proceeding to New-York in perfect security, when, on the twenty-third of September, one of the three militia men, who were employed with others in scouting parties between the lines of the two armies, springing suddenly from his covert in the road, seized the reins of his bridle and stopped his horse.

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* Pass, a written licence from one in authority, granting permission to a person to go from one place to another, without hindrance or molestation

7. Instead of producing his pass, Andre, with a want of self-possession, which can be attributed only to a kind of providence, asked the man hastily where he belonged, and being answered "to below," replied immediately, "and so do I." He then declared himself to be a British officer, on urgent business, and begged that he might not be detained. The other two militia men coming up at this moment, he discovered his mistake; but it was too late to repair it.

8. He offered a purse of gold, and a valuable watch, to which he added the most tempting promises of ample reward and permanent provision from the government, if they would permit him to escape; but his offers were rejected without hesitation. The names of the militia men who apprehended Andre, were John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Vanwert, who, immediately after searching, carried him before their commander, Col. Jamieson.

9. On the 29th of September, 1780, General Washington appointed a board of fourteen general officers, part of whom were General Green,* the Marquis de la Fayette,† and Baron de Steuben,‡ with the assistance of the Judge Advocate, John Lawrence. After the most mature deliberation they pronounced Major Andre a spy from the enemy, and that agreeably to the laws of nations he ought to suffer death.

10. When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that since it was his lot to die, as there was a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference in his feelings, he would be happy, if it were possible, to be indulged with a professional death; but the indulgence of being shot rather than hanged was

* Nathaniel Green, a Major-General in the army of the United States, during the war of the Revolution, was born in Warwick, Rhode-Island, 1741. His bravery, skill, and services, were such as to merit the highest approbation of his country. He died in Georgia, 1786.

† Gilbert Mottier, Marquis de la Fayette, was born in France in 1757. He descended from distinguished ancestors, and inherited a princely fortune. Such was his ardor in the cause of liberty, that, at the age of 19, he came to America, and joined the army under Washington. He was appointed a Major-General, and by his active and faithful services, he gained the esteem and affection of the whole American people. In 1824, he visited the United States, when he made a tour through the country, and was every where received with the highest marks of gratitude and respect. He returned to France in 1825.

‡ Frederick William, Baron de Steuben, was a native of Prussia. He came to America in 1777, and volunteered his services in the cause of liberty. He was appointed a Major-General in the American army, and by his knowledge of the military tactics of Europe, he rendered the most essential service to the revolutionary army. He died at Steubenville, in the state of New-York, in 1794.

not granted, because it was considered contrary to the custom of war.

11. When he was led out to the place of execution, he bowed familiarly to all those with whom he had been acquainted during his confinement; a smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind.—Upon seeing the preparations at the spot, he asked with some emotion, "must I die in this manner?"—He was told it was unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Soon after, however, recollecting himself, he added, "It will be but a momentary pang;" and springing upon the cart, performed the last office to himself, with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of all the spectators.

12. Being told that the fatal moment was at hand, and asked if he had any thing to say, he answered, "Nothing, but to request that you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man." Thus died Major Andre, universally esteemed and regretted.

LESSON XXX.

The Miracle.—A German Parable.

1. One day in spring, Solomon, then a youth, sat under the palm-trees, in the garden of the King, his father, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and absorbed in thought. Nathan, his preceptor, went up to him and said, "Why sittest thou thus, musing under the palm-trees?" The youth raised his head, and answered, "Nathan, I am exceedingly desirous to behold a miracle."

2. "A wish," said the prophet, with a smile, "which I entertained myself in my juvenile years." "And was it granted?" hastily asked the Prince. "A man of God," answered Nathan, "came to me, bringing in his hand a pomegranate seed. Observe, said he, what this seed will turn to! He thereupon made with his fingers a hole in the earth, and put the seed into the hole, and covered it."

3. "Scarcely had he drawn back his hand, when the earth parted, and I saw two small leaves shoot forth—but no sooner did I perceive them than the leaves separated, and from between them arose a round stem, covered with bark, and the stem became every moment higher and thicker."

4. "The man of God thereupon said to me, 'take notice!' And while I observed, seven shoots issued from the stem, like

the seven branches on the candlestick of the altar." "I was astonished, but the man of God motioned to me, and commanded me to be silent, and to attend. Behold, said he, new creations will soon make their appearance."

5. "He thereupon brought water in the hollow of his hand from the stream which flowed past; and lo! all the branches were covered with green leaves, so that a cooling shade was thrown around us, together with a delicious odor.—"Whence," exclaimed I, "is this perfume amid the refreshing shade?"—"Seest thou not," said the man of God, "the scarlet blossom, as, shooting forth from among the green leaves, it hangs down in clusters?"

6. "I was about to answer, when a gentle breeze agitated the leaves, and strewed the blossoms around us, as the autumnal blast scatters the withered foliage. No sooner had the blossoms fallen, than the red pomegranates appeared suspended among the leaves, like the almonds on the staves of Aaron. The man of God then left me in profound amazement."

7. Nathan ceased speaking. "What is the name of the god-like man?" asked Solomon, hastily. "Doth he yet live? Where doth he dwell?" "Son of David," replied Nathan, "I have related to thee a vision." When Solomon heard these words, he was troubled in his heart, and said, "How canst thou deceive me thus?" "I have not deceived thee, son of David," rejoined Nathan. "Behold, in thy father's garden thou mayest see all that I have related to thee. Doth not the same thing take place with every pomegranate, and with the other trees?"

8. "Yes," said Solomon, "but imperceptibly, and in a long time." Then Nathan answered—"Is it therefore the less a divine work, because it takes place silently and insensibly? Study nature and her operations; then wilt thou easily believe those of a higher power, and not long for miracles wrought by a human hand."

LESSON XXXI.

The Compassionate Judge.

1. THE celebrated Charles Anthony Domat was promoted to the office of a Judge of a provincial court, in the south of France, in which he presided, with public applause, for twenty-four years. One day a poor widow brought a complaint before him, against the Baron de Nairac,* her landlord, for turning her out of possession of a farm which was her whole dependence

* Pronounced Bar'-on de Na-rak.

2. Domat heard the cause; and finding by the clearest evidence, that the woman had ignorantly broken a covenant in the lease, which empowered the landlord to take possession of her farm, he recommended mercy to the baron towards a poor honest tenant, who had not willingly transgressed, nor done him any material injury. But Nairac being inexorable,* the judge was obliged to pronounce a sentence of expulsion from the farm, and to order payment of the damages mentioned in the lease, together with the costs of the suit.

3. In delivering this sentence, Domat wiped his eyes, from which tears of compassion flowed plentifully. When the order of seizure, both of her person and effects, was decreed, the poor woman exclaimed: "O just and righteous God! be thou a father to the widow and her helpless orphans!" and immediately she fainted away.

4. The compassionate judge assisted in raising the distressed woman; and after enquiring into her character, the number of her children, and other circumstances, generously presented her with a hundred louis d'ors,† the amount of her damages and costs, which he prevailed with the baron to accept as a full recompense; and the widow was restored to her farm.

5. Deeply affected with the generosity of her benefactor, she said to him: "O, my lord! when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose?" "I will ask it," replied Domat, "when my conscience shall tell me I have done an improper act."

LESSON XXXII.

The Prudent Judge—an Eastern Tale.—Mass. Magazine.

1. A merchant, who, on account of business, was obliged to visit foreign countries, intrusted to a dervis, whom he considered as his friend, a purse, containing a thousand sequins, and begged him to keep it until he should return. At the end of one year, the merchant returned, and asked for his money; but the deceitful dervis affirmed, that he had never received any.

2. The merchant, fired with indignation at this perfidious behaviour, applied to the cadi.‡ "You have had more honesty than prudence," said the judge: "you ought not to have placed

* Pronounced In-ex'-o-ra-ble.

† Pronounced lu'-e-dores, a gold coin of France, valued at $4 44 cents, or 1l. sterling.

‡ Cadi, a Turkish magistrate.

so much confidence in a man, of whose fidelity you were not sufficiently assured. It will be difficult to compel this cheat to restore a deposit which he received when no witnesses were present. Go to him again," added he, "address him in a friendly manner, without informing him that I am acquainted with the affair, and return to me to-morrow at this hour."

3. The merchant obeyed; but, instead of getting his money, he received only abuse. While the debtor and creditor were disputing, a slave arrived from the cadi, who invited the dervis to pay a visit to his master. The dervis accepted the invitation.

4. He was introduced into a grand apartment, received with friendship, and treated with the same respect as if he had been a man of the most distinguished rank. The cadi discoursed with him upon different subjects, among which he occasionally introduced, as an opportunity presented, the highest encomiums on the wisdom and knowledge of the dervis.

5. When he thought he had gained his confidence by praises and flattery, he informed him that he had sent for him in order to give him the most convincing proof of his respect and esteem. "An affair of the greatest importance," says he, "obliges me to be absent for a few months. I cannot trust my slaves, and I am desirous of putting my treasures into the hands of a man, who, like you, enjoys the most unspotted reputation.

6. "If you can take the charge of them, without impeding your own occupations, I shall send you, to-morrow night, my most valuable effects; but, as this affair requires great secrecy, I shall order the faithfulest of my slaves to deliver them to you as a present which I make you."

7. At these words, an agreeable smile was diffused over the countenance of the treacherous dervis. He made a thousand reverences to the cadi; thanked him for the confidence which he reposed in him; swore, in the strongest terms, that he would preserve his treasure as the apple of his eye; and retired, hugging himself with joy at the thoughts of being able to overreach the judge.

8. Next morning, the merchant returned to the cadi, and informed him of the obstinacy of the dervis. "Go back," said the judge, "and if he persist in his refusal, threaten that you will complain to me. I think you will not have occasion to repeat your menace."

9. The merchant immediately hastened to the house of his debtor, and no sooner had he mentioned the name of the cadi, than the dervis, who was afraid of losing the treasure that was about to be entrusted to his care, restored the purse, and said,

smiling, "My dear friend, why should you trouble the cadi? Your money was perfectly secure in my hands; my refusal was only a piece of pleasantry. I was desirous of seeing how you would bear disappointment."

10. The merchant, however, was prudent enough not to believe what he had heard, and returned to the cadi, to thank him for the generous assistance which he had given him.

11. Night approached, and the dervis prepared to receive the expected treasure; but the night passed, and no slaves appeared. As soon as it was morning, the dervis repaired to the judge's house. "I am come to know, Mr. Cadi," said he, "why you have not sent your slaves, according to promise."

12. "Because I have learned from a merchant," said the judge, "that thou art a perfidious wretch, whom justice will punish as thou deservest, if a second complaint of the same nature is brought against thee." The dervis, struck with this reproof, made a profound reverence, and retired with precipitation, without offering a single word in his own vindication.

LESSON XXXIII.

The Fox and the Cat.

1. The Fox and the Cat, as they travelled one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way.
"'Tis great (says the Fox) to make justice our guide!"
"How godlike is mercy!"—Grimalkin* replied.

2. Whilst thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth, as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seized for his supper an innocent Sheep.
"In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton's at hand, (says the Wolf,) I must eat."

3. Grimalkin's astonished—The Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast;
"What a wretch (sings the Cat)—'tis the vilest of brutes;
Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbage and roots?"
Cries the Fox, "while our oaks give us acorns so good,
What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"

4. Well, onward they march'd, and they moralized still,
Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by a mill;

* Grimalkin, an old cat.

Sly Renard surveyed them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a Chicken his prize.
A Mouse too, that chanc'd from her cover to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secured as her prey.

5. A Spider that sat in her web on the wall,
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pitied their fall;
She cried—"of such murders how guiltless am I!"
So ran to regale on a new taken Fly.

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbors with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, though we practise the same.

LESSON XXXIV.

Might makes Right.

1. A Sparrow perched upon a bough,
Spied a poor beetle creep below,
And picked it up. "Ah, spare me, spare!—"
The insect prayed: but vain its prayer.
"Wretch!" cries the murderer, "hold thy tongue,
For thou art weak, and I am strong."

2. A hawk beheld him, and in haste,
Sharpens his beak for a repast,
And pounces plump upon him. "O,"
Exclaims the sparrow, "let me go."
"Wretch!" cries the murderer, "hold thy tongue,
For thou art weak, and I am strong."

3. The hawk was munching up his prey,
When a stout eagle steer'd that way,
And seized upon him. "Sure, comrade,
You'll spare *my* life—*we're both a trade!*"
"Wretch!" cries the murderer, "hold thy tongue,
For thou art weak, and I am strong."

4. A sportsman saw the eagle fly,
He shot, and brought him from the sky:
The dying bird could only groan,
"Tyrant! what evil have I done?"
"Wretch!" cries the murderer, "hold thy tongue,
For thou art weak, and I am strong."

5. 'Tis thus that man to man behaves;
Witness the planter and his slaves.
'Tis thus that state oppresses state,
And infant freedom meets its fate.
"Wretch!" cries the stronger, "hold thy tongue,
For thou art weak, and I am strong."

LESSON XXXV.

The Lion and Dog.

1. It was customary for those who were unable to pay sixpence for the sight of the wild beasts in the Tower, to bring a dog or a cat, as a gift to the beasts, in lieu of money to the keeper. Among others, a man had brought a pretty black spaniel, which was thrown into the cage of the great lion.—Immediately the little animal trembled and shivered, crouched, and threw itself on its back, put forth its tongue, and held up its paws, as if praying for mercy.

2. In the mean time, the lion, instead of devouring it, turned it over with one paw, and then turned it with the other. He smelled of it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance. The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner. But the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him, as it were, to be his taster.

3. At length, the little animal's fears being somewhat abated, and his appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, he approached slowly, and, with trembling, ventured to eat. The lion then advanced gently, and began to partake, and they finished their meal very quietly together.

4. From this day, a strict friendship commenced between them, consisting of great affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

5. In about twelve months, the little spaniel sickened and died. For a time, the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favorite was asleep. He would continue to smell of him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paws.

6. But, finding that all his efforts to wake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace. He would then stop, and look down upon him with a

fixed and drooping regard; and again lift up his head, and roar for several minutes, as the sound of distant thunder.

7. They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcase from him. He watched it continually, and would suffer nothing to touch it. The keeper then endeavored to tempt him with a variety of food, but he turned from all that was offered, with loathing.

8. They then put several living dogs in his cage, which he tore in pieces, but left their members on the floor. His passions being thus inflamed, he would grapple at the bars of his cage, as if enraged at his restraint from tearing those around him to pieces.

9. Again, as if quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, lay his paws upon him, and take him to his bosom; and then utter his grief in deep and melancholy roaring, for the loss of his little play-fellow, his late friend, the only companion of his den.

10. For five days, he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance or admitting any comfort, till, one morning, he was found dead, with his head reclined on the carcase of his little friend. They were both interred together.

LESSON XXXVI.

Scene from "the Poor Gentleman."

SIR ROBERT, FREDERICK, AND HUMPHREY.

Enter Frederick, hastily.

Fred. O my dear uncle, good morning! your park* is nothing but beauty.

Sir Rob. Who bid you caper over my beauty? I told you to stay in doors till I got up.

Fred. So you did, but I entirely forgot it.

Sir Rob. And pray what made you forget it?

Fred. The sun.

Sir Rob. The sun! he's mad! you mean the moon I believe.

Fred. O my dear uncle, you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning upon a young fellow just arrived from Russia. The day looked bright, trees budding, birds singing, the park was so gay, that I took a leap out of your old balcony, made your deer fly before me like the wind, and chased them all round the park, to get an appetite while you were snoring in bed, uncle.

* Park, a large piece of ground enclosed, in which deer and other beasts of chase are kept.

Sir Rob. Oh, oh! So the effect of English sunshine upon a Russian is to make him jump out of a balcony and worry my deer.

Fred. I confess it had that influence upon *me.*

Sir Rob. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle, unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

Fred. I hate legacies.

Sir Rob. Sir, that's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens at least.

Fred. Very melancholy tokens, uncle; they are the posthumous despatches which affection sends to gratitude to inform us we have lost a gracious friend.

Sir Rob. How charmingly the dog argues.

Fred. But I own my spirits run away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of old gentleman.

Sir Rob. Now, who had the familiar impudence to tell you that?

Fred. Old rusty, there.

Sir Rob. Why, Humphrey, you didn't?

Humph. Yes, but I did, though.

Fred. Yes he did, and on that score I shall be anxious to show you obedience, for 'tis as meritorious to attempt sharing a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle; a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket.

Sir Rob. (*shaking him by the hand.*) Jump out of every window I have in the house: hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow. Ay, that's right, this is spunk and plain speaking. Give me a man who is always plumping his dissent to my doctrines smack in my teeth

Fred. I disagree with you there, uncle.

Humph. And so do I.

Fred. You, you forward puppy! If you were not so old I'd knock you down.

Sir Rob. I'll knock you down if you do. I wont have my servants thump'd into dumb flattery; I wont let you teach 'em to make silence a toad-eater.

Humph. Come, you are ruffled. Let us go to the business of the morning.

Sir Rob. I hate the business of the morning. Don't you see we are engaged in discussion. I tell you, I hate the business of the morning.

Humph. No, you don't.

Sir Rob Don't I? Why not?

Humph. Because it's charity.

Sir Rob. Pshaw,* then. Well, we must not neglect the business, if there be any distress in the parish; read the list, Humphrey.

(*Humphrey takes out a paper and reads.*) "Jonathan Huggins of Muck Mead is put in prison."

Sir Rob. Why, it was only last week that Gripe, the attorney,† recovered two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

Humph. And charged a hundred for his trouble; so seiz'd the cottages for *part* of his bill, and threw Jonathan into jail for the remainder.

Sir Rob. A harpy!‡ I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

Fred. And I must kick his attorney..

Humph. (*reading.*) "The curate's‖ horse is dead."

Sir Rob. Pshaw—there's no distress in that.

Humph. Yes, there is, to a man that must go twenty miles every Sunday to preach, for thirty pounds a year.

Sir Rob. Why won't the vicar§ give him another nag?

Humph. Because 'tis cheaper to get another curate ready mounted.

Sir Rob. Well, send him the black pad which I purchased last Tuesday, and tell him to work him as long as he lives.—What else have we upon the list?

Humph. Somewhat out of the common—there's one lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer, and a widower, come to lodge at farmer Harrowby's in the village; he is, it seems, very poor, but more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Sir Rob. And so he sends to me for assistance!

Humph. No, he'd sooner die than ask you or any man for a shilling! there's his daughter, and his dead wife's aunt, and an old corporal that has served in the wars with him—he keeps them all upon half pay.

Sir Rob. Starves them all, I'm afraid, Humphrey.

Fred. (*going.*) Good morning, uncle.

Sir Rob. You rogue, where are you running now?

Fred. To talk to lieutenant Worthington.

Sir Rob. And what may you be going to say to him?

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* Pronounced shaw.

† Pronounced at-tur'-ne.

‡ Harpy, a fabulous winged monster, noted for its voraciousness and pollution.

‖ Curate, a clergyman employed in the place of a vicar.

§ Pronounced vic'-ar, the priest of a parish.

Fred. I can't tell 'till I encounter him, and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand who is disabled in his country's service, and struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant, in honorable indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments.

Sir Rob. Stop, you rogue, I must be before you in this business.

Fred. That depends upon who can run fastest; so start fair, uncle, and here goes—(*runs out.*)

Sir Rob. Stop, stop; why, Frederick—a jackanapes—to take my department out of my hands. I'll disinherit the dog for his assurance.

Humph. No, you won't.

Sir Rob. Won't I? Hang me if—but we'll argue that point as we go. So, come along, Humphrey. [*Exeunt.*

LESSON XXXVII.

Scene between Captain Tackle and Jack Bowlin.

Bowl. Good day to your honor.

Capt. Good day, honest Jack.

Bowl. To-day is my captain's birth-day.

Capt. I know it.

Bowl. I am heartily glad on the occasion.

Capt. I know that too.

Bowl. Yesterday your honor broke your sea-foam pipe.

Capt. Well, sir booby, and why must I be put in mind of it? it was stupid enough to be sure, but hark ye, Jack, all men at times do stupid actions, but I never met with one who liked to be reminded of them.

Bowl. I meant no harm, your honor. It was only a kind of introduction to what I was going to say. I have been buying this pipe-head and ebony-tube, and if the thing is not too bad, and my captain will take such a present on his birth-day, for the sake of poor old Jack——

Capt. Is that what you would be at—Come, let's see.

Bowl. To be sure, it is not sea-foam; but my captain must think, when he looks at it, that the love of old Jack was not mere foam neither.

Capt. Give it here, my honest fellow.

Bowl. You will take it?

Capt. To be sure I will.

Bowl. And will smoke it?

Capt. That I will (*feeling in his pocket.*)

Bowl. And will not think of giving me any thing in return?

Capt. (*Withdrawing his hand from his pocket.*) No, no—You are right.

Bowl. Huzza! now let mother Grimkin bake her almond cakes out of her daily pilferings and be hanged.

Capt. Fie, Jack! what's that you say!

Bowl. The truth. I have just come from the kitchen, where she is making a great palaver about "her cake" and "her cake," and yet this morning she must be put in mind that it was her master's birth-day. Hang me, I have thought of nothing else this month.

Capt. And because you have a better memory, you must blame the poor woman. Shame on you.

Bowl. Please your honor, she is an old——

Capt. Avast!

Bowl. Yesterday she made your wine cordial of sour beer, so to-day she makes you an almond cake of——

Capt. Hold your tongue, sir.

Bowl. A'nt you obliged to beg the necessaries of life as if she were a pope or admiral? and last year when you were bled, though she had laid up chest upon chest full of linen, and all your's if the truth was known, yet no bandage was found till I tore the spare canvass from my Sunday shirt to rig your honor's arm.

Capt. You are a scandalous fellow, (*throws the pipe back to him,*) away with you and your pipe.

Bowl. (*Looking attentively at his master and the pipe.*) I am a scandalous fellow?

Capt. Yes!

Bowl. Your hónor will not have the pipe?

Capt. No; I will take nothing from him who would raise his own character at the expense of another old servant.

(*Jack takes up the pipe and throws it out of the window.*) What are you doing?

Bowl. Throwing the pipe out of the window.

Capt. Are you mad?

Bowl. Why, what should I do with it? You will not have it, and it is impossible for me to use it, for as often as I should puff away the smoke, I should think, "Old Jack Bowlin, what a pitiful scamp you must be, a man whom you have served honestly and truly these thirty years, and who must know you from stem to stern, says you are a scandalous fellow," and the

thought would make me weep like a child. But when the pipe is gone, I shall try to forget the whole business, and say to myself, "my poor old captain is sick, and does not mean what he said."

Capt. Jack, come here. (*Takes his hand.*) I *did not* mean what I said.

Bowl. (*Shakes his hand heartily.*) I knew it, I knew it. I have you and your honor at heart, and when I see such an old hypocritical bell-wether cheating you out of your hard earned wages, it makes my blood boil——

Capt. Are you at it again? Shame on you. You have opened your heart to-day, and given me a peep into its lowest hold.

Bowl. So much the better! for you will then see that my ballast is love and truth to my master. But hark ye, master, it is certainly worth your while to enquire into the business.

Capt. And hark ye, fellow, if I find you have told me a lie, I'll have no mercy on you. I'll turn you out of doors to starve in the street.

Bowl. No, captain, you won't do that.

Capt. But I tell you I will, though. I will do it. And if you say another word I'll do it now.

Bowl. Well, then away goes Jack to the hospital.

Capt. What's that you say? hospital! hospital! you rascal! what will you do there?

Bowl. Die.

Capt. And so you will go and die in an hospital, will you? Why—why—you lubber, do you think I can't take care of you after I have turned you out of doors, hey?

Bowl. Yes, I dare say you would be willing to pay my board, and take care that I did not want in my old days, but I would sooner beg than pick up money so thrown at me.

Capt. Rather beg! there's a proud rascal!

Bowl. He that don't love me must not give me money.

Capt. Do you hear that? Is not this enough to give a sound man the gout. You sulky fellow, do you recollect twenty years ago, when we fell into the clutches of the Algerines.* The pirates stripped me of my last jacket, but you, you lubber, who was it hid two pieces of gold in his hair, and who was it that half a year afterwards, when we were ransomed and turned naked on the world, shared his money and clothes with me? Hey, fellow, and now you would die in a hospital.

Bowl. Nay but captain——

* Algerines, natives of Algiers, a city and government on the coast of Africa.

Capt. And when my ship's crew mutinied, at the risk of his life he disclosed the plot. Have you forgotten it, you lubber?

Bowl. Well, and didn't you build my old mother a house for it?

Capt. And when we had boarded the French privateer,* and the captain's hanger† hung over my head, didn't you strike off the arm that was going to split my skull! Have you forgot that too? Have I built you a house for that? Will you die in a hospital now—you ungrateful dog! hey?

Bowl. My good old master!

Capt. Would you have it set on my tomb stone, "here lies an unthankful hound, who let his preserver and mess-mate die in a hospital," would you? Tell me this minute you will live and die by me, you lubber! Come here and give me your hand!

Bowl. (*Going towards him.*) My noble, noble master.

Capt. Avast. Stand off, take care of my lame leg; yet I had rather you should hurt that than my heart, my old boy.—(*Shakes his hand heartily.*) Now go and bring me the pipe. Stop, let me lean on you, and I will go down and get it myself, and use it on my birth-day. You would die in an hospital, would you, you unfeeling lubber?

LESSON XXXVIII.

The Gentleman and his Tenant.

1. A COUNTRY gentleman had an estate of two hundred pounds‡ a year, which he kept in his own hands till he found himself so much in debt, that he was obliged to sell one half to satisfy his creditors, and let the remainder to a farmer for one and twenty years.

2. Before the expiration of his lease, the farmer asked the gentleman, when he came one day to pay his rent, whether he would sell the land he occupied. "Why, will you purchase it?" said the gentleman. "If you will part with it, and we can agree," replied the farmer.

3. "That is exceeding strange," said the gentleman. "Pray, tell me how it happens, that I could not live upon twice as much

* Privateer, a ship, or vessel of war, owned and fitted out by a private man, or individuals, and commissioned by government to seize the ships of an enemy in war.

† Hanger, a short broad sword.

‡ A pound sterling is four dollars forty-four cents—200 pounds is 888 dollars.

land, for which I paid no rent, and that you, after regularly paying me a hundred a year for the half, are able, so soon, to purchase it."

4. "The reason is plain," answered the farmer.—"You sat still, and said, Go. I stood up, and said, Come. You lay in bed, and enjoyed your ease. I rose in the morning, and minded my business."

LESSON XXXIX.

Dishonesty Punished.—KANE'S HINTS.

1. AN usurer,* having lost a hundred pounds in a bag, promised a reward of ten pounds to the person who should restore it. A man having brought it to him, demanded the reward.

The usurer, loth to give the reward, now that he had got the bag, alleged, after the bag was opened, that there were a hundred and ten pounds in it, when he lost it. The usurer, being called before the judge, unwarily acknowledged that the seal was broken open in his presence, and that there were no more at that time than a hundred pounds in the bag.

3. "You say," says the judge, "that the bag *you* lost had a hundred and ten pounds in it." "Yes, my lord." "Then," replied the judge, "this cannot be *your* bag, as it contained but a hundred pounds; therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears: and you must look for *your* bag where you can find it."

LESSON XL.

SOCRATES† AND LEANDER.

Disrespect to Parents, is in no case allowable.

1. LEANDER, the eldest son of Socrates, fell into a violent passion with his mother. Socrates was witness to this shameful misbehavior, and attempted the correction of it, in the following gentle and rational manner.

2. "Come hither, son," said he; "have you never heard of men, who are called ungrateful?" "Yes, frequently," answered

* Usurer, one who lends money, and takes unlawful interest.

† Socrates, the greatest of the ancient philosophers, was born at Athens in Greece, 467 B. C. He was unjustly condemned to death by the Athenians, on a charge of atheism, 400 B. C.

the youth. "And what is ingratitude?" demanded Socrates. "It is to receive a kindness," said Leander, "without making a proper return, when there is a favorable opportunity."

3. "Ingratitude is therefore a species of injustice," said Socrates. "I should think so," answered Leander. "If, then," pursued Socrates, "ingratitude be injustice, does it not follow, that the degree of it must be proportionate to the magnitude of the favors which have been received?" Leander admitted the inference; and Socrates thus pursued his interrogations:

4. "Can there subsist higher obligations than those which children owe to their parents; from whom life is derived and supported, and by whose good offices it is rendered honorable, useful, and happy?" "I acknowledge the truth of what you say," replied Leander; "but who could suffer, without resentment, the ill humors of such a mother as I have?" "What strange thing has she done to you?" said Socrates.

5. "She has a tongue," replied Leander, "that no mortal can bear." "How much more," said Socrates, "has she endured from your wrangling, fretfulness, and incessant cries, in the period of infancy! What anxieties has she suffered from the levities, capriciousness, and follies, of your childhood and youth! What affliction has she felt, what toil and watching has she sustained, in your illnesses! These, and various other powerful motives to filial duty and gratitude, have been recognised* by the legislators of our republic. For if any be disrespectful to his parents, he is not permitted to enjoy any post of trust or honor.

6. "It is believed that a sacrifice, offered by an impious hand, can neither be acceptable to Heaven nor profitable to the state; and that an undutiful son cannot be capable of performing any great action, or of executing justice with impartiality. Therefore, my son, if you be wise, you will pray to heaven to pardon the offences committed against your mother.

7. "Let no one discover the contempt with which you have treated her; for the world will condemn, and abandon you for such behavior. And if it be even suspected, that you repay with ingratitude the good offices of your parents, you will inevitably forego the kindness of others; because no man will suppose, that you have a heart to requite either his favors or his friendship."

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*Pronounced Rec'-og-nizd.

LESSON XLI.

SOCRATES AND DEMETRIUS.

Brethren should dwell together in harmony.

1. Two brothers, named Timon and Demetrius, having quarrelled with each other, Socrates, their common friend, was solicitous to restore amity between them. Meeting, therefore, with Demetrius, he thus accosted him: "Is not friendship the sweetest solace in adversity, and the greatest enhancement of the blessings of prosperity?" "Certainly it is," replied Demetrius; "because our sorrows are diminished, and our joys increased by sympathetic participation."

2. "Amongst whom, then, must we look for a friend?" said Socrates. "Would you search among strangers? They cannot be interested about you. Amongst your rivals? They have an interest in opposition to yours. Amongst those who are much older, or younger than yourself? Their feelings and pursuits will be widely different from yours. Are there not, then, some circumstances favorable, and others essential, to the formation of friendship?"

3. "Undoubtedly there are," answered Demetrius. "May we not enumerate," continued Socrates, "amongst the circumstances favorable to friendship, long acquaintance, common connexions, similitude of age, and union of interest?" "I acknowledge," said Demetrius, "the powerful influence of these circumstances: but they may subsist, and yet others be wanting, that are essential to mutual amity."

4. "And what," said Socrates, "are those essentials which are wanting in Timon?" "He has forfeited my esteem and attachment," answered Demetrius, "And has he also forfeited the esteem and attachment of the rest of mankind?" continued Socrates. "Is he devoid of benevolence, generosity, gratitude, and other social affections?" "Far be it from me," cried Demetrius, "to lay so heavy a charge upon him: his conduct to others is, I believe, irreproachable; and it wounds me the more, that he should single me out as the object of his unkindness."

5. "Suppose you have a very valuable horse," resumed Socrates, "gentle under the treatment of others, but ungovernable, when you attempt to use him; would you not endeavor by all means, to conciliate his affection, and to treat him in the way most likely to render him tractable? Or, if you have a dog, highly prized for his fidelity, watchfulness, and care of your flocks, who is fond of your shepherds, and playful with them,

and yet snarls whenever you come in his way; would you attempt to cure him of this fault by angry looks or words, or by any other marks of resentment? You would surely pursue an opposite course with him.

6. "And is not the friendship of a brother of far more worth, than the services of a horse, or the attachment of a dog? Why then do you delay to put in practice those means, which may reconcile you to Timon?" "Acquaint me with those means," answered Demetrius, "for I am a stranger to them." "Answer me a few questions," said Socrates.

7. "If you desire that one of your neighbors should invite you to his feast, when he offers a sacrifice, what course would you take?"—"I would first invite him to mine."—"And how would you induce him to take the charge of your affairs, when you are on a journey?"—"I should be forward to do the same good office to him, in his absence."

8. "If you be solicitous to remove a prejudice, which he may have received against you, how would you then behave towards him?"—"I should endeavor to convince him, by my looks, words, and actions, that such prejudice was ill founded."—"And if he appeared inclined to reconciliation, would you reproach him with the injustice he had done you?" "No," answered Demetrius; "I would repeat no grievances."

9. "Go," said Socrates, "and pursue that conduct towards your brother, which you would practise to a neighbor. His friendship is of inestimable worth; and nothing is more lovely in the sight of Heaven, than for brethren to dwell together in unity."

LESSON XLII.

The Dead Horse.—STERNE.*

1. AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent it had been an apostrophe to his child; but it was to his horse, and to the very horse we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

* Laurence Sterne, an eminent writer, was born at Clonwell, in Ireland, 1713. He died 1768, in London.

2. The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the horse's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his horse's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

3. The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, while the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

4. He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia:* and had got so far on his return home, when his horse died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

5. "It had pleased Heaven," he said, "to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take *him* from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Jago in Spain."

6. When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly. He said, "Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend."

7. Every body who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern. La Fleur offered him money—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the *value* of the horse—but the *loss* of him—The horse, he said, he was assured loved him—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains,† which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the horse had sought him as much as he had sought the horse, and that neither had scarce eat or drank till they met."

8. "Thou hast one comfort, friend," said I, "at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him."—"Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so, when he was alive—but now he is dead, I think otherwise—I

* Formerly a province, or circle of Germany.
† Py-re'-ne-an mountains, between France and Spain.

fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for."—"Shame on the world!" said I to myself—"Did we love each other, as this poor soul but loved his horse—'twould be something."

LESSON XLIII.

Biographical Anecdotes.

1. An amiable youth lamented, in terms of deep and moving grief, the recent death of a most affectionate parent. His *companions* made an effort to console him by the reflection, that he had *always* behaved towards the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect. "So I *thought*," replied the youth, "while my parent was *living*, but *now* recollect with pain and sorrow, *many* instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement."

2. Sir Isaac Newton* possessed a remarkable *mild* and *even* temper. This great man, on a particular occasion, was called out of his *study* to an adjoining apartment. A little dog named Diamond, the constant, but incurious attendant of his master's researches, happened to be left among the papers; he threw down a lighted candle, which consumed, in a moment, the almost finished labors of many years. Sir Isaac soon returned, and had the mortification to behold his irreparable loss. But, with his usual self-possession, he only exclaimed, O Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the *mischief* thou hast done.

3. Queen Caroline having observed that her *daughter*, the princess, had made one of the *ladies* about her stand a long time, while the princess was talking to her on some trifling subject, was resolved to give a *suitable* reprimand. Therefore, when the princess came in the evening to *read* to her, as was usual, and was drawing a *chair* to sit down, the queen said to her, no, my dear, at present you must *not* sit; for I intend to make you stand this evening as long as you suffered lady B—— to remain in the same position.

4. The benevolent and immortal John Howard,† having settled his accounts at the close of a particular year, and found a balance in his favor, proposed to his lady to employ it in defraying the expense of a *journey* to *London*, or any *other*

* An English philosopher, born in 1642, and died in 1727.

† A celebrated English philanthropist, born in 1726, and died 1790. His life was devoted to the work of discovering and reforming the evils of prisons.

amusement which she might think preferable. "What a pretty little cottage," she replied, "would this build for a poor family." This charitable hint met his cordial approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.

5. Horace, a celebrated Roman poet, relates that a countryman, who wanted to pass a river, stood loitering on the banks of it, in the foolish expectation, that a current *so rapid* would soon discharge its waters. But the stream *still* flowed, (increased perhaps by fresh torrents from the mountains,) and it must *for ever* flow; because the *source* from which it is derived, is inexhaustible.—Thus the idle and irresolute youth trifles over his books, or squanders, in childish pursuits, his precious moments, deferring the business of improvement, (which at *first* might be rendered easy and agreeable, but which, by *delay*, becomes more and more difficult,) until the golden sands of opportunity have all run, and he is called to *action* without possessing the requisite ability.

6. Philip III. king of Spain, when he drew near the end of his days, (seriously reflecting on his past life, and being greatly affected by the remembrance of his misspent time,) expressed his deep regret in the following terms: "Ah, how *happy* would it have been for me, had I spent, in retirement, and the improvement of my mind, these *twenty-three* years that I possessed my kingdom."

LESSON XLIV.

The Revenge of a Great Soul.

1. Demetrius Poliorcetes,* who had done singular services for the people of the city of Athens, on setting out for a war in which he was engaged, left his wife and children to their protection. He lost the battle, and was obliged to seek security for his person in flight.

2. He doubted not, at first, but that he should find a safe asylum among his good friends, the Athenians; but those ungrateful people refused to receive him, and even sent back to him his wife and children, under pretence, that they probably might not be safe in Athens, where the enemy might come and take them.

3. This conduct pierced the heart of Demetrius; for nothing is so affecting to an honest mind, as the ingratitude of those we love, and to whom we have done singular services. Some time

* Pronounced De-me'-tri-us Po-li-or'-ce-tees, a king of Macedon. He died 286 B. C.

afterwards, this prince recovered his affairs, and came with a large army to lay siege to Athens.

4. The Athenians, persuaded that they had no pardon to expect from Demetrius, determined to die sword in hand, and passed a decree, which condemned to death those who should first propose to surrender to that prince; but they did not recollect that there was but little corn in the city, and that they would in a short time be in want of bread.

5. Want soon made them sensible of their error; and, after having suffered hunger for a long time, the most reasonable among them said, "It would be better that Demetrius should kill us at once, than for us to die by the lingering death of famine. Perhaps he will have pity on our wives and children." They then opened to him the gates of the city.

6. Demetrius having taken possession of the city, ordered that all the married men should assemble in a spacious place appointed for the purpose, and that the soldiery, sword in hand, should surround them. Cries and lamentations were then heard from every quarter of the city; women embracing their husbands, children their parents, and all taking an eternal farewell of each other.

7. When the married men were all thus collected, Demetrius, for whom an elevated situation was provided, reproached them for their ingratitude in the most feeling manner, insomuch that he himself could not help shedding tears. Demetrius for some time remained silent, while the Athenians expected, that the next words he uttered would be to order his soldiers to massacre them all.

8. It is hardly possible to say what must have been their surprise when they heard that good prince say,—"I wish to convince you how ungenerously you have treated me; for it was not to an enemy you have refused assistance, but to a prince who loved you, who still loves you, and who wishes to revenge himself only by granting your pardon, and by being still your friend. Return to your own homes: while you have been here, my soldiers have been filling your houses with provisions."

LESSON XLV.

Death of Prince William.—GOLDSMITH.

1. HENRY I.* king of England, had a son called William, a brave and active youth, who had arrived at his eighteenth year.

* Henry I. commenced his reign A. D. 1100. He died 1135.

The king loved him most tenderly, and took care to have him recognized as his successor by the states of England; and carried him over to Normandy, in the north of France, to receive the homage of the barons of that duchy.

2. Having performed the requisite ceremony, the king set sail for England, accompanied by a splendid retinue of the principal nobility. William, his son, was detained by some accident, for several hours;—and the crew having spent the interval in drinking, became so intoxicated, that they ran the ship upon a rock: and it was immediately dashed in pieces.

3. The prince was put into a boat, and might have escaped had he not been called back by the cries of his sister. He prevailed upon the sailors to row back and take her in;—but no sooner had the boat approached the wreck, than numbers who had been left, jumped into it, and the whole were drowned. King Henry, when he heard of the death of his son, fainted away, and from that moment, *he never smiled again.*

He never smiled again.—Mrs. Hemans.

1. The bark* that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on,
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
—He never smiled again.

2. There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one?
That one beneath the wave.
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair—
—He never smiled again.

3. He sat where festal bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel† sing;
He saw the tourney's‡ victor crowned,
Amidst the knightly ring.

* Bark, a small vessel.
† Minstrel, a singer and musical performer on instruments.
‡ Pronounced tur'-ne, a martial sport or exercise.

A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain;
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
—He never smiled again.

4. Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd;
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board.
Graves which true love had bathed with tears.
Were left to heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
—He never smiled again.

LESSON XLVI.

The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

1. Remote from cities liv'd a swain,*
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain:
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labor flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

2. A deep philosopher, whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools,
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato† weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's‡ mind?

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*Swain, a shepherd.

†Plato, an illustrious Grecian philosopher—died at Athens, 348 B. C.

‡Marcus Tullius Cicero, one of the greatest men of antiquity, whether we consider him as an orator, a statesman, or philosopher. He was born at Arpinum, (now included in the kingdom of Naples,) 107 B. C. He was basely assassinated by order of Mark Anthony, 42 B. C.

Or, like the wise Ulysses,* thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?"

3. The shepherd modestly replied,
"I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes.
Who by that search shall wiser grow?
By that ourselves we never know.
The little knowledge I have gain'd
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate of vice.

4. "The daily labors of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind.
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray;
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

5. "From nature too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who listens to the chatt'ring pie†?

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* A Grecian commander at the siege of Troy.
† Pie, the magpie, a chattering bird resembling a crow.

Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbor's right.

6. "Rapacious animals we hate;
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation?
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."

7. "Thy fame is just," the sage replies,
"Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men:
But he, who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise."

LESSON XLVII.

The Youth and the Philosopher.—WHITEHEAD.

1. A GRECIAN youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had formed for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd,
Was praise and transport to his breast.

2. At length, quite vain, he needs would show
His master what his art could do;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus'* sacred shade.

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* *Academus*, a man who owned a place near Athens, surrounded with high trees, and adorned with spacious walks. Here Plato opened his school of philosophy, and from this, every place sacred to learning, has been called *Academia*.

The tren.bling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs started at the sight;
The muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire.

3. Howe'er the youth with forward air,
Bows to the sage and mounts the car.
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;
And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

4. Triumphant to the goal* return'd,
With noble thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along the indented plain
The self-same track he marks again,
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded† sages hail'd the boy;
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.

5. For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
"Alas! unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"Expect no praise from me," and sigh'd.

6. "With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away:
The time profusely squandered there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expense,
Had taught thee honor, virtue, sense;
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men and guide the state."

LESSON XLVIII.

Naval Action.

1. Mr. Richard Hornby, of Stokesly, was master of a merchant ship, the Isabella of Sunderland, in which he sailed from the coast of Norfolk for the Hague, June 1, 1774, in company with three smaller vessels recommended to his care.

* Pronounced gole, a starting post. † Pronounced Beerd'-ed.

2. Next day they made Gravesend steeple, in the Hague; but while they were steering for their port, the Brancas, a French privateer, that lay concealed among the Dutch fishing boats, suddenly came against them, singling out the Isabella, as the object of attack, while the rest dispersed and escaped.

3. The strength of the two ships was most unequal; for the Isabella mounted only four carriage guns and two swivels, and her crew consisted of only five men, three boys, besides the captain; while the privateer, commanded by Captain Andre had ten carriage guns and eight swivels, with seventy-five men and three hundred small arms. Yet Captain Hornby was nothing daunted.

4. Having animated his little crew by an appropriate address, and obtained their promise of standing by him to the last, he hoisted the British colors, and with his two swivel guns returned the fire of the enemy's chase guns. The Frenchman, in abusive terms, commanded him to strike.*

5. Hornby coolly returned an answer of defiance, on which the privateer advanced, and poured such showers of bullets into the Isabella, that the captain found it prudent to order his brave fellows into close quarters. While he lay thus sheltered, the enemy twice attempted to board him on the larboard† quarter; but by the dexterous turn of the helm, he frustrated both attempts, though the Frenchman kept firing upon him both with guns and small arms.

6. At two o'clock, when the action had lasted an hour, the privateer, running furiously in upon the larboard of the Isabella, entangled her bowsprit among the main shrouds, and was lashed fast to her.—Captain Andre now bawled out in a menacing tone, "You English dog, strike." Captain Hornby challenged him to come on board and strike his colors if he dared.

7. The exasperated Frenchman instantly threw in twenty men on the Isabella, who began to hack and hew into close quarters; but a general discharge of blunderbusses‡ forced the assailants to retreat as fast as their wounds would permit. The privateer, being now disengaged from the Isabella, turned about and made another attempt on the starboard‖ side, when the valiant Hornby and his mate, shot each his man, as the enemy were again lashing the ships together.

* Strike, to let down the flag or ensign.

† Larboard, the left hand side of the ship.

‡ Blunderbuss, a short gun, with a large bore, capable of holding a number of balls.

‖ Starboard, the right hand side of the ship.

8. The Frenchman once more commanded him to strike; and the brave Englishman returning another refusal, twenty fresh men entered, and made a fierce attack on the close quarters with hatchets and pole axes, with which they had nearly cut their way through in three places, when the constant fire kept up by Captain Hornby and his crew, obliged them a second time to retreat, carrying their wounded with them, and hauling their dead after them with boat hooks.

9. The Isabella continued still lashed to the enemy, the latter with small arms, firing repeated volleys into her close quarters; but the fire was returned with such spirit and effect, the Frenchman repeatedly gave way.

10. At length Captain Hornby, seeing them crowding behind their mainmast for shelter, aimed a blunderbuss at them, which, being by mistake doubly loaded, containing twice twelve balls, burst in the firing, and threw him down, to the great consternation of his little crew, who supposed him dead.

11. In an instant, however, he started up again, though greatly bruised, while the enemy, among whom the blunderbuss had made dreadful havoc, disengaged themselves from the Isabella, to which they had been lashed an hour and a quarter, and sheered off with precipitation, leaving their grapplings, and a quantity of pole-axes, pistols, and cutlasses behind them.

12. The gallant Hornby now exultingly fired his two starboard guns into the enemy's stern. The indignant Frenchman immediately returned and renewed the conflict, which was carried on yard-arm and yard-arm, with great fury for two hours together.

13. The Isabella was shot through her hull* several times, her sails and rigging were torn to pieces, her ensign was dismounted, and every mast and yard damaged; yet she still bravely maintained the conflict, and at last, by a fortunate shot which struck the Brancas between wind and water, obliged her to sheer off and careen.†

14. While the enemy were retiring, Hornby, and his little crew, sallied out from their fastness, and, erecting their fallen ensign, gave three cheers. By this time, both vessels had driven so near the English shore, that immense crowds had assembled to be spectators of the action.

15. The Frenchman, having stopped his leak, returned to the combat, and poured a dreadful fire into the stern of the

* Hull, the body of a ship, exclusive of her masts, yards, and rigging.
† Careen, to lie on one side.

Isabella, when Captain Hornby was wounded by a ball in the temple, and bled profusely. The sight of their brave commander, streaming with blood, somewhat disconcerted his gallant companions, but he called to them briskly to keep their courage and stand to their arms, for his wound was not dangerous.

16. On this their spirits revived, and again taking post in their close quarters, they sustained the shock of three more tremendous broadsides, in returning which, they forced the Brancas, by another well aimed shot, to sheer off. The huzzas of the Isabella's crew were renewed, and they again set up their shattered ensign, which was shot through and through into honorable rags.

17. Andre, who was not deficient in bravery, soon returned to the fight, and having disabled the Isabella, by five terrible broadsides, once more summoned Hornby to strike his colors. Captain Hornby turned to his gallant comrades. "You see yonder, my lads," pointing to the shore, "the witnesses of your valor."

18. It was unnecessary to say more; they one and all assuring him of their resolution to stand by him to the last; and finding them thus invincibly determined, he hurled his final defiance at the enemy.

19. Andre immediately run his ship upon the Isabella's starboard, and lashed close along side; but his crew murmured, and refused to renew the dangerous task of boarding, so that he was obliged to cut the lashings, and again retreat.

20. Captain Hornby resolved to salute the privateer with a parting gun; and his last shot, fired into the stern of the Brancas, happening to reach the magazine, it blew up with a terrible explosion, and the vessel instantly went to the bottom. Out of seventy-five men, thirty-six were killed or wounded in the action, and all the rest, together with the wounded, perished in the deep, except three, who were picked up by the Dutch fishing boats.

21. This horrible catastrophe excited the compassion of the brave Hornby and his men; but they could unfortunately render no assistance to their ill-fated enemies, the Isabella having become unmanageable, and her boat being shattered to pieces.

22. Captain Hornby afterwards received from his sovereign, a large gold medal, in commemoration of his heroic conduct on this occasion; conduct, perhaps, not surpassed by any thing in the annals of British naval prowess.

LESSON XLIX. 49

Damon and Pythias.

1. When Damon was sentenced by Dionysius, tyrant of Sicily, to die on a certain day, he begged permission to retire, previous to his execution, to his own country, that he might set in order the affairs of his disconsolate family.

2. This the tyrant intended peremptorily to refuse, by granting it on what he conceived to be the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as security for his return under equal forfeiture of his life.

3. Pythias, who was the friend of Damon, heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application on the part of the latter, but instantly offered to remain in his place; which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty.

4. The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and, therefore, when the day of execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his confinement.

5. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the tyrant delivered it as his opinion, that self-interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, patriotism, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise to keep in awe and impose upon the weak:—

6. "My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honor! He cannot fail therein, my lord; I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and the integrity of Damon together.

7. "Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honorable endeavors, and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have redeemed a life a thousand times more valuable than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his innocent children, to his friends, and to his country. O leave me not to die the worst of deaths in that of my friend!"

8. Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered: he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him.

9. The fatal day arrived: Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guards, with a serious but satisfied air, to the

place of execution. Dionysius was already there; he was exalted on a moving throne, drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the prisoner.

10. Pythias came; he vaulted* lightly on the scaffold, and beholding for a time the apparatus of death, he turned with a placid countenance, and thus addressed the spectators:—"My prayers are heard; the gods are propitious; you know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday.—Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend.

11. "O! could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honor of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death with as much joy as to a marriage feast. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble; that his truth is unimpeachable; that he will speedily prove it; that he is now on his way hurrying forward, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and fortune; but I haste to prevent his speed:—Executioner! perform your duty."

12. As he pronounced the last word, a buzz began to rise among the remotest of the people; a distant voice was heard; the crowd caught the words, and "Stop, stop the execution," was repeated by the whole assembly.

13. A man came at full speed; the throng gave way to his approach; he was mounted on a courser that almost flew; in an instant, he was off his horse,—on the scaffold,—and in the arms of Pythias.

14. "You are safe," he cried, "my friend, my dearest friend! the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own."

15. Pale, cold, and half speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents—"Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favor? But I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you."

16. Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched: he wept, and leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold.

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* Vaulted, leaped.

17. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried; "Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue; and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy; live renowned; and, O, form me by your precepts, as ye have instructed me by your example, to be worthy the participation of so sacred a friendship."

LESSON L.

Test of Goodness.

1. REAL goodness consists in doing good to our enemies.—Of this truth the following apologue* may serve for an illustration. A certain father of a family, advanced in years, being desirous of settling his worldly matters, divided his property between his three sons.

2. "Nothing now remains," said he to them, "but a diamond of great value; this I have determined to appropriate to whichever of you shall, within three months, perform the best action."

3. His three sons accordingly departed different ways, and returned by the limited time. On presenting themselves before their judge, the eldest thus began.

4. "Father," said he, "during my absence, I found a stranger so circumstanced, that he was under a necessity of entrusting me with the whole of his fortune. He had no written security from me, nor could he possibly bring any proof, any evidence whatever of the deposit. Yet I faithfully returned to him every shilling. Was there not something commendable in this action?"

5. "Thou hast done what was incumbent upon thee to do, my son," replied the old man. "The man who could have acted otherwise were unworthy to live: for honesty is a duty; thy action is an action of justice, not of goodness."

6. On this, the second son advanced. "In the course of my travels," said he, "I came to a lake in which I beheld a child struggling with death; I plunged into it and saved his life in the presence of a number of the neighboring villagers, all of whom, can attest the truth of what I assert."

7. "It was well done, "interrupted the old man; "you have only obeyed the dictates of humanity." At length the youngest of the three came forward.

*Pronounced ap-o-log, a moral story or fable, intended to convey useful truths.

8. "I happened," said he, "to meet my mortal enemy, who, having bewildered himself in the dead of night, had imperceptibly fallen asleep upon the brink of a frightful precipice. The least motion would infallibly have plunged him headlong into the abyss; and though his life was in my hands, yet with every necessary precaution, I awaked him, and removed him from his danger."

9. "Ah, my son!" exclaimed the venerable good man with transport, while he pressed him to his heart; "to thee belongs the diamond; well hast thou deserved it."

LESSON LI.

The mysterious Stranger.—JANE TAYLOR.

1. IN a remote period of antiquity, when the supernatural and the marvellous obtained a readier credence than now, it was fabled that a stranger of extraordinary appearance was observed passing the streets of one of the magnificent cities of the east, remarking with an eye of intelligent curiosity every surrounding object.

2. Several individuals gathering around him, questioned him concerning his country and his business; but they presently perceived that he was unacquainted with their language, and he soon discovered himself to be equally ignorant of the most common usages of society. At the same time, the dignity and intelligence of his air and demeanor forbade the idea of his being either a barbarian or a lunatic.

3. When at length he understood by their signs, that they wished to be informed whence he came, he pointed with great significance to the sky; upon which the crowd, concluding him to be one of their deities, were proceeding to pay him divine honors; but he no sooner comprehended their design, than he rejected it with horror; and, bending his knees and raising his hand toward heaven, in the attitude of prayer, gave them to understand that *he* also was a worshipper of the powers above.

4. After a time, it is said, the mysterious stranger accepted the hospitalities of one of the nobles of the city; under whose roof he applied himself with great diligence to the acquirement of the language, in which he made such surprising proficiency, that, in a few days, he was able to hold intelligent intercourse with those around him.

5. The noble host now resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying his curiosity respecting the country and quality of

his guest; and, upon his expressing this desire, the stranger assured him that he would answer his enquiries that evening after sun-set. Accordingly, as night approached, he led him forth upon the balconies of the palace, which overlooked the wealthy and populous city.

6. Innumerable lights from its busy streets and splendid palaces were now reflected in the dark bosom of its noble river; where stately vessels, laden with rich merchandise from all parts of the known world, lay anchored in the port. This was a city in which the voice of the harp and the viol, and the sound of the mill-stone, were continually heard—and craftsmen of all kinds of craft were there—and the light of a candle was seen in every dwelling—and the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride were heard there.

7. The stranger mused awhile upon the glittering scene; and listened to the confused murmur of mingling sounds. Then suddenly raising his eyes to the starry firmament, he fixed them with an expressive gaze on the beautiful evening star which was just sinking behind a dark grove that surrounded one of the principal temples of the city. "Marvel not," said he to his host, "that I am wont to gaze with fond affection on yon silvery star.

8. "That was my home—yes, I was lately an inhabitant of that tranquil planet; from whence a vain curiosity has tempted me to wander. Often had I beheld, with wondering admiration, this brilliant world of yours, even one of the brightest gems of our firmament—and the ardent desire I had long felt to know something of its condition, was at length unexpectedly gratified. I received permission and power from above to traverse the mighty void, and to direct my course to this distant sphere.

9. "To that permission, however, one condition was annexed, to which my eagerness for the enterprise induced me hastily to consent—namely, that I must thenceforth remain an inhabitant of this strange earth, and undergo all the vicissitudes to which its natives are subject. Tell me, therefore, I pray you, what is the lot of man—and explain to me more fully than I yet understand, all that I hear and see around me."

10. "Truly, sir," replied the astonished noble, "although I am altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs, products and privileges of your country, yet, methinks, I cannot but congratulate you on your arrival in our world; especially since it has been your good fortune to alight on a part of it affording such various sources of enjoyment as this our opulent

and luxuriant city. And be assured it will be my pride and pleasure to introduce you to all that is most worthy the attention of such a distinguished foreigner."

11. Our adventurer, accordingly, was presently initiated into those arts of luxury and pleasure which were there well understood. He was introduced by his obliging host to their public games and festivals—to their theatrical diversions and convivial assemblies; and in a short time he began to feel some relish for amusements, the meaning of which, at first, he could scarcely comprehend.

12. The next lesson which it became desirable to impart to him, was the necessity of acquiring wealth, as the only means of obtaining pleasure. A fact which was no sooner understood by the stranger, than he gratefully accepted the offer of his friendly host to place him in a situation in which he might amass riches.

13. To this object he began to apply himself with diligence; and was becoming in some measure reconciled to the manners and customs of our planet, strangely as they differed from those of his own, when an incident occurred which gave an entirely new direction to his energies. It was but a few weeks after his arrival on our earth, when, walking in the cool of the day with his friend, in the outskirts of the city, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a spacious enclosure near which they passed.—He inquired the use to which it was appropriated.

14. "It is," replied the nobleman, "a place of public interment." "I do not understand you," said the stranger. "It is the place," repeated his friend, "where we bury our dead." "Excuse me, sir," replied his companion, with some embarrassment. "I must trouble you to explain yourself yet further." The nobleman repeated the information in still plainer terms. "I am still at a loss to comprehend you perfectly," said the stranger, turning deadly pale. "This must relate to something of which I was not only totally ignorant in my own world, but of which I have, as yet, had no intimation in yours.

15. "I pray you, therefore, to satisfy my curiosity; for if I have any clue to your meaning, *this*, surely, is a matter of more mighty concernment than any to which you have hitherto directed me." "My good friend," replied the nobleman, "you must be indeed a novice among us, if you have yet to learn that we must all, sooner or later, submit to take our place in these dismal abodes.

16. "Nor will I deny that it is one of the least desirable of the circumstances which appertain to our condition; for which

reason it is a matter rarely referred to in polished society; and this accounts for your being hitherto uninformed on the subject. But truly, sir, if the inhabitants of the place from whence you came are not liable to any similar misfortune, I advise you to betake yourself back again with all speed; for be assured there is no escape here—nor could I guaranty your safety even for a single hour!"

17. "Alas!" replied the adventurer, "I must submit to the conditions of my enterprise, of which, till now, I little understood the import. But explain to me, I beseech you, something more of the nature and consequence of this wondrous change, and tell me at what period it commonly happens to man."—While he thus spoke, his voice faltered, and his whole frame shook violently; his countenance was as pale as death.

18. By this time his companion, finding the discourse becoming more serious than was agreeable, declared he must refer him to the priests for further information, this subject being very much out of his province. "How!" exclaimed the stranger, "then I cannot have understood you. Do the priests only die? are not you to die also?"

19. His friend, evading these questions, hastily conducted his importunate companion to one of their magnificent temples, where he gladly consigned him to the instructions of the priesthood. The emotion which the stranger had betrayed, when he received the first idea of death, was yet slight in comparison with that which he experienced as soon as he gathered, from the discourses of the priests, some notions of immortality, and of the alternative of happiness or misery in a future state.

20. But this agony of mind was exchanged for transport, when he learned that, by the performance of certain conditions before death, the state of happiness might be secured. His eagerness to learn the nature of these terms, excited the surprise and even the contempt of his sacred teachers. They advised him to remain satisfied for the present with the instructions he had received, and defer the remainder of the discussion till to-morrow.

21. "How!" exclaimed the novice, "say ye not that death may come at any hour? may it not come this hour? and what if it should come before I have performed these conditions? O! withhold not the excellent knowledge from me a single moment!" The priests, suppressing a smile at this simplicity, then proceeded to explain their theology to their attentive auditor.

22. But who can describe the ecstasy of his happiness, when he was given to understand the required conditions were, gene-

rally, of easy and pleasant performance, and the occasional difficulties, which might attend them, would entirely cease with the short term of his earthly existence. "If, then, I understand you rightly," said he to his instructors, "this event which you call death, and which seems in itself strangely terrible, is most desirable and blissful.

23. "What a favor is this which is granted to me, in being sent to inhabit a planet in which I can die!" The priests again exchanged smiles with each other; but their ridicule was wholly lost on the enraptured stranger. When the first transports of his emotion had subsided, he began to reflect with more uneasiness on the time he had already lost since his arrival.

24. "Alas! what have I been doing?" exclaimed he. "This gold which I have been collecting, tell me, reverend priests, will it avail me any thing when the thirty or forty years are expired, which you say, I may possibly sojourn in your planet?" "Nay," replied the priests, "but verily you will find it of excellent use so long as you remain in it."

25. "A very little of it shall suffice me," replied he; "for consider how soon this period will be past. What avails it what my condition may be for so short a season? I will betake myself from this hour, to the grand concerns of which you have so charitably informed me."

26. Accordingly, from that period, continues the legend, the stranger devoted himself to the performance of those conditions on which, he was told, his future welfare depended—but, in so doing, he had an opposition to encounter wholly unexpected, and for which he was even at a loss to account.

27. By thus devoting his chief attention to his chief interests, he excited the surprise, the contempt, and even the enmity of most of the inhabitants of the city; and they rarely mentioned him but with a term of reproach, which has been variously rendered in all the modern languages. Nothing could equal the stranger's surprise at this circumstance; as well as that of his fellow-citizens appearing, generally, so extremely indifferent as they did, to their own interests.

28. That they should have so little prudence and forethought as to provide only for their necessities and pleasures for that short part of their existence in which they were to remain on this planet, he could consider as the effect of disordered intellect: so that he even returned their incivilities to himself with affectionate expostulation, accompanied by lively emotions of compassion and amazement.

29. If ever he was tempted for a moment to violate any of the conditions of his future happiness, he bewailed his own madness with agonizing emotions; and to all the invitations he received from others to do any thing inconsistent with his real interests, he had but one answer—"Oh," he would say, "I am to die—I am to die."

LESSON LII.

Earthquake in Calabria.—GOLDSMITH.

1. IN 1638, the celebrated father Kircher, and four others, were on a journey to visit Mount Ætna, and the wonders in Calabria, the southern extremity of Italy. Having hired a boat, they left Messina in Sicily, for Euphemia a city in Calabria. Having crossed the strait, they landed at the promontory of Pelorus, where they were detained, for some time, by bad weather.

2. At length, wearied by delay, they resolved to prosecute their voyage. But scarcely had they quitted the shore, when all nature seemed to be in motion, and although the air was calm and serene, the sea became violently agitated, covered with bubbles—the gulf of Charybdis* seemed whirled round in an unusual manner,—Mount Ætna sent forth vast volumes of smoke—and Stromboli† belched forth flames, with a noise like peals of thunder.

3. Alarmed for their safety, they rowed with all possible haste for the shore;—but no sooner had they landed, than their ears were stunned with a horrid sound, resembling that of an infinite number of carriages driven fiercely forward,—wheels rattling, and thongs‡ crackling. This was followed by a most dreadful earthquake, which shook the place so violently, that they were thrown prostrate on the ground. This paroxysm having ceased, they started for Euphemia, which lay within sight,—but looking towards the city, they perceived a frightful dark cloud resting upon the place. Having waited until the cloud had passed away,—wonderful to tell,—no city was there; —it had totally sunk;—and in its place a dismal and putrid lake was seen. All was a melancholy solitude,—a scene of hideous desolation.

* Charybdis, a dangerous whirlpool on the coast of Sicily.

† Stromboli, an island in the Tuscan sea, belonging to Sicily. On it is a volcano.

‡ Thong, a strap of leather, used as a whip.

4. Proceeding pensively along, in search of some human being for information, they perceived a boy sitting by the shore, who appeared stupified with terror. They asked him concerning the fate of the city;—but he gave them no answer. They intreated,—begged him to tell them;—he only gazed on the dismal lake;—they offered him food,—but he heeded it not;—they tried to rouse him from his insensibility,—but pointing to the place of the city, with a shriek he fled, and was seen no more.

The Wild Boy.—CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

1. He sat upon the wave washed shore,
With madness in his eye;
The surges' dash—the breakers' roar—
Passed unregarded by—
He noticed not the billows' roll,
He heeded not their strife—
For terror had usurped his soul,
And stopped the streams of life.

2. They spoke him kindly—but he gazed,
And offered no reply—
They gave him food—he look'd amazed,
And threw the morsel by.
He was as one o'er whom a spell
Of darkness hath been cast;
His spirit seemed alone to dwell
With dangers that were past.

3. The city of his home and heart,
So grand—so gaily bright,
Now touch'd by Fate's unerring dart,
Had vanish'd from his sight.
The earthquake's paralizing shake
Had rent it from its hold—
And nothing but a putrid lake
Its tale of terror told.

4. His kindred there, a numerous band,
Had watch'd his youthful bloom,
In the broad ruin of the land
All—all had met their doom!
But the last night, a mother's voice
Breath'd over him in prayer—
She perished—he was left no choice
But mute and blank despair.

5. He sat alone, of all the crowd
That lately throng'd around,—
The ocean winds were piping loud,
He did not heed their sound,
They ask'd him of that city's fate,
But reason's reign was o'er—
He pointed to her ruin'd state,
Then fled—and spoke no more.

LESSON LIII.

The Starling.—STERNE.

1. BESHREW the *sombre** pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.

2. 'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile† is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse‡—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

3. I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy,‖ with a voice which I took to be of a child which complained, "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

4. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a Starling hung in a little cage—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the Starling.

5. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentations of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the Starling.

6. God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was

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* Pronounced som'-ber, gloomy, dull, sad.

† Pronounced Bas-teel, an old castle in Paris, built between 1369 and 1383, and used as a state prison. It was demolished in 1789.

‡ Pronounced foss, a ditch.

‖ So-lil'-o-quy, a speech made by one alone to himself.

twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

7. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No," said the Starling.—"I can't get out, I can't get out," said the Starling.

8. I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home.

9. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

10. Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery!—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.

11. 'Tis thou, liberty—thrice sweet and gracious goddess—whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.

12. Gracious Heaven! Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres,* if it seem good unto thy divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

13. The bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement; I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

14. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and

* Mitre, a kind of crown, or ornament, worn on the head by bishops on solemn occasions.

that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

15. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children——but here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

16. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calender of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap.

17. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

LESSON LIV.

Alcander and Septimius.—GOLDSMITH.

1. ALCANDER and Septimius were two Athenian students, whose tastes for the arts and sciences became the foundation of their future friendship, and they were scarcely ever seen apart. Although Alcander's breast was animated by that tender sentiment, a still more lively one found entrance, and the fair Hypatia became the object of his love: He declared his passion, and was accepted.

2. Septimius happened to have left the city, when his friend first saw the blooming fair one, and did not return until the day fixed upon for his marriage. The moment that introduced him to the view of such perfection, was fatal to his peace; and the struggle between love and friendship became too violent for his

resolution. A sudden and dangerous fever attacked him; and the unsuspicious Alcander introduced the object of his affection to assist him in his unwearied care of his friend.

3. The moment the physicians beheld Hypatia enter, they were no longer at a loss to account for their patient's illness; and calling Alcander aside, they informed him of the nature of it, and also expressed their fears that Septimius' recovery was impossible! Tortured between the dread of losing the friend of his heart, and agonized at the idea of relinquishing the object of his affection, his anguish for some time deprived him of utterance; but recovering that fortitude which had ever marked his conduct, he flew to the bed-side of his apparently dying friend, and promised to renounce his claim to Hypatia, if she consented to a union with Septimius.

4. Whether Hypatia had not been strongly attached to the amiable Alcander, or whether compassion urged her to accept the hand of his friend, is uncertain; but they were united, quitted Athens, and went directly to Septimius' house at Rome. Hypatia's friends, imagining Alcander had relinquished his betrothed bride for the sake of a rich reward, commenced an action against him for a breach of promise; and the judges, biassed by the representations of his enemies, ordered that he should pay a heavier fine than his whole property amounted to.

5. The wretched Alcander was now reduced to the most melancholy situation; his friend absent, the object of his love lost, and his own character stigmatized with baseness! Being absolutely unable to pay the demand, his person became the property of his oppressors, and he was carried into the market place and sold as a common slave. A Thracian merchant became his purchaser, and for several years he endured a life of torment. At length liberty presented itself to his view, and the opportunity of flight was not to be rejected. Alcander ardently embraced it, and arrived at Rome in the dusk of the evening.

6. Friendless, hopeless, and forlorn, the generous Alcander had no place of shelter, and necessity compelled him to seek a lodging in a gloomy cavern. Two robbers, who had long been suspected to frequent that spot, arrived there soon after midnight, and disputing about their booty, fortunately did not perceive his presence. One of them at length was so exasperated against his companion, that drawing a dagger from his side, he plunged it into his heart, and left him, weltering in his blood at the mouth of the cave.

7. Alcander's miseries had been so accumulated, and his distresses so undeserved, that his mind at last was worn down by his afflictions, and he became indifferent to every thing around him. In this situation he was discovered, and dragged to a court of justice, as the murderer of the man whose body had been found in the cave. Weary of existence, he did not deny the charge; and sentence was going to be pronounced against him, when the murderer, smitten with a pang of conscience, entered the court, and avowed the fact!

8. Astonishment seized every mind, but particularly that of the judge who was going to comdemn him, who, examining the countenance of a man capable of such singular conduct, discovered the features of his beloved friend, Alcander! Rising from the throne of justice, and flying to the bar of guilt, he caught his suffering Alcander in his arms, and, after shedding over him tears of joy and compassion, presented him to the Senators as a man whose disinterested conduct had been the means of preserving his own existence.

LESSON LV.

Ingratitude—*Story of Inkle and Yarico.*

1. Amidst the various vices to which human nature is prone, none more strikingly evince its debasement than *ingratitude.* For other vices, and other failings, reason may be able to assign a cause; but for *that* she must search in vain. That *kindness* should ever be returned with *cruelty*, or *affection* be treated with *neglect*, is *humanity's shame*, and *man's disgrace.*

2. Mr. Thomas Inkle, a young merchant of London, was the third son of a wealthy citizen, who had carefully instilled into his mind a desire of acquiring wealth; and this propensity, which he had imbibed from precept, and felt from nature, was the grand inducement for him to try his fortune in the West Indies. Inkle's person was absolutely the reverse of his mind: the former was manly and noble; but the latter mean and contracted.

3. During the voyage, the Achilles, the vessel in which he embarked, put into a creek to avoid the fury of a storm; and young Inkle, with several of the party, went on shore, to take a view of a scene so entirely new. They had not walked far up the country before they were observed by a party of Indians, and fear and apprehension lent wings to their flight. Inkle

outran his companions, and breathless with terror, sought security in the thicket of a forest.

4. He had not been there long, when he was surprised by the appearance of a young female, whose benignant countenance seemed instantly to compassionate his forlorn situation. The name of the female was Yarico. Gentleness and sweetness were displayed in every feature; and when Inkle, by signs, acquainted her with his condition, she evidently proved that *sympathy* was confined to no particular clime, and that *humanity* depends not upon the color of the skin.

5. The generous Indian was a woman of high birth; and knowing that the tenderness she felt for the unfortunate stranger would be displeasing to her parents, she knew the necessity of disguising it. She conducted Inkle to a remote cave, supplied his wants, and daily administered to his comforts. Her affection in time became so strong, that she scarcely could exist but in his presence.

6. Fearful that he would grow weary of his confinement, she used to watch the opportunities of her parents' absence, and then conduct him into the beauteous groves, with which that country abounds; then persuade him to lie down and slumber, and anxiously watch by him for fear he should be disturbed! His little dwelling was adorned with all the elegance that native art could suggest, and unsuspecting innocence employ, to make it appear pleasing to her lover's eyes.

7. At length Yarico had the happiness of finding Inkle understand her language, and of hearing him express the strength of his gratitude, and power of his love. Inkle was constantly representing the joys that would await them, if they could once return to England, and painted his passion in such glowing colors, that the unsuspecting Yarico could not doubt its sincerity, and at length promised not only to become the partner of his flight, but daily watch the arrival of some vessel to promote it.

8. The wished for object soon appeared; the unsuspicious Yarico left the abode of her doating parents, and, forgetful of duty, thought only of her affection. The ship in which they had embarked was bound for Barbadoes,* and all Inkle's ideas of acquiring wealth returned with double force. Love, which had been a transitory passion, and which had its foundation in interest, now yielded to a superior claim. His freedom once obtained the means were totally forgotten, and the unfortunate Yarico was considered as a tax upon his bounty.

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* Barbadoes, the most eastern of the West India Islands.

9. As soon as the vessel arrived at Barbadoes, the merchants crowded around it for the purpose of purchasing slaves. The despicable Inkle was animated at the sight, and resolving to relieve himself of what he considered a burden, offered the beauteous Yarico, his amiable deliverer, to the highest bidder! It was in vain that she threw herself on her knees before him, or pleaded her *tenderness* and *affection;* the heart that could be *dead to gratitude* was *lost to love;* and the unfortunate Yarico was *doomed to a life of slavery!!*

LESSON LVI.

*The Battle of Blenheim**—SOUTHEY.

1. IT was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar's work was done;
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhemine.

2. She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

4. I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in this great victory.

* Blenheim, a town in the north-western part of Austria, on the river Danube. It is famous for the great victory obtained in its vicinity, on the 13th of August, 1704, by the English and Austrians, under the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene, over the French and Bavarians, commanded by marshals Tallard, Marsin, and the elector of Bavaria. The loss of the French and Bavarians exceeded 30,000; that of the allies was 12,000.

5. Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhemine looks up,
With wonder waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.

6. It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory;

7. My father liv'd at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forc'd to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8. With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a chiding mother then,
And new-born infant died;
But things like this, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9. Great praise the noble General won,
And our good friend Eugene;*—
Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,
Said little Wilhemine;
Nay, nay, my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

10. And every body praised the Duke†
Who such a fight did win;
But what good came of it at last?
Said little Peterkin;
Why—that—I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

* Francis Eugene, Prince of Savoy, born in 1663. Finding himself slighted by Louis XIV. in France, his native country, he retired to Germany, and spent his life in the service of the Austrians. His victories over the Turks, and afterwards over the French, have rendered his name immortal. He died at Vienna, 1736.

† Duke of Marlborough, an Englishman.

LESSON LVII.

The Dog and the Fox.—GAY.

1. A SHEPHERD's dog, unskilled in sports,
Picked up acquaintance of all sorts.
Among the rest a fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.

2. Says Renard, "'Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us, rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet, (unknown to me and you,)
There may be honest men and true.

3. "Thus slander tries, whate'er it can,
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend;
You know me free from all disguise;
My honor as my life I prize."

4. By talk like this, from all mistrust
The dog was cured, and thought him just.
As on a time the fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stopped; he cocked his ear,
Low dropped his brushy tail with fear.
"Bless us! the hunters are abroad:
What's all that clatter on the road?"

5. "Hold," says the dog; "we're safe from harm;
'Twas nothing but a false alarm.
At yonder town, 'tis market day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way:
'Tis so, (I know her pie-bald mare,)
Dame Dobbins, with her *poultry-ware*."

6. Renard grew huff. Says he, "This sneer,
From you, I little thought to hear.
Your meaning in your looks I see;
Pray, what's dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her *poultry* thinner?
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner."

7. "Friend," quoth the cur, "I meant no harm,
Then why so captious? why so warm?
My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation;
No *lamb* (for aught I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you."

8. At this, galled Renard winced, and swore
Such language ne'er was given before.
"What's *lamb* to me?—the saucy hint;
Show me, base knave, which way you squint.
If t'other night, your master lost
Three lambs—am I to pay the cost?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I'm the thief. You dog, you lie."
9. "Thou knave, thou fool," the dog replied,
"The name is just, take either side;
Thy guilt these applications speak;
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak"
So saying, on the fox he flies:—
The self-convicted felon dies.

LESSON LVIII.

The Hare and the Tortoise.—LLOYD.

1. IN days of yore,* when time was young,
When birds conversed as well as sung,
When use of speech was not confined
Merely to brutes of human kind,
A forward hare of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighboring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd,
For geniuses are ever proud:
He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow;
For dog, and horse, he'd beat them hollow;
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length.
2. A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation:—
"O puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match; nay, no denial:
I lay my shell upon the trial."
'Twas "Done!" and "Done!" "All fair!" "A bet!"
Judges prepared, and distance set.
3. The scampering hare outstripped the wind;
The creeping tortoise lagged behind,

* Yore, long ago, of old time.

And scarce had passed a single pole,
When puss had almost reached the goal.
"Friend tortoise," quoth the jeering hare,
"Your burden's more than you can bear;
To help your speed it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell:
Jog on a little faster, pr'ythee;
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."

4. So said, so done, and safely, sure;
For say, what conquest more secure?
When'er he waked, (that's all that's in it,)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.
The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolved to persevere;
Still drawled along, as who should say,
"I'll win, like Fabius,* by delay;"
On to the goal securely crept,
While puss, unknowing, soundly slept.

5. The bets were won, the hare awoke,
When thus the victor-tortoise spoke:—
"Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts;
You may deride my awkward pace,
But slow and steady wins the race."

LESSON LIX.

The Painter who pleased Nobody and Every Body.—GAY

1. LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view,
The trav'ller, leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds,
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes e'en his real courage doubted.

2. But flatt'ry never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word;
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust;
Hyperboles, though e'er so great,
Will still come short of self conceit.

* An illustrious Roman General who opposed Hannibal in Italy. He died 203 years B. C.

3. So very like a painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just that life itself was there;
No flatt'ry with his colors laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.

4. He lost his friends; his practice fail'd,
Truth should not always be reveal'd;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.

5. Two busto's, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus'* and Apollo's† face,
He plac'd in view—resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat, he drew from these;
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

6. All things were set; the hour was come,
His palette‡ ready o'er his thumb:
My Lord appear'd, and seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece;
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's‖ tints, of Guido's‖ air,
"Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there,
Might well a Raphael's‖ hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit:
But yet, with patience, you shall view
As much as paint or art can do:

7. Observe the work."—My Lord reply'd,
"Till now, I thought my mouth was wide:
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear sir, for me 'tis far too young."

* Venus, one of the most celebrated of the heathen deities. She was the goddess of beauty. Copies of her statue are used as models by painters.

† Apollo, another of the ancient heathen deities. The Apollo-Belvidere is an ancient statue of the first class in excellence.

‡ Palette, a little oval table, or board, on which the painter places his colors to be used, and mixes them to obtain the requisite tints.

‖ An Italian painter.

"O pardon me," the artist cry'd,
"In this, we painters must decide.
The piece e'en common eyes must strike;
I'll warrant it extremely like."
My Lord examin'd it anew,
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

8. A lady came. With borrow'd grace,
He from his Venus form'd her face,
Her lover prais'd the painter's art,
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age some charm he lent;
E'en beauties were almost content.

9. Through all the town his art they prais'd,
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

LESSON LX.

Story of the Siege of Calais.

1. EDWARD the III. after the battle of Cressy,* laid siege to Calais.† He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succors into the city. The citizens under count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence.

2. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms.

3. After suffering unheard of calamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and after a long and desperate engagement, count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

4. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with

* Cressy, a town of France, situated on the river Maye, 100 miles north of Paris. It is celebrated for the great victory gained on the 26th of August, A. D. 1346, by Edward III. of England, over Philip VI. of France.

† Cal-ais, a town of France, situated on the Straits of Dover, taken by Edward III. in 1347.

Edward, provided he permitted him to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the Plebeians,* provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar.

5. When the messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:

6. "My friends, we are brought to great straits this day; we must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers.

7. "Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand; or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is, my friends; there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that power, who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind."

8. He spoke—but an universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed, "I doubt not but there are many as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom, than I can be; though the station to which I am raised, by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully.

9. "Who comes next;" "Your son," exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity. "Ah, my child!" cried St. Pierre, "I am then twice sacrificed. But, no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes!" "Your kinsman," cried John de Aire. "Your kinsman," cried James Wissant. "Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant.

10. "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "Why was I not a citizen of Calais?" The sixth victim was

* Plebeian, one of the common people, or lower ranks of men.

still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens with their families, through the camp of the English.

11. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! What a scene! They crowded, with their wives, and children, about St. Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced; they clung around; they fell prostrate before them.

12. They groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamor of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp. The English by this time were apprised of what passed within Calais.

13. They heard the voice of lamentation, and they were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

14. At length St. Pierre and his fellow victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire, this little band of patriots, as they passed.

15. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes which they voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.*

16. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the Monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," says Mauny; "they are not only the principal men of Calais, but they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling." "Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward. "Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?" "Not in the least, my lord! the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They

* Garter, the badge of an order of knighthood in Great Britain, instituted by Edward III.

are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

17. Edward was secretly piqued* at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary, to compel subjects to submission, by punishment and example." "Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

18. At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

19. As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. "My lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects the honor of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, and my king.

20. "You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer, would be to them a stage of honor, but a stage of shame to Edward; a reproach on his conquests; an indelible disgrace to his name.

21. "Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires; in place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses.

22. "We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion, which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue." "I am convinced; you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward; "prevent the execution; have them instantly before us."

23. They came; when the Queen, with an aspect and accent diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them: "Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, you have put us to a vast expense of

* Pronounced peek'd, offended.

blood and treasure in the recovery of our just natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honor in you that valor and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

24. "You, noble burghers! You, excellent citizens! Though you were ten-fold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested.

25. "We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold! and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us, that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

26. "You are now free to depart to your friends, relatives, and countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honors that Edward has to bestow.

27. "Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue; we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons." "Ah, my country!" exclaimed St. Pierre; "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities, but Philippa conquers hearts."

LESSON LXI.

Examples of Decision of Character.—John Foster.

1. I have repeatedly remarked to you in conversation the effect of what has been called a ruling passion. When its object is noble, and an enlightened understanding directs its movements, it appears to me a great felicity; but whether its object be noble or not, it infallibly creates, where it exists in great force, that active ardent constancy which I describe as a capital feature of the decisive character.

2. The subject of such a commanding passion wonders, if indeed he were at leisure to wonder, at the persons who pretend to attach importance to an object which they make none but the most languid efforts to secure. The utmost powers of the man are constrained into the service of the favorite cause by this passion, which sweeps away, as it advances, all the trivial ob-

jections and little opposing motives, and seems almost to open a way through impossibilities.

3. This spirit comes on him in the morning as soon as he recovers his consciousness, and commands and impels him through the day with a power from which he *could* not emancipate himself if he *would*. When the force of *habit* is added, the determination becomes *invincible*, and seems to assume rank with the great laws of nature, making it nearly as certain that such a man will *persist* in his course as that in the morning the sun will rise.

4. A persisting untameable efficacy of soul gives a seductive and pernicious dignity even to a character and a course which every moral principle forbids us to approve. Often in the narrations of history and fiction, an agent of the most dreadful designs compels a sentiment of deep respect for the unconquerable mind displayed in their execution.

5. While we shudder at his activity, we say with regret, mingled with an admiration which borders on partiality,—What a noble being this would have been if *goodness* had been his destiny! The partiality is evinced in the very selection of terms, by which we show that we are tempted to refer his atrocity rather to his destiny than to his choice.

6. In some of the high examples of ambition, we almost revere the force of mind which impelled them forward through the longest series of action, superior to doubt and fluctuation, and disdainful of ease, of pleasure, of opposition, and of hazard.

7. We bow to the ambitious spirit which reached the true sublime in the reply of Pompey* to his friends, who dissuaded him from venturing on a tempestuous sea, in order to be at Rome on an important occasion: "It is necessary for me to go —it is not necessary for me to live."

8. You may recollect the mention, in one of our conversations, of a young man who wasted, in two or three years, a large patrimony in profligate revels with a number of worthless associates, who called themselves his friends, and who, when his last means were exhausted, treated him, of course, with neglect or contempt.

9. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house with an intention to put an end to his life; but wandering awhile almost unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked what were lately his estates.

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* Pompey, a distinguished Roman General, vanquished by Cesar in the battle of Pharsalia.

10. Here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought a number of hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement exulting emotion. He had formed his resolution, which was, that all these estates should be his again: he had formed his plan too, which he instantly began to execute.

11. He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the very first opportunity, of however humble a kind, to gain any money, though it were ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved absolutely not to spend, if he could help it, a farthing of whatsoever he might obtain.

12. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals shot out of carts on the pavements before a house. He offered himself to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for the labor, and then in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small gratuity of meat and drink, which was given him.

13. He then looked out for the next thing that might chance to offer, and went, with indefatigable industry, through a succession of servile employments in different places, of longer and shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding, as far as possible, the expense of a penny. He promptly seized every opportunity which could advance his design, without regarding the meanness of occupation or appearance.

14. By this method he had gained, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase, in order to sell again, a few cattle, of which he had taken pains to understand the value. He speedily but cautiously turned his first gains into second advantages; retained, without a single deviation, his extreme parsimony; and thus advanced by degrees into larger transactions and incipient wealth.

15. I did not hear, or have forgotten, the continued course of his life; but the final *result* was, that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser worth 60,000*l.* I have always recollected this as a signal instance, though in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary effect which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character.

LESSON LXII.

Ortogrul: or, the Vanity of Riches.—Dr. Johnson.

1. As Ortogrul of Basra was one day wandering along the

streets of Bagdad,* musing on the varieties of merchandise which the shops opened to his view; and observing the different occupations which busied the multitude on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation, by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief vizier,† who, having returned from the divan,‡ was entering his palace.

2. Ortogrul mingled with the attendants: and being supposed to have some petition for the vizier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the floors covered with silken carpets; and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation.

3. "Surely," said he to himself, "this palace is the seat of happiness: where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission.—Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table; the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java,‖ and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges.§

4. "He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wish is gratified; all whom he sees, obey him, and all whom he hears, flatter him. How different, O Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire; and who hast no amusement in thy power, that can withhold thee from thy own reflections!

5. "They tell thee that thou art wise; but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor; and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him; and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I

* Bagdad, a city in Turkey in Asia, situated on the river Tigris. For more than 500 years, it was the seat of the Caliphs and capital of the Mahometan empire, and was one of the most splendid and populous cities in the world. It has greatly decayed, and retains but little of its ancient splendor.

† Pronounced viz'-yere, the Prime Minister of the Turkish empire.

‡ Divan, a Turkish council or assembly.

‖ Java, one of the principal East India islands. It is celebrated for the fertility of its soil, and produces in abundance the richest fruits, and finest spices.

§ Ganges, a large river in Hindoostan, esteemed sacred by the natives.—The *cygnet* is the young of the swan, a water fowl of snowy whiteness.

have long sought content, and have not found it; I will from this moment endeavor to be rich."

6. Full of his new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich. He sometimes purposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings of India; and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda.*

7. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuations of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair. He dreamed that he was ranging a desert country, in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill, shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him.—"Ortogrul," said the old man, "I know thy perplexity; listen to thy father; turn thine eye on the opposite mountain."

8. Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. "Now," said his father, "behold the valley that lies between the hills." Ortogrul looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. "Tell me now," said his father, "dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent; or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well?"

9. "Let me be quickly rich," said Ortogrul; "let the golden stream be quick and violent." "Look round thee," said his father, "once again," Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He awoke, and determined to grow rich by silent profit, and persevering industry.

10. Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandize; and in twenty years purchased lands, on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the vizier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal: he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted.

* Golconda, a province of Hindoostan, *now* called Hyderabad. It was formerly celebrated for its diamond mines.

11. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him its frailties; his own understanding reproached him with his faults. "How long," said he, with a deep sigh, "have I been laboring in vain to amass wealth, which at last is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered."

LESSON LXIII.

Schemes of Life often Illusory.—Dr. Johnson.

1. Omar, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honor and prosperity. The favor of three successive califs* had filled his house with gold and silver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

2. Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odors. The vigor of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head! strength departed from his hands; and agility from his feet. He gave back to the calif the keys of trust, and the seals of secresy; and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life, than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the good.

3. The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled with visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled. the son of the viceroy† of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent. Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility.

4. "Tell me," said Caled, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it, are to thee no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune."

5. "Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude, I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head:

* A successor of Mahomet among the Saracens.
† A governor appointed by a king.

6. "Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining. Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honored; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed, will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing.

7. "I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself. I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life; but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries,* and wise as Zobeide;† with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdad, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent.

8. "I will then retire to a rural dwelling; pass my days in obscurity and contemplation; and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend upon the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honors, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state. Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

9. "The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honor and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them.

10. "I now postponed my purpose of travelling; for why should I go abroad, while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges; I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions; and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the calif. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with confidence; and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

11. "I still wished to see distant countries; listened with rapture to the relations of travellers; and resolved some time

* Houries, among Mohammedans, nymphs of paradise, of exquisite beauty.
† Pronounced Zo-bi'-de.

to ask my dismission, that I might feast my soul with novelty: but my presence was always necessary; and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

12. "In my fiftieth year, I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time till disease forced me from public employment.

13. "Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdad."

LESSON LXIV.

The Hill of Science.—AIKIN.

1. IN that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discolored foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind of benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss; where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into a most perfect tranquillity; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries, which the objects around me naturally inspired.

2. I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forward with the liveliest expression of ardor in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult.

3. I observed, that those, who had but just began to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded new hills were continually rising to their view; and the summit of the highest they could before discern, seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, a friendly instructor suddenly appeared: "the mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the Temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a vail of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

4. After I had noticed a variety of objects, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent; and observed among them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain; and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices.

5. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses* beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned and turned aside her face.

6. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him, who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress.

7. Indeed, there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, besides the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside, by a numerous crowd of appetites, passions, and pleasures, whose importunity, when once complied with, they became less and less able to resist: and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt; the hill appeared

* Muses, certain goddesses among the ancients, or in heathen mythology, nine in number, to whom the invention of sciences is attributed, particularly the various kinds of poetry.

more steep and rugged; the fruits, which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill tasted; their sight grew dim; and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

8. I saw, with some surprise, that the muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the passions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way; and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives; and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery.

9. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavoring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains.

10. Indolence, (for so she was called,) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo,* which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place.

11. The placid serenity, which at first appeared on their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmurs, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulf of oblivion.

12. Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of appetite and passion would often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from

* Torpedo, a fish that has the power of communicating electric shocks. If, while alive, it is touched even with a long stick, it benumbs the hand that so touches it. It is found in the rivers of South America.

their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted; and seldom resisted till resistance was in vain.

13. After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of Science seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. "Happy," said I, "are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!" But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardor, I saw, standing beside me, a form of diviner features, and a more benign radiance.

14. "Happier," said she, "are they whom Virtue conducts to the Mansions of Content!" "What," said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?" "I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation; I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence; but I alone can guide thee to felicity!"

15. While Virtue was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her, with a vehemence which broke my slumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

LESSON LXV.

The Vision of Mirza, exhibiting a Picture of Human Life.—SPECTATOR.

1. ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.

2. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

3. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument

in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it.

4. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tones that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

5. I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius,* and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible.

6. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

7. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept.

8. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him.

9. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

10. He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me upon the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it."

11. "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see, rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

12. "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

* Genius, a man endowed with superior mental faculties. Among the *ancients*, a good or evil spirit.

13. "Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively."

14. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred.

15. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it."—"I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it."

16. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed under it; and upon further examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared.

17. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

18. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

19. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them, to save themselves.

20. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight.

21. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk.

22. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimetars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

23. The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend."

24. Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches."

25. "These," said the genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

26. I here fetched a deep sigh: "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect.

27. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

28. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts.

29. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them.

30. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments.

31. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

32. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself.

33. "These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants.

34. "Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him."

35. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant."

36. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

LESSON LXVI.

*The Chameleon.**—MERRICK.

1. OFT it has been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post:

* Pronounced Ca-me'-le-un, an animal of the lizard kind, subject to variations of color.

Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop;
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
"I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

2. Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.

3. "A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
It's foot with triple claw disjoin'd:
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Whoever saw so fine a blue?"

4. "Hold there," the other quick replies,
"'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
And saw it eat the air for food."

5. "I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast survey'd
Extended in the cooling shade."

6. "'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye"—
"Green!" cries the other, in a fury—
Why, Sir—d'ye think I've lost my eyes!"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find 'em but of little use."

7. So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third:
To him the question they referr'd;

And begg'd he'd tell 'em if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
8. "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother—
The creature's neither one nor t' other.
I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candle light:
I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it."—"Pray, Sir, do:
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
9. "Well then, at once to ease your doubt,"
Replies, the man, "I'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him,"
10. He said; then full before their sight
Produc'd the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
Both star'd—the man look'd wond'rous wise—
"My children," the Chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue)
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

LESSON LXVII.

The Country Bumpkin and Razor seller.—P. PINDAR.

1. A FELLOW, in a market-town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which, certainly, seem'd wond'rous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
That every man would buy, with cash and sense.

2. A country bumpkin the great offer heard;
Poor Hodge,—who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose,
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And, proudly, to himself, in whispers said—
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

3. "No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave;*
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,—
Smiling,—in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

4. Being well lather'd, from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub—
Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd,—
All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
"I wish my eighteen pence were in my purse."

5. In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut and dug, and whin'd, and stamp'd, and swore;
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry faces
And curs'd each razor's body, o'er and o'er.
His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.

6. Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws.
On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.
"Razors! a vile confounded dog!
Not fit to scrape a hog."

7. Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun—
"Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue! to *you* 'tis fun
That people flay themselves out of their lives.
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing
With razors just like oyster-knives.
Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't *shave.*"

8. "Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave.
As for the razors you have bought,—
Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would *shave.*"

9. "Not *think* they'd *shave?*" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell,
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries.
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile—"*to sell*"

LESSON LXVIII.

The Gascon Peasant and the Flies.

1. At Neuchatel, in France, where they prepare
Cheeses, that set us longing to be mites,
There dwelt a farmer's wife, famed for her rare
Skill in these small quadrangular delights.
Where they were made, they were sold for the immense
Price of three sous* apiece,
But as salt water made their charms increase,
In England, the fixed rate was eighteen pence.

2. This damsel had, to keep her in her farm,
To milk her cows, and feed her hogs,
A Gascon peasant, with a sturdy arm
For digging, or for carrying logs:
But in his noddle, weak as any baby,
In fact a gaby:
And such a glutton when you came to feed him,
That Wantley's dragon, who "ate barns and churches
As if they were geese and turkeys,"
(See the ballad) scarcely could exceed him.

3. One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
Of cream, like nectar!
And would'nt go to church (good careful soul)
Till she had left it safe with a protector;
So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon,
To watch it while his mistress was to mass gone.
Watch it he did; he never took his eyes off,
But licked his upper, then his under lip,
And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
Begrudging them the smallest sip,
Which if they got,
Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
And cried, "Oh happy, happy fly!
How I do envy you your lot."

3. Each moment did his appetite grow stronger;
His bowels yearned;
At length he could not bear it any longer,
But, on all sides his looks he turned,
And, finding that the coast was clear, he quaffed
The whole up at a draught.†

* Pronounced soo—a sous is of the value of a half penny.
† Pronounced draft.

5. Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
Flew to the dairy;
But stood aghast, and could not, for her life,
One sentence mutter,
Until she summoned breath enough to utter
"Holy St. Mary"—
And shortly, with a face of scarlet,
The vixen* (for she was a vixen) flew
Upon the varlet;†
Asking the when, and where, and how, and who
Had gulped her cream, nor left an atom?
To which he made not *separate* replies,
But with a look of excellent digestion
One answer made to *every* question—
"The Flies."

6. "The flies, you rogue!—the flies, you guttling dog!
Behold your *whiskers* still are covered thickly,
Thief! Liar! Villain! Gormandizer! Hog!
I'll make you tell another story quickly."
So out she bounced, and brought, with loud alarms,
Two stout Gens d'Armes,‡
Who bore him to the Judge:—a little prig
With angry bottle nose,
Like a red-cabbage-rose,
While lots of *white* ones flourish'd on his wig.

7. Looking at once both stern and wise,
He turned to the delinquent,
And 'gan to question him and catechise
As to which way the drink went.
Still the same dogged answers rise,
"The flies, my lord,—the flies, the flies."

8. "Pshaw," quoth the Judge, half peevish, and half pompous,
"Why you're *non-compos*;
You should have watched the bowl, as she desired,
And killed the flies, you stupid clown."
"What, is it lawful then," the dolt inquired,
"To *kill* the flies in *this here* town?"

9. "The man's a fool!—What question's this?
Lawful! you booby,—to be sure it is:

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* Vixen, a cross, quarrelsome woman. † Varlet, a scoundrel.
‡ Gens d'Armes, guards.

You've my authority, where'er you meet 'em,
To kill the rogues, and, if you like, to eat 'em!"

10. "Zooks," cried the rustic, "I'm right glad to hear it.
Constable, catch that thief! may I go hang
If yonder blue bottle (I know his face)
Is not the very leader of the gang
That stole the cream; let me come near it."
This said, he darted from his place,
And aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows
At a large fly upon the Judge's nose—
The luckless blue bottle he smashed;
And gratified a double grudge,
For the same catapult completely smashed
The bottle nose belonging to the Judge!

LESSON LXIX.

The Progress of Untruth.—Byrom.

1. Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,*
One took the other, briskly, by the hand;
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"
Reply'd his friend—"No! I'm surpris'd at that;
Where I come from, it's the common chat:
2. "But you shall hear;—an odd affair indeed!
And that it happen'd, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,†
This week, in short as all the *alley* knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up *three black crows.*"
3. "Impossible!"—"Nay, but it's really true;
I have it from good hands, and so may you"—
"From whose, I pray?" so having nam'd the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—
"Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me;
But, by the bye, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three.*"—

* Strand, the name of a street in London.

† 'Change, for Exchange, a place where merchants and others meet to transact business.

4. Resolv'd to trace so wond'rous an event,
Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went.
"Sir,"—and so forth—"Why, yes; the *thing* is fact,
Though in regard to *number* not exact;
It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one*,
The truth of *that* you may depend upon."
5. "The gentleman *himself* told me the case"—
"Where may I find him?"—"Why, in such a place."
Away goes he, and having found him out,
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt"—
Then to his last informant he referr'd,
And begg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard;
6. "Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow?"—"Not I!"
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, *three*, *two*, and *one*,
And here I find all comes at last to *none!*
Did you say *nothing* of a crow *at all?*"
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might—now I recall
The matter over"—"And pray, Sir, what was't?"—
"Why, I was *horrid* sick, and at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was *as black*, Sir, as a crow."

LESSON LXX.

The Voyage of Life.—Dr. Johnson.

1. "Life," says Seneca,* "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age."

2. The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and on a sudden, found my ears filled with a tumult of labor, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

3. My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were

* Lucius Annæus Seneca, a celebrated Stoic philosopher, and tragic poet, born at Corduba in Spain, A. D. 12. He was tutor to the tyrant Nero, Emperor of Rome, by whom he was cruelly put to death, A. D. 65

going. and what was the cause of such clamor and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of life, that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them ; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among the great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

4. I then looked round with anxious eagerness, and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure, but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

5. Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious* eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools; for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind.

6. So numerous indeed were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

7. The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat from danger, yet they might avoid it by oblique direction.

8. It was however not very common to steer with much care or prudence ; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking around him ; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten ; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence ; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in

* Pronounced per-spe-ca'-shus, sharp-sighted.

which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

9. This negligence did not proceed from indifference or from weariness of their condition; for not one of those, who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

10. In the midst of the current of life was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass.

11. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

12. Reason was too often prevailed upon so far, by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it by insensible rotations towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavored to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost.

13. As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown Power: "Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awoke.

LESSON LXXI.

The journey of a day; a picture of human life—Dr. Johnson.

1. Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary* early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindoostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

2. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height† of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

3. Thus he went on, till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant.

4. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling; but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road; and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

5. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls.

6. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved

* A public inn, or tavern. † Pronounced hite.

to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders,* in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

7. Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade; and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions.

8. In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong; yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds; the day vanished from before him; and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

9. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove; and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

10. He now resolved to do what yet remained in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and recommended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with resolution. The beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration. All the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him: the winds roared in the woods; and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

11. Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety, or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labor, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled; and he was on the

* Meander, the name of a winding river in Phrygia—a winding course.

point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper.

12. He advanced towards the light; and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

13. When the repast was over, "tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither? I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

14. "Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, and travel on a while with gaiety and with diligence.

15. "In a short time, we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance; but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security.

16. "Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which for a while, we keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications.

17. "By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourself in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue."

18. "Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair; but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made: that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

LESSON LXXII.

*The Mummy.**—SMITH.

1. AND thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes'† streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium‡ was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

2. Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
Thou hast a tongue—come let us hear its tune:
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

* Mummy, a human body embalmed, and wrapped up in linen clothes impregnated with gums, wax, &c. to prevent its decaying. Mummies are found in Egypt, a short distance from Cairo, in vaulted rooms under ground, cut in quarries of white stone. They are deposited, some in stone tombs, others in chests or coffins made of sicamore wood, which are often adorned with many hi-e-ro-glyph-ics, representing the qualities and actions of the deceased. They are supposed to be more than 3,000 years old.

† Thebes, an ancient city of Egypt, situated on both sides of the Nile, about 260 miles south of Cairo. Homer speaks of it as the city of an hundred gates; and Strabo, a writer of the *first* century, states that its length was *then* 10 miles. But the glory of Thebes, belongs to a period prior to the commencement of authentic history. Some suppose it to have been built by Osiris, and others, by Busiris, while others think it more ancient. It is now inhabited by about 3,000 Arabs, who have taken up their abode among its magnificent ruins.

‡ Mem-no'-ni-um, a statue of Memnon, king of Ethiopia, which had the property of uttering a melo'rous sound at sun-rising.

3. Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either Pyramid* that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?†

4. Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain;—Egyptian priests ne'er owned their juggles.

5. Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh‡ glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido‖ pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

6. I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus§ had been suckled:—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

7. Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

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* Pyr-a-mid, a large, solid body, or edifice, standing on a square or triangular base, and terminating in a point at the top. The Pyramids of Egypt have been the wonder of all ages of the world. The largest of them is that of Cheops, near Cairo. It is 500 feet high, and covers more than 11 acres. When, and for what purpose they were built, is unknown.

† Homer, a celebrated Grecian poet, who lived about 907 B. C.

‡ Pronounced Fa'-ro, an ancient king of Egypt.

‖ Dido, founder of the Carthaginian Empire, 869 B. C.

§ Romulus and Remus, founders of the Roman Empire, 752 B. C. They were thrown, when infants, into the Tiber, but the river stopped, and a she-wolf came and fed them with her milk.

8. Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,*
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris,† Orus,† Apis,† Isis,†
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

9. If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold;—
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:—
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

10. Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

11. Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue; that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

LESSON LXXIII.

The Negro's Complaint.—COWPER.

1. FORC'D from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But though slave they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

* Cambyses, the son of Cyrus the Great, was king of Persia, B. C. 529. He made war against the Egyptians, and ravaged their country in a most barbarous manner. He was cruel and vindictive in the extreme. He died in the eighth year of his reign, B. C. 521.

† An Egyptian god.

2. Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

3. Why did all-creating nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards;
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

4. Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there one who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from his throne, the sky?
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means that duty urges,
Agents of his will to use?

5. Hark! he answers—wild tornadoes,*
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
Where his whirlwinds answer—No.

6. By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks receiv'd the chain;
By the mis'ries that we tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main;
By our suff'rings since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
All sustain'd by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart.

* Tornado, a violent wind, a hurricane.

7. Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the color of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted pow'rs,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question ours.

LESSON LXXIV.

Victory.—ANONYMOUS.

1. WAFT not to me the blast of fame,
That swells the trump of victory;
For to my ear it gives the name
Of slaughter and of misery.

2. Boast not so much of honor's sword;
Wave not so high the victor's plume;
They point me to the bosom gor'd—
They point me to the blood-stain'd tomb.

3. The boastful shout, the revel loud,
That strive to drown the voice of pain;
What are they, but the fickle crowd,
Rejoicing o'er their brethren slain?

4. And ah! through glory's fading blaze,
I see the cottage taper, pale,
Which sheds its faint and feeble rays,
Where unprotected orphans wail—

5. Where the sad widow weeping stands,
As if her day of hope was done—
Where the wild mother clasps her hands
And asks the victor for her son—

6. Where the lone maid, in secret, sighs
O'er the lost solace of her heart,
As prostrate, in despair, she lies,
And feels her tortur'd life depart!

7. Where, midst that desolated land,
The sire, lamenting o'er his son,
Extends his weak and powerless hand,
And finds his only prop is gone.

8. See, how the bands of war and wo
Have rifled sweet domestic bliss;
And tell me, if your laurels grow,
And flourish in a soil like this!

LESSON LXXV.

*Destruction of Jerusalem.**

1. JERUSALEM was built on two mountains, and surrounded by three walls on every side, except where it was enclosed with deep valleys, which were deemed inaccessible. Each wall was fortified by high towers. The celebrated temple, and strong castle of Antonia, were on the east side of the city, and directly opposite to the Mount of Olives. But notwithstanding the prodigious strength of this famed metropolis, the infatuated Jews brought on their own destruction by their intestine contests.

2. At a time when a formidable army was rapidly advancing, and the Jews were assembling from all parts to keep the passover, the contending factions were continually inventing new methods of mutual destruction, and in their ungoverned fury they wasted and destroyed such vast quantities of provisions as might have preserved the city many years.

3. Such was the miserable situation of Jerusalem, when Titus† began his march towards it with a formidable army; and

* Moses led the Jews out of Egypt, 1491 B. C. They wandered 40 years in the wilderness, and entered the land of Canaan, or Palestine, under Joshua, 1451 B. C. After the death of Joshua, which happened 1426 B. C., they were governed 351 years by Judges, when they wished for a king. Saul was chosen, and anointed king over them 1075 B. C. He was succeeded by David in 1056 B. C. David was succeeded by Solomon in 1015 B. C Solomon was succeeded by Rehoboam 975 B. C. The same year, ten of the Jewish tribes revolted, and established the kingdom of Israel, and chose Jeroboam for their king. In 721 B. C. Shalmaneser, of Assyria, conquered the ten tribes and carried them into captivity, which put an end to the kingdom of Israel. The two tribes, viz. the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, formed the kingdom of Judah. They were often conquered by the surrounding nations, but soon regained their liberty. In 63 B. C. Pompey, a celebrated Roman General, marched an army against Jerusalem, and took it, after a siege of three months. From that period, the Jews became dependent on the Romans:—and after the death of Herod the Great, in A. D. 1, Judea became a Roman province, and had rulers appointed by the Emperors of Rome. The rapine and cruelty of the Roman governors, caused the Jews at length to rebel;—and Titus, a Roman General, marched an army of 60,000 men against them, A. D. 70, and destroyed the Jewish nation. From that time, the Jews have been scattered, contemned, persecuted, and despised among all nations.

† Titus Vespasian, a distinguished Roman general—afterwards emperor of Rome. He died A. D. 81.

having laid waste the country in his progress, and slaughtered the inhabitants, arrived before its walls. The sight of the Romans produced a temporary reconciliation among the contending factions, and they unanimously resolved to oppose the common enemy.

4. Their first sally was accordingly made with such fury and resolution, that, though Titus displayed uncommon valor on this occasion, the besiegers were obliged to abandon their camps, and flee to the mountains. No sooner had the Jews a short interval of quiet from their foreign enemies, than their civil disorders were renewed. John, by an impious stratagem, found means to cut off, or force Eleazer's men to submit to him; and the factions were again reduced to two, who opposed each other with implacable animosity.

5. The Romans, in the mean time, exerted all their energy in making preparations for a powerful attack upon Jerusalem. Trees were cut down, houses levelled, rocks cleft asunder, and valleys filled up; towers were raised, and battering rams erected, with other engines of destruction, against the devoted city.

6. After the offers of peace, which Titus had repeatedly sent by Josephus,* were rejected with indignation, the Romans began to play their engines with all their might. The strenuous attacks of the enemy again united the contending parties within the walls, who had also engines, which they plied with uncommon fury. They had taken them lately from Cestius, but were so ignorant of their use, they did little execution, while the Roman legions made terrible havoc.

7. The Jews were soon compelled to retire from the ponderous stones, which the Romans threw incessantly from the towers they had erected, and the battering rams were at full liberty to play against the walls. A breach was soon made in it, at which the Romans entered and encamped in the city, while the Jews retreated behind the second enclosure.

8. The victors immediately advanced to the second wall, and plied their engines and battering rams so furiously, that one of the towers they had erected began to shake, and the Jews, who occupied it, perceiving their impending ruin, set it

* Flavius Josephus, the ancient historian of the Jews, was born at Jerusalem, A. D. 37, and died in A. D. 93. He studied at Rome, and afterwards bravely defended a small town of Judea against the Romans for seven weeks. The place being taken, Josephus delivered himself up to the Romans, and was received into great favor, and accompanied Titus at the siege of Jerusalem, where he alleviated the misfortunes of his country, and obtained the sacred books of his nation.

on fire, and precipitated themselves into the flames. The fall of this structure gave the Romans an entrance into the second enclosure.

9. They were, however, repulsed by the besieged; but at length regained the place entirely, and prepared for attacking the third and inner wall. The vast number of people which were enclosed in Jerusalem, occasioned a famine, which raged in a terrible manner; and, as their calamities increased, the fury of the zealots,* if possible, rose to a greater height.

10. They forced open the houses of their fellow citizens, in search of provisions; if they found any, they inflicted the most exquisite tortures upon them, under pretence that they had food concealed. The nearest relations, in the extremity of hunger, snatched the food from each other.

11. Josephus, who was an eye-witness of the unparalleled sufferings the Jews experienced during the siege of their metropolis, remarks, that "all the calamities that ever befel any nation since the beginning of the world, were inferior to the miseries of his countrymen at this awful period." Thus we see the exact fulfilment of the emphatic words of our Saviour respecting the great tribulation in Jerusalem. "*For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be.*"

12. Titus, who was apprized of their wretched condition, relaxed the siege four days; and being still desirous of saving the city, caused provisions to be distributed to his army in sight of the Jews, who flocked upon the walls to behold it. Josephus was next sent to his countrymen, to attempt to persuade them not to plunge themselves in inevitable ruin, by persisting in defence of a place which could hold out but little longer, and which the Romans looked upon as already their own.

13. He exhorted them, in the most pathetic terms, to save themselves, their temple, and their country; and painted in strong colors the fatal effects which would result from their obstinacy. But the people, after many bitter invectives, began to dart their arrows at him; yet he continued to address them with greater vehemence, and many were induced, by his eloquence, to run the utmost risk in order to escape to the Romans; while others became more desperate, and resolved to hold out to the last extremity.

14. The Jews, who were forcibly seized by the Romans without the walls, and who made the utmost resistance for fear

* Zealot, one who engages warmly in a cause, and pursues it with an intemperate ardor.

of punishment, were scourged and crucified near the city.—Famine made them so daring in these excursions, that five hundred, and sometimes more, suffered this dreadful death every day; and, on account of the number, Josephus observes, that "space was wanted for the crosses, and crosses for the captives." And yet, contrary to Titus' intention, the seditious Jews were not disposed to surrender by these horrid spectacles.

15. In order to check desertion, they represented the sufferers as suppliants, and not as men taken by resistance. Yet even some, who deemed capital punishment inevitable, escaped to the Romans, considering death, by the hands of their enemies, a desirable refuge, when compared with the complicated distress which they endured.

16. And though Titus mutilated many, and sent them to assure the people that voluntary deserters were well treated by him, and earnestly to recommend a surrender of the city, the Jews reviled Titus from the walls, defied his menaces, and continued to defend the city by every method which stratagem, courage, and despair, could suggest.

17. In order to accelerate the destined ruin of Jerusalem, Titus, discouraged and exasperated by the repeated destruction of his engines and towers, undertook the arduous task of enclosing the city with a strong wall, in order to prevent the inhabitants from receiving any succor from the adjacent country, or eluding his vengeance by flight.

18. Such was the persevering spirit of the soldiers, that in three days they enclosed the city by a wall nearly five miles in circuit. Thus was the prophecy of our Saviour accomplished: "*The days shall come upon thee, when thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side.*"

19. Upon this, the famine raged with augmented violence, and destroyed whole families; while Jerusalem exhibited a horrid spectacle of emaciated invalids and putrescent bodies. The dead were too numerous to be interred; and many expired in the performance of this office. The public calamity was too great for lamentation, and the silence of unutterable wo overspread the city.

20. The zealots, at this awful period, endeavored to encourage the obstinacy of the people, by hiring a set of wretches, pretenders to prophecy, to go about the city, and declare the near approach of a speedy and miraculous deliverance. This impious stratagem for a while afforded delusive hopes to the miserable remains of the Jewish nation. But at length an

affair took place in Jerusalem, which filled the inhabitants with consternation and despair; and the Romans with horror and indignation.

21. A Jewess, eminent for birth and opulence, rendered frantic with her sufferings, was reduced to the dreadful extremity of killing and feeding upon her infant. Titus, being apprized of this inhuman deed, swore the total extirpation of the accursed city and people; and called heaven to witness, that he was not the author of their calamity.

LESSON LXXVI.

Destruction of Jerusalem—concluded.

1. The Romans having pursued the attack with the utmost rigor, advanced their last engines against the walls, after having converted into a desert, for wood to construct them, a country well planted, and interspersed with gardens, for more than eleven miles round the city. They scaled the inner wall, and after a sanguinary encounter, made themselves masters of the fortress of Antonia.

2. Still, however, not only the zealots, but many of the people, were yet so blinded, that though nothing was now left but the temple, and the Romans were making formidable preparation to batter it down, they could not persuade themselves that God would suffer that holy place to be taken by the heathens; but still expected a miraculous deliverance. And though the war was advancing towards the temple, they themselves burnt the portico, which joined it to Antonia; which occasioned Titus to remark, that they began to destroy, with their own hands, that magnificent edifice, which he had preserved.

3. The Roman commander had determined in council not to burn the temple, considering the existence of so proud a structure an honor to himself. He therefore attempted to batter down one of the galleries of the precinct; but as the strength of the wall eluded the force of all his engines, the troops next endeavored to scale it, but were repulsed with considerable loss.

4. When Titus found, that his desire of saving the sacred building was likely to cost many lives, he set fire to the gates of the outer temple, which being plated with silver, burnt all night, and the flame rapidly communicated to the adjacent galleries and porticoes. Titus, who was still desirous of preserving the temple, caused the flames to be extinguished; and

appeased the clamors of his troops, who vehemently insisted on the necessity of razing it to the ground. The following day was therefore fixed upon, for a general assault upon that magnificent structure.

5. The utmost exertions of Titus to save the temple were, however, ineffectual. Our Saviour had foretold its total destruction; and his awful prediction was about to be accomplished. "And now," says Josephus, "the fatal day approached in the revolution of ages, the 10th of August, emphatically called *the day of vengeance*, in which the first temple had been destroyed by the king of Babylon."*

6. While Titus was reposing himself in his pavilion, a Roman soldier, without receiving any command, but urged as it were by a divine impulse, seized some of the blazing materials, and with the assistance of another soldier, who raised him from the ground, threw them through a window into one of the apartments that surrounded the sanctuary.

7. The whole north side, up to the third story, was immediately enveloped in flames. The Jews, who now began to suppose that Heaven had forsaken them, rushed in with violent lamentations, and spared no effort, not even life itself, to preserve the sacred edifice on which they had rested their security.

8. Titus, being awakened by the outcry, hastened to the spot, and commanded his soldiers to exert themselves to the utmost to extinguish the fire. He called, prayed, and threatened his men. But so great was the clamor and tumult, that his entreaties and menaces were alike disregarded.

9. The exasperated Romans, who resorted thither from the camp, were engaged either in increasing the conflagration, or killing the Jews; the dead were heaped about the altar, and a stream of blood flowed at its steps.

10. Still, as the flames had not reached the inner part of the temple, Titus, with some of his chief officers, entered the sanctuary and most holy place, which excited his astonishment and admiration. After having in vain repeated his attempts to prevent its destruction, he saved the golden candlestick, and

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* Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, took Jerusalem—destroyed the temple—and carried the Jews into captivity, B. C. 606. After they had been kept in bondage 70 years, Cyrus the Great, king of Persia, took Babylon, and set them at liberty, B. C. 536. The Jews then returned to Jerusalem, and built the second temple. The *first* temple was finished and dedicated by Solomon, B. C. 1004,—the *second* temple was finished and dedicated B. C. 515.

table of shew bread, the altar of perfumes, which were all of pure gold; and the volume of the law, wrapped up in a rich golden tissue. Upon his leaving the sacred place, some other soldiers set fire to it, after tearing off the golden plating from the gates and timber work.

11. A horrid massacre soon followed, in which prodigious multitudes perished; while others rushed, in a kind of frenzy, into the midst of the flames, and precipitated themselves from the battlements of their falling temple. Six thousand persons, who, deluded by a false prophet with the hopes of a miraculous deliverance, had fled to a gallery yet standing without the temple, perished at once, by the relentless barbarity of the soldiers, who set it on fire, and suffered none to escape.

12. The conquerors carried their fury to such a height as to massacre all they met, without distinction of age, sex, or quality. They also burnt all the treasure houses, containing vast quantities of money, plate, and the richest furniture. In a word, they continued to mark their progress with fire and sword, till they had destroyed all, except two of the temple gates, and that part of the court which was destined for the women.

13. In the mean time, many of the zealots, by making the most vigorous exertions, effected their escape from the temple, and retired into the city. But the avenues were so strictly guarded, that it was impossible for them to escape. They therefore fortified themselves, as well as they were able, on the south side of it; from whence John and Simon sent to desire a conference with Titus.

14. They were answered, that though they had caused all this ruin and effusion of blood, yet their lives should be spared, if they would surrender themselves. They replied, that "they had engaged by the most solemn oaths, not to deliver up their persons to him on any condition; and requested permission to retire to the mountains with their wives and children." The Roman General, enraged at this insolence, ordered proclamation to be made, that not one of them should be spared, since they persisted in rejecting his last offers of pardon.

15. The daughter of Zion, or the lower city, was next abandoned to the fury of the Roman soldiers, who plundered, burnt, and massacred, with insatiable rage. The zealots next betook themselves to the royal palace, in the upper and stronger part of Jerusalem, styled also the city of David, on Mount Zion. As many of the Jews had deposited their possessions in the palace for security, they attacked it, killed eight thousand four hundred of their countrymen, and plundered their property.

16. The Roman army spent nearly twenty days in making great preparations for attacking the upper city, especially the royal palace; during which time many came and made their submission to Titus. The warlike engines then played so furiously upon the zealots, that they were seized with a sudden panic, quitted the towers which were deemed impregnable, and ran like mad men towards Shiloah, intending to have attacked the wall of circumvallation, and escaped out of the city. But being vigorously repulsed, they endeavored to conceal themselves in subterraneous passages; and as many as were discovered, were put to death.

17. The conquest of Jerusalem being now completed, the Romans placed their ensigns upon the walls with triumphant joy. They next walked the streets, with swords in their hands, and killed all they met. Amidst the darkness of that awful night, fire was set to the remaining divisions of the city, and Jerusalem, wrapt in flames, and bleeding on every side, sunk in utter ruin and destruction.

18. During the siege, which lasted nearly five months, upwards of eleven hundred thousand Jews perished. John and Simon, the two grand rebels, with seven hundred of the most beautiful and vigorous of the Jewish youth, were reserved, to attend the victor's triumphal chariot. After which, Simon was put to death; and John, who had stooped to beg his life, condemned to perpetual imprisonment.

19. The number who were taken captive, during the fatal contest with the Romans, amounted to ninety-seven thousand; many of whom were sent into Syria, and other provinces, to be exposed on the public theatres, to fight like gladiators, or to be devoured by wild beasts. The number of those destroyed, during the war, which lasted seven years, is computed to have been one million four hundred and sixty-two thousand.

20. When the sword had returned to its scabbard, for want of objects whereon to exercise its fury, and the troops were satisfied with plunder, Titus commanded the whole city and temple to be demolished. Thus were our Saviour's prophecies fulfilled —"*Thine enemies shall lay thee even with the ground, and there shall not be left one stone upon another.*"

* Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by the Romans under Titus, thirty-seven years after the crucifixion of our Saviour.

LESSON LXXVII.

The Warrior's Wreath.—ANONYMOUS.

1. BEHOLD the wreath which decks the warrior's brow
Breathes it a balmy fragrance sweet? Ah, no!
It rankly savors of the grave!
'Tis *red*—but not with roseate hues;
'Tis crimsoned o'er
With human gore!
'Tis *wet*—but not with heavenly dews;

2. 'Tis drench'd in tears by widows, orphans shed.
Methinks in sable weeds I see them clad,
And mourn in vain, for husbands slain,
Children belov'd, or brothers dear,
The fatherless
In deep distress,
Despairing, shed the scalding tear.

3. I hear, 'mid dying groans, the cannon's crash,
I see, 'mid smoke, the musket's horrid flash—
Here famine walks—there carnage stalks—
Hell in her fiery eye, she stains
With purple blood,
The crystal flood,
Heaven's altars, and the verdant plains!

4. Scenes of domestic peace and social bliss
Are chang'd to scenes of wo and wretchedness,
The votaries of vice increase—
Towns sack'd—whole cities wrapt in flame!
Just Heaven! say,
Is this the *bay*,
Which warriors gain?—is this call'd FAME?

LESSON LXXVIII.

Elegy written in a Country Church Yard.—GRAY

1. THE curfew tolls—the knell of parting day;—
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;*
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

* Lea, a meadow, or plain.

2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle* wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3. Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8. Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

* Beetle, an insect.

Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

12. Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14. Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15. Some village Hampden,* that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton† here may rest;
Some Cromwell,‡ guiltless of his country's blood.

16. The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes;

17. Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

18. The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

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* John Hampden, an illustrious patriot and political writer in the reign of Charles I. He was a man of undaunted courage;—and in 1636, he had the boldness, alone, and unsupported, to resist the royal authority in levying ship-money, and although he lost his cause, he was highly applauded by all for his firmness. He died 1643.

† John Milton, an English poet, born 1608. The most celebrated work which he wrote, is "PARADISE LOST."

‡ Oliver Cromwell, a distinguished English General, was born 1599.—After the death of Charles I., he assumed the title of "Protector of the Commonwealth of England," 1653. He administered the affairs of the kingdom for five years, with great vigor and ability. He died in 1658.

19 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray:
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20. Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21. Their name, their years, spelled by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,—
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies:
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

25. Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26. "There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28. "One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

29. "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

30. HERE rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere:
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:—
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

32. No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
(There they, alike, in trembling hope, repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

LESSON LXXIX.

Ossian's Address to the Sun.*

1. O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

2. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.

* Ossian, an ancient Scotch, or Gælic poet, supposed to have flourished in the second century, and to have been the son of Fingal. His poems were translated by Mr. M'Pherson, in 1762.

3. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

LESSON LXXX.

The African Chief.—U. S. Literary Gazette.

1. Chain'd in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name,—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground;
And silently they gaz'd on him,
As on a lion bound.

2. Vainly, but well, that chief had fought—
He was a captive now;
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow:
The scars his dark broad bosom wore
Showed warrior true and brave:
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

3. Then to his conqueror he spake,
"My brother is a king:
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold dust from the sands."

4. "Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In land beyond the sea."

5. Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away ;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

6. "Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold,
Long kept for sorest need :
Take it—thou askest sums untold—
And say that I am freed.
Take it—my wife, the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

7. "I take thy gold,—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween* that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife shall wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was chang'd to mortal fear.

8. His heart was broken—craz'd his brain—
At once his eye grew wild :
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whisper'd,—and wept,—and smil'd ;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's† prey.

LESSON LXXXI.

Formation of Character.—J. Hawes, D. D.

1. It is ever to be kept in mind, that a good name is in all cases the fruit of *personal exertion.* It is not inherited from

* Ween, to think, to imagine, to fancy.

† The Hy-é-na is a most hateful and disgusting animal, about the size of a large dog. He is found in Asia and Africa. He prefers to eat the flesh of animals in a putrid state

parents; it is not created by external advantages; it is no necessary appendage of birth, or wealth, or talents, or station; but the result of one's own endeavors,—the fruit and reward of good principles, manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable action. This is the more important to be remarked, because it shows that the attainment of a good name, whatever be your external circumstances, is entirely within your power.

2. No young man, however humble his birth, or obscure his condition, is excluded from the invaluable boon. He has only to fix his eye upon the prize, and press towards it, in a course of virtuous and useful conduct, and it is his. And it is interesting to notice how many of our worthiest and best citizens have risen to honor and usefulness by dint of their own persevering exertions. They are to be found, in great numbers, in each of the learned professions, and in every department of business; and they stand forth, bright and animating examples of what can be accomplished by resolution and effort.

3. Indeed, my friends, in the formation of character, personal exertion is the first, the second, and the third virtue. Nothing great or excellent can be acquired without it. A good name will not come without being sought. All the virtues of which it is composed are the result of untiring application and industry. Nothing can be more fatal to the attainment of a good character than a treacherous confidence in external advantages. These, if not seconded by your own endeavors, "will drop you mid way: or perhaps you will not have started, when the diligent traveller will have won the race."

4. To the formation of a good character, it is of the highest importance that you *have a commanding object in view, and that your aim in life be elevated.* To this cause, perhaps, more than to any other, is to be ascribed the great difference which appears in the characters of men. Some start in life with an object in view, and are determined to attain it; whilst others live without plan, and reach not for the prize set before them. The energies of the one are called into vigorous action, and they rise to eminence; whilst the others are left to slumber in ignoble ease and sink into obscurity.

5. It is an old proverb, that he who aims at the sun, to be sure will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on a level with himself. Just so in the formation of character. Set your standard high; and, though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence. Young men are not, in general, conscious of what they are *capable* of doing.

6. They do not task their faculties, nor improve their powers, nor attempt, as they ought, to rise to superior excellence. They have no high, commanding object, at which to aim; but often seem to be passing away life without object and without aim. The consequence is, their efforts are few and feeble; they are not waked up to any thing great or distinguished; and therefore fail to acquire a character of decided worth.

7. My friends, *You may be whatever you resolve to be.—Resolution is omnipotent.* Determine that you *will* be something in the world, and you *shall* be something. Aim at excellence, and excellence will be attained. This is the great secret of effort and eminence. *I cannot do it*, never accomplished any thing; *I will try*, has wrought wonders.

8. You have all perhaps heard of the young man, who, having wasted, in a short time, a large patrimony, in profligate revels, formed a purpose, while hanging over the brow of a precipice from which he had determined to throw himself, that he would regain what he had lost. The purpose thus formed he kept; and though he began by shovelling a load of coals into a cellar, he proceeded from one step to another, till he more than recovered his lost possession, and died an inveterate miser, worth sixty thousand pounds.

9. I mention this, not as an example to be imitated, but as a signal instance of what can be accomplished by fixed purpose and persevering exertion. A young man who sets out in life with a *determination* to excel, can hardly fail of his purpose. There is, in his case, a steadiness of aim,—a concentration of feeling and effort, which bear him onward to his object with irresistible energy, and render success, in whatever he undertakes, certain.

LESSON LXXXII.

On Happiness of Temper.—GOLDSMITH.

1. WRITERS of every age have endeavored to show—that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment; and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review, like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill dressed; but none but a fool is, for this, enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

2. I remember to have once seen a slave, in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison.

3. What a practical philosophy was here! a happy constitution supplied philosophy; and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool—he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when Nature seems to deny the means.

4. They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humor. The most calamitous events either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is, to them, a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

5. Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being a universal admirer of the fair sex—when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favorable reception. If she, too, rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress: he persuaded himself—that, instead of loving the lady he had only *fancied* that he had loved her;—and so all was well again.

6. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine, (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes,*)

* Pronounced Val-en-scenes', a city in the north of France, situated on the river Scheldt.

he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy; for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor; and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress,—though secluded from his friends,—though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good humor; laughed at the little spite of his enemies: and carried the jest so far—as to be revenged, by writing the life of his jailer.

7. All that the wisdom of the proud can teach—is to be stubborn, or sullen, under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry, in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humor be construed, by others, into insensibility; or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves; and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

8. The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he called it, "seeing life." If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him.

9. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all intercession of friends in his favor was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death bed. The whole family (and Dick among the number) gathered around him.

10. "I leave my second son, Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate; and desire him to be frugal."—Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, (as is usual on those occasions) prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself!

11. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother; and leave him, beside, four thousand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure) "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!"

12. At last—turning to poor Dick, "as for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good: you'll never be rich; I leave you a shilling, to buy a halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "*may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!*"

LESSON LXXXIII.

The Sleepers.—Miss M. A. Browne.

1. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Children, wearied with their play;
For the stars of night are peeping,
And the sun hath sunk away.
As the dew upon the blossoms
Bow them on their slender stem,
So, as light as their own bosoms,
Balmy sleep hath conquered them.

2. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Mortals, compassed round with wo,
Eyelids, wearied out with weeping,
Close for very weakness now:
And that short relief from sorrow,
Harassed nature shall sustain,
Till they wake again to-morrow,
Strengthened to contend with pain!

3. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Captives, in their gloomy cells;
Yet sweet dreams are o'er them creeping;
With their many-colored spells,
All they love—again they clasp them;
Feel again their long-lost joys;
But the haste with which they grasp them,
Every fairy form destroys.

4. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Misers, by their hoarded gold;
And in fancy now are heaping
Gems and pearls of price untold.
Golden chains their limbs encumber,
Diamonds seem before them strown:
But they waken from their slumber,
And the splendid dream is flown.

5. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment, softly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!
Other hopes have all forsaken,—
One remains,—that slumber deep
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

6. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Thousands, who have pass'd away,
From a world of wo and weeping,
To the regions of decay!
Safe they rest, the green turf under:
Sighing breeze, or music's breath,
Winter's wind, or summer's thunder,
Cannot break the sleep of death!

LESSON LXXXIV.

A Good Scholar.—May.

1. A good scholar is known by his obedience to the rules of the school, and to the directions of his teacher. He does not give his teacher the trouble of telling him the same thing over and over again; but says or does immediately whatever he is desired. His attendance at the proper time of school is always punctual. Fearful of being too late, as soon as the hour of meeting approaches, he hastens to the school, takes his place quietly, and instantly attends to his lesson. He is remarkable for his diligence and attention. He reads no other book than that which he is desired to read by his master. He studies no lessons but those which are appointed for the day.

2. He takes no toys from his pocket to amuse himself or others; he has no fruit to eat, no sweetmeats to give away.—If any of his companions attempt to take off his eye or his mind from his lesson, he does not give heed to them. If they still try to make him idle, he bids them let him alone, and do their own duties. And if, after this, they go on to disturb and vex him, he informs the teacher, that both, for their sake and for his own, he may interfere, and, by a wise reproof, prevent the continuance of such improper and hurtful conduct.

3. When strangers enter the school, he does not stare rudely in their faces; but is as attentive to his lesson as if no one were present but the master. If they speak to him, he answers with modesty and respect. When the scholars in his class are reading, spelling, or repeating any thing, he is very attentive, and studies to learn by listening to them. His great desire is to improve, and therefore he is never idle,—not even when he might be so, and yet escape detection and punishment.

4. He minds his business as well when his teacher is out of sight, as when he is standing near him, or looking at him. If possible, he is more diligent when his teacher happens for a little

o be away from him, that he may show "all good fidelity" in this, as in every thing else. He is desirous of adding to the knowledge he has already gained, of learning something useful every day. And he is not satisfied if a day passes without making him wiser than he was before, in those things which will be of real benefit to him.

5. When he has a difficult lesson to learn, or a hard task to perform, he does not fret or murmur at it. He knows that his master would not have prescribed it to him, unless he had thought that he was able for it, and that it would do him good. He therefore sets about it readily; and he encourages himself with such thoughts as these: "My parents will be very glad when they hear that I have learned this difficult lesson, and performed this hard task. My teacher, also, will be pleased with me for my diligence. And I myself shall be comfortable and happy when the exercise is finished. The sooner and the more heartily I apply myself to it, the sooner and the better it will be done."

6. When he reads, his words are pronounced so distinctly, that you can easily hear and understand him. His copy book is fairly written, and free from blots and scrawls. His letters are clear and full, and his strokes broad and fine. His figures are well made, accurately cast up, and neatly put down in their regular order; and his accounts are, in general, free from mistakes.

7. He not only improves himself, but he rejoices in the improvement of others. He loves to hear them commended, and to see them rewarded. "If I do well," he says, "I shall be commended and rewarded too; and if all did well, what a happy school would ours be! We ourselves should be much more comfortable; and our master would have a great deal less trouble and distress than he has, on account of the idleness and inattention, of which too many of us are guilty."

8. His books he is careful to preserve from every thing that might injure them. Having finished his lesson, he puts them in their proper place, and does not leave them to be tossed about, and, by that means, torn and dirtied. He never forgets to pray for the blessing of God on himself, on his school-fellows, and on his teacher; for he knows that the blessing of God is necessary to make his education truly useful to him, both in this life, and in that which is to come.

9. And, finally, it is his constaat endeavor to behave well when he is out of school, as well as when he is in it. He remembers that the eye of God is ever upon him, and that he must at

last give an account of himself to the great Judge of all. And, therefore, he studies to practise, at all times, the religious and moral lessons that he receives from his master, or that he reads in the Bible, or that he meets with in the other books that are given him to peruse; and to "walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless."

LESSON LXXXV.

Select Sentences.

1. If the mind is well cultivated, it produces a store of fruit; if neglected, it is overrun with weeds.

2. The young are slaves to novelty;—the old to custom.

3. Ingratitude is more baneful than a pestilential vapor,—and more destructive to society than a band of robbers.

4. There is nothing honorable, that is not innocent;—and nothing mean, but what attaches guilt.

5. As, among wise men, he is the wisest who thinks he knows the least,—so, among fools, he is the greatest who thinks he knows the most.

6. Precipitation ruins the best contrived plan;—patience ripens the most difficult.

7. It was a saying of Socrates, that we should eat and drink in order to live; instead of living as many do, in order to eat and drink.

8. Men make themselves ridiculous, not so much by the qualities they have, as by the affectation of those they have not.

9. The injuries we do, and those we suffer, are seldom weighed in the same balance.

10. Never delay to a future period, that which can be done immediately,—nor transfer to another, what you can perform yourself.

11. Be sincere in all your words,—prudent in all your actions,—and obliging in all your manners.

12. Seriousness is the greatest wisdom,—temperance, the best medicine,—and a good conscience, the best estate.

13. It is better to do and not promise,—than to promise and not perform.

14. No station is so high, no power so great, no character so unblemished, as to exempt men from the attacks of rashness, malice, or envy.

15. Contemporaries appreciate the man rather than the merit: but posterity will regard the merit rather than the man.

16. Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun; the hand that warned the eastern prince,* derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.

17. True friendship is like sound health,—the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

18. Young folks tell what they do,—old ones what they *have done*,—and fools what they *will do*.

19. From principles is derived probability; but truth is obtained only from facts.

20. The volume of nature is the book of knowledge, and he becomes most wise, who makes the most judicious selection.

21. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious;—but an ill one more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince;—and virtue honorable, though in a peasant.

22. What you keep by you, you may mend and change;—but words once spoken can never be recalled.

23. What is the most constant of all things?—hope;—because it still remains with man, after he has lost every thing else.

24. A just man should account nothing more precious than his word,—nothing more venerable than his faith,—and nothing more sacred than his promise.

25. A hypocrite is hated by the world for seeming what he is not: but he will be condemned by his Creator for not being what he seems.

26. The greatest friend of *truth*, is *time*,—her greatest enemy is *prejudice*,—and her constant companion is *humility*.

27. When you have nothing to say, say nothing;—a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

28. When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what *harm* you have done:—when they censure you, what *good?*

29. Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition; approved of by reflection; and strengthened by enjoyment.

30. Vice stings us, even in our pleasures,—but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

31. Let fame be regarded, but conscience much more. It is an empty joy to appear better than you are;—but a great blessing *to be* what you *ought* to be.

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* See the 5th chapter of Daniel.

32. The first ingredient in conversation, is truth;—the next, good sense; the third, good humour; the last, wit.

33. The man of virtue, is an honor to his country,—a credit to human nature,—and a benefactor to the world. He is rich without oppression,—charitable without ostentation,—courteous without deceit,—and brave without vice.

34. The difference there is betwixt honor and honesty, seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honor does for the sake of character.

35. Men's evil manners live in brass;—their virtues we write in water.

36. Fine sense, and exalted sense, are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense;—and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

37. A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly,—use soberly,—distribute cheerfully,—and live upon contentedly.

38. You have obliged a man;—very well. What would you have more? Is not the consciousness of doing good a sufficient reward?

39. Agesilaus, king of Sparta,* being asked the means of establishing a high reputation, answered,—"Speak well, and act better."

40. Cowards die many times; the valiant never taste of death but once.

41. If you want your business done, go;—if not, send.

42. Cruel men are the greatest lovers of mercy—avaricious men of generosity—and proud men of humility;—that is to say,—in others,—not in themselves.

43. He that is *good*, will infallibly become better; and he that is *bad*, will as certainly become worse;—for vice, virtue, and time, are three things that never stand still.

44. Socrates being asked what was the best mode of gaining a high reputation, replied, "To be what you appear to be."

45. If the spring put forth no blossoms,—in summer there will be no beauty,—and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement,—manhood will be contemptible,—and old age miserable.

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* Sparta, a state of ancient Greece.

LESSON LXXXVI.

Select Paragraphs.

1. Be studious, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be virtuous, and you will be happy.

2. Man, if he compare himself with all that he can see, is at the zenith of power;—but if he compare himself with all that he can conceive, he is at the nadir of weakness.

3. We esteem most things according to their intrinsic merit; —it is strange MAN should be an exception. We prize a horse for his strength and courage,—not for his furniture. We prize a man for his sumptuous palace,—his great train,—his vast revenue;—yet these are his furniture, not his mind.

4. The kindnesses, which most men receive from others, are like traces drawn in the sand. The breath of every passion sweeps them away, and they are remembered no more. But injuries are like inscriptions on monuments of brass, or pillars of marble, which endure, unimpaired, the revolutions of time.

5. Man, always prosperous, would be giddy and insolent;— always afflicted, would be sullen or despondent. Hopes and fears, joy and sorrow, are therefore, so blended in his life, as both to give room for worldly pursuits, and to recall from time to time the admonitions of conscience.

6. He, who would pass the latter part of his life with honor and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old,—and remember when he is old, that he has once been young.

7. The pensionary De Witt,* being asked how he could transact such a variety of business without confusion, answered, —that he never did but one thing at a time.

8. He, who governs his passions, does more than he who commands armies. Socrates, being one day offended with his servant, said,—"I would beat you if I were not angry."

9. No rank in life precludes the efficacy of a well timed compliment. When Queen Elizabeth† asked an Ambassador how he liked her ladies, he replied,—"It is hard to judge of stars in presence of the sun."

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* John De Witt, the famous pensionary of Holland, was born at Dort, in Holland, 1625. He was the greatest genius of his time, and the ablest politician; but was barbarously murdered by a mob, in 1672.

† Elizabeth, queen of England, was born 1533, and commenced her reign in 1558. She was a person of accomplished manners, and a well cultivated mind. She died in 1603.

10. We too often judge of men by the splendor, and not by the merit of their actions. Alexander demanded of a pirate whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas?—"By the same right," replied he, boldly, "that you enslave the world. I am called a robber, because I have only one small vessel;—but you are styled a conqueror, because you command great fleets and armies."

11. Francis I.* consulting with his Generals how to lead his army over the Alps into Italy,—Amarel, his fool, sprung from a corner, and advised him to consult rather,—how to bring it back.

12. Men are too often ingenious in making themselves miserable, by aggravating, beyond bounds, the evils which they are compelled to endure. "I will restore thy daughter again to life," said an eastern sage to a prince who grieved immoderately for the loss of a beloved child,—"provided thou art able to engrave on her tomb, the names of three persons who have never mourned." The prince made inquiry after such persons;—but found the inquiry vain,—and was silent.

13. When Darius† offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered,—"the earth cannot bear two suns,—nor Asia two kings." Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offer Darius had made, said,—"were I Alexander, I would accept it,"—"so would I," replied Alexander, "were I Parmenio."

14. When Agesilaus, king of Sparta, heard any one praised, or censured, he remarked, "that it was as necessary to know the characters of the speakers, as the characters of those who were the subjects of their opinions."

15. Alcibiades‡ was one day boasting of his wealth and immense estates in the presence of Socrates. This wise Athenian, in order to repress his ostentatious spirit, led him to a map, and desired him to point out Attica. After searching for some time, Alcibiades, with some difficulty, discerned it;—Socrates then requested him to look for his *own estate;*—the young man replied, that he should not be able to find it, in so small a space.

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* Francis I., king of France in A. D. 1515. He is known as the opponent and rival of Charles V., emperor of Germany,—also, as the patron of the arts and sciences. He died 1547.

† Da-rí'-us III., the last king of the ancient Persian Empire. He was conquered by Alexander the Great, and at last treacherously assassinated by Bessus, his own general, B. C. 331.

‡ Pronounced Al-se-bi'-a-dees, an illustrious Athenian General, and a disciple of Socrates. He died B. C. 404, aged 46.

"Why, then," replied Socrates, "are you so inflated with pride, concerning a *mere point of land?*"

16. No hero makes so distinguished a figure in ancient history as Alexander the Great.* His courage was undaunted,—his ambition boundless,—his friendship ardent,—his taste refined;—and, what is very extraordinary, he appears to have conversed with the same fire and spirit with which he fought. Philip, his father, knowing him to be very swift, wished him to run for the prize at the Olympic Games. "I would comply with your request," said Alexander, "if kings were to be my competitors."

17. L'Estrange,† in his Fables, tells us that a number of boys were one day watching frogs at the side of a pond;—and that, as any of them put their heads above water, they pelted them down again with stones. One of the frogs, appealing to the humanity of the boys, made this striking observation;—"Children, you do not consider, that though this may be sport to you, it is death to us."

18. One day, when the moon was under an eclipse, she complained thus to the sun of the discontinuance of his favors: "My dearest friend," said she, "why do you not shine upon me as you used to do?" "Do I not shine upon thee?" said the sun;—"I am very sure I intend it." "Oh no!" replies the moon, "but I now perceive the reason. I see that dirty planet, the earth, has got between us."

19. To a man of an exalted mind, the forgiveness of injuries is productive of more pleasure and satisfaction, than obtaining vengeance. The emperor Adrian,‡ one day, seeing a person who had injured him in his former station, thus addressed him:—"You are safe;—I am Emperor."

20. Cyrus,‖ when a boy, being at the court of his grandfather, Astyages,§ engaged to perform the office of cup-bearer at table. The duty of this officer, required him to taste the liquor before

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* A king of Macedon.

† Pronounced Le-Strange, an English gentleman, born 1616, and died 1705.

‡ Adrian, a Roman emperor, in A. D. 117. He was distinguished for his personal accomplishments and mental acquirements. He reigned prosperously 22 years, and died in the 63d year of his age.

‖ Cyrus the Great, king of Persia. He dethroned his grandfather, Astyages, established the Persian empire, took Babylon, liberated the Jews,—and was at last killed in the battle against Tomyris, queen of the Massagetæ, B. C. 530.

§ Pronounced As-ti'-a-gees, a king of Media, 594 B. C.

presenting it to the king. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather. The king observed the omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. No! replied Cyrus, I purposely avoided tasting it,—because I feared lest it should contain poison;—for lately, at an entertainment, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic.

21. A certain passenger at sea, had the curiosity to ask the pilot of the vessel, what death his father died of. What death! said the pilot;—why, he perished at sea, as my grandfather did before him. And are you not afraid of trusting yourself to an element that has proved thus fatal to your family? Afraid! by no means. Is not your father dead? Yes,—but he died in his bed. And why then, returned the pilot, are you not afraid of trusting yourself in your bed?

22. Honor is unstable, and seldom the same;—for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. But virtue is uniform and fixed, because, she looks for approbation only from him, who is the same yesterday—to-day—and for ever. Honor feeds us with air, and often pulls down our house to build our monument. She is contracted in her views; and is buffeted by the waves, and borne along by the whirlwind. But virtue is enlarged, and infinite in her hopes,—and has an anchor sure and stedfast, because it is cast in heaven. The noble Brutus* worshipped honor, and in his zeal mistook her for virtue. In the day of trial he found her, but—a shadow—and a name.

23. When thou doest good, do it because it is good;—not because men esteem it so. When thou avoidest evil, flee from it because it is evil;—not because men speak against it. Be honest for the love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so. He that doeth it without principle is wavering.

24. A wise man endeavors to shine in himself;—a fool to outshine others. The former is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities;—the latter is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in others. The wise man considers what he wants;—and the fool, what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation;—and the fool, when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

25. It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others;—it is pleasant to grow better, because that

* Marcus Brutus, a Roman General, engaged in the conspiracy against Julius Cesar.

is to excel ourselves ;—it is pleasant to mortify and subdue our lusts, because that is victory ;—it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions, and to keep them in due order, within the bounds of reason and religion,—because—*that* is *empire*.

26. Homer* was the greater genius ;—Virgil† the better artist. In the one, we most admire the man ;—in the other, the work. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity —Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion ;—Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile,‡ pours out his riches with a sudden overflow ;—Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems, like his own Jupiter‖ in his terrors, shaking Olympus,§—scattering the lightnings,—and firing the heavens ; —Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods,—laying plans for empires,—and ordering his whole creation.

LESSON LXXXVII.

Happiness is founded in rectitude of conduct.—HARRIS.

1. ALL men pursue good, and would be happy, if they knew how ; not happy for minutes, and miserable for hours ; but happy, if possible, through every part of their existence.—Either, therefore, there is a good of this steady, durable kind, or there is not. If not, then all good must be transient and uncertain ; and if so, an object of the lowest value, which can little deserve our attention or inquiry.

2. But if there be a better good, such a good as we are seeking, like every other thing, it must be derived from some cause ; and that cause must either be external, internal, or mixed ; in as much as, except these three, there is no other possible. Now, a steady, durable good, cannot be derived from an external cause ; since all derived from externals must fluctuate as they fluctuate.

3. By the same rule, it cannot be derived from a mixture of the two ; because the part which is external, will proportionably destroy its essence. What then remains but the cause internal? the very cause which we have supposed, when we place the sovereign good in mind,—in rectitude of conduct.

* A Grecian poet. † A Latin poet.
‡ Nile, the great river of Egypt, which annually overflows its banks.
‖ Jupiter, the supreme deity among the Greeks and Romans.
§ Olympus, a mountain in Greece.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

Virtue and Piety Man's highest Interest.—HARRIS.

1. I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense, unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated in every instance to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals either of my own, or a different kind? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself? No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible.

2. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not. But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, it is not possible. What consequence then follows? or can there be any other than this! If I seek an interest of my own detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and which can never have existence.

3. How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am stationed here to no purpose. But why no interest? Can I be contented with none but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are sufficient to convince me, that the thing is somewhere at least possible.

4. How, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honor and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

5. But, farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighborhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

6. Again—I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related in this view, to the very earth itself; to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigor? To that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on?

7. Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honor and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its great Governor, our common Parent.

LESSON LXXXIX.

Importance of Virtue.—PRICE.

1. VIRTUE is of intrinsic value, and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine mind: not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power.

2. Virtue is the foundation of honor and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness, in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient; and without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities, and the greater curses, they become.

3. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity, in every future state, to which we may be removed.

4. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation; and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends.

5. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence, is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his Almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it, no less than ourselves.—It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this.

6. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence. To say no more, it is the law of the whole universe, it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature, and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

7. Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it? There is no argument or motive, in any respect fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world.

8. If you are wise, then study virtue, and contemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember that this alone is honor, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing. Lose this, and all is lost.

LESSON XC.

The Folly of Inconsistent Expectations.—AIKIN.

1. THIS world may be considered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities: riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labor, our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage.

2. Examine, compare, choose, reject; but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another, which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success.

3. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrifice of every thing else? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspicious temper.

4. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals, which you brought with you from the schools, must be consider-

ably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly minded prudence.

5. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and as for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths.

6. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside, either to the right hand or to the left.—"But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it." It is well; be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

7. Is knowledge the pearl of price? That, too, may be purchased—by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection.—Bestow these, and you shall be learned. "But," says the man of letters, "what a hardship it is, that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniencies of life!"

8. Was it in order to raise a fortune, that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich, that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry.

9. "What reward have I then for all my labors?" What reward! a large, comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good Heaven! and what reward can you ask besides?

10. "But is it not some reproach upon the Economy of Providence, that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation!" Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty, for it; and will you envy his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show?

11. Lift up your brow, with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, "I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because

I possess something better; I have chosen my lot; I am content and satisfied."

12. You are a modest man—you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper, which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content, then, with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate, ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

13. The man whose tender sensibility of conscience and strict regard to the rules of morality, makes him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages under which he lies, in every path of honor and profit.—"Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment."

14. And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave merchant, a director—or what you please.

LESSON XCI.

On the Beauties of the Psalms.—HORNE.

1. GREATNESS confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life: its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the monarch* of Israel experienced. He sought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire: and alleviated the disquietudes of state, with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself.

2. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could

* King David.

never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal, while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption.

3. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of HIM, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations; grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate.

4. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy: but these unfading plants of Paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odors are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who has once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.

5. And now, could the author flatter himself, that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work, which he has taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labor. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly. Vanity and vexation flew away for a season: care and disquietude came not near his dwelling.—He arose, fresh as the morning to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it.

6. Every psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last: for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the songs of Sion, he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass; they moved smoothly and swiftly along: for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but they have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind; and the remembrance of them is sweet.

LESSON XCII.

Two Voices from the Grave.—KARAMSIN.

First Voice.

1. How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind,—the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together!

Second Voice.

2. How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flowrets perfume it with ether.

First Voice.

3. There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle weeds hiss.

Second Voice.

4. How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb!
No tempests are there;—but the nightingales come.
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

5. The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave;
'Tis the vulture's abode;—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the dead with their fangs.

Second Voice.

6. There the cony,* at evening, disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod; while the turtles† above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

7. There darkness and dampness, with poisonous breath,
And loathsome decay, fill the dwelling of death;
The trees are all barren and bare.

Second Voice.

8. O! soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamine fair.

First Voice.

9. The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by; and with trembling and fears.
He is launched on the wreck-covered river.

Second Voice.

10. Here the traveller, worn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever.

* Cony, a rabbit. † Turtles, turtle-doves.

LESSON XCIII.

*The Battle of Linden.**—CAMPBELL.

1. ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter, was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

3. By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

4. Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

5. And redder yet those fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of blood-stain'd snow,
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

6. 'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave Munich,† all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

* Hohenlinden, a town in Austria, famous for the defeat of the Austrians, December 3d, 1800, by the French under Moreau.

† Pronounced Mu'-nick, a city 20 miles west of Hohenlinden.

LESSON XCIV.

The Indian Chief.—ANONYMOUS.

The following poem is founded on a traditionary story which is common in the neighborhood of the Falls of Niagara.

1. THE rain fell in torrents, the thunder roll'd deep,
And silenc'd the cataract's roar;
But neither the night nor the tempest could keep
The warrior chieftain on shore.

2. The war shout has sounded, the stream must be cross'd;
Why lingers the leader afar!
'Twere better his life than his glory be lost;
He never came late to the war.

3. He seiz'd a canoe as he sprang from the rock,
But fast as the shore fled his reach,
The mountain wave seem'd all his efforts to mock,
And dash'd the canoe on the beach.

4. "Great Spirit," he cried, "shall the battle be given,
And all but their leader be there?
May this struggle land me with them or in heaven!'
And he push'd with the strength of despair.

5. He has quitted the shore, he has gained the deep,
His guide is the lightning alone;
But he felt not with fast, irresistible sweep,
The rapids were bearing him down.

6. But the cataract's roar with the thunder now vied;
"O what is the meaning of this!"
He spoke, and just turn'd to the cataract's side,
As the lightning flash'd down the abyss.

7. All the might of his arm to one effort was given,
At self preservation's command;
But the treacherous oar with the effort was riven,
And the fragment remain'd in his hand.

8. "Be it so," cry'd the warrior, taking his seat,
And folding his bow to his breast;
"Let the cataract shroud my pale corse with its sheet,
And its roar lull my spirit to rest.

9. "The prospect of death with the brave I have borne,
I shrink not to bear it alone;

I have often fac'd death when the hope was forlorn,
But I shrink not to face him with none."

10. The thunder was hush'd, and the battle field stain'd,
When the sun met the war-wearied eye,
But no trace of the boat, or the chieftain remain'd—
Though his bow was still seen in the sky.

LESSON XCV.

*The Burial of Sir John Moore.**—Rev. C. Wolfe.

1. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our Hero was buried.

2. We buried him darkly; at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moon-beams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3. No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him!

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow—

5. We thought—as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow—
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head.
And we far away on the billow!

6. "Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him."

7. But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring,

* A gallant British General, killed by the French in battle, at Corunna, in Spain, Jan. 16th, 1809.

And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing—

8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him—alone with his glory!

LESSON XCVI.

*Boadicea.**—COWPER.

1. WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

2. Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid,† hoary chief;
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

3. "Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

4. "Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

5. "Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

6. "Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

7. "Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,

* Boadicea was queen of the Iceni, in Britain. She was defeated and conquered by the Romans, A. D. 59.
† A Priest of the ancient Britons.

Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

8. "Regions Cesar* never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

9. Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire;
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

10. She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rush'd to battle, fought and died;
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

11. "Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due:
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

LESSON XCVII.

The Common Lot.— MONTGOMERY.

1. ONCE in a flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and WHO was HE?
—Mortal! howe'er *thy* lot be cast,
That man resembled *Thee*.

2. Unknown the region of his birth;
The land in which he *died* unknown;
His *name* hath perish'd from the earth;
This truth survives alone:—

3. That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and wo,—a smile, a tear!
—*Oblivion* hides the rest.

4. The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;

* Julius Cesar, a Roman General. He was the first Roman that invaded Britain, which he twice reduced to apparent subjection. He was assassinated by conspirators, B. C. 43.

We know that *these* were felt by him,
For *these* are felt by all.

5. He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

6. He lov'd—but whom he lov'd, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

7. The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To *him* exist in vain.

8. *He* saw whatever *thou* hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles *thee;*
He was—whatever *thou* hast been;
He *is* what *thou* shalt *be.*

9. The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left, in yonder silent sky,
No vestige where they flew.

10. The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than *this*—THERE LIVED A MAN!

LESSON XCVIII.

On the Irresolution of Youth.—GOLDSMITH.

1. THE most usual way among young men, who have no resolution of their own, is, first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third; still unsteady, always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worse.

2. People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with *perseverance* and *assiduity*, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth, and comfort in age.

3. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice: great abilities are generally obnoxious to the possessor. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves, by observing, that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

4. To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you no business in either.

5. A conjurer and a tailor once hapened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the tailor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! If people ever take into their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to."—"Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer; "but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for, if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you."

6. A famine overspread the land; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away; it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

7. There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich, and then show away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

8. Once upon a time, a goose fed its young by a pond side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. "The pond," she said, "was her's, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honor, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter."

9. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scream. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm

if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her wings.

10. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a sly snap, but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh, "A pox take thee," cried he, "for a fool; sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least, should be civil." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

11. Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavor to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own; but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed. To bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

12. A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark, with a brush that lay by, every limb and feature that seemed erroneous.

13. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, stigmatized whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation.

14. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired.

15. The people complied; and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had yesterday been condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter. "I now find, that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt pleasing one half of it."

LESSON XCIX.

The Hero and the Sage.—MAVOR.

1. A WARRIOR,* who had been the successful commander of armies, on boasting of the thousands he had slain in the field, or cut off by stratagem, roused the indignant but humane feelings of a Sage, who unawed by military prowess, thus rebuked the insolence of his triumph: "You seem to exult, Sir, in the destruction of your kind, and to recapitulate with satisfaction the numbers you have deprived of life, or rendered miserable. As a man, I blush for you; as a philosopher, I pity you; as a christian, I despise you."

2. The hero reddened with wrath; he frowned with contempt; but he did not yet open his lips. "I am patriot enough," continued the Sage, "to wish well to the arms of my country. I honor her valiant sons who support her glory and independence, and who risk their lives in her defence; but however meritorious this may be, in a just cause, the truly brave will lament the cruel necessity they are under of sacrificing their fellow-men; and the generous will rather commiserate than triumph.

3. "I never read of a battle, of the destruction of thousands and tens of thousands, but I involuntarily enter into calculations on the extent of misery which then ensues. The victims of the sword are, perhaps, least the objects of pity; they have fallen by an instant death, and are removed from the consciousness of the woes they have left behind. I extend my views to their surviving relatives and friends. I bewail the lacerated ties of nature. I sympathize with the widow and the orphan. My heart bleeds for parental agonies. I depict the warm vows of a genuine affection for ever lost; the silent throb of exquisite anguish; the tear which perhaps is forbidden to flow; and, from such a contemplation, I turn away with a sensibility that represses exultation for victory, however brilliant, and for success, however complete."

4. The warrior clapped his hand on his sword; he looked with indignation, but still was mute. The Sage went on. "I almost forget the name of enemy, when I reflect on the misery of man. The malignant passions that excite hostilities, between nations or individuals, seldom return on the aggressor's heads. Were this the case, moral justice would be satisfied, and reason would have less to censure or lament. But when the innocent

* Pronounced war'-yur.

suffer for the guilty, who can think without concern, or withhold commiseration, though fell necessity may sanction the devastations of war."

5. "Do you mean to insult me, Sir?" sternly demanded the Hero. "This canting hypocritical affectation of sentiment I will not brook. But you are too insignificant for my resentment." "I confess my insignificance," rejoined the Sage, "my actions have never been blazoned in gazettes; yet I have neither been idle nor uselessly employed. As far as my abilities would allow, I have endeavored to make mankind wiser and better. If I have failed to increase the stock of human happiness, my heart does not accuse me of diminishing its supplies. Few have an opportunity of doing much good; but the most insignificant and contemptible are qualified to do harm."

6. Here the Hero and the Sage parted; neither was able to convince the other of the importance of his services; the former ordered his coach, and was gazed at with admiration by the unthinking mob; the latter retired to his garret, and was forgotten.

LESSON C.

The Blind Preacher.—WIRT.

1. I HAVE been, my dear S——, on an excursion through the countries which lie along the eastern side of the *Blue Ridge;** a general description of that country and its inhabitants, may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure, which I met with in the course of my tour.

2. It was one Sabbath, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of *horses* tied near an old, ruinous, wooden house, in the forest, and not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that *this* was a place of religious worship. *Devotion, alone,* should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation, but I must confess that *curiosity* to hear the *preacher* of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives.

3. On entering the house, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands,

* A ridge of mountains in Virginia, east of the Alleghany range.

and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments convinced me that he was *blind*. The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration.

4. But ah! how soon were all my feelings changed! It was a day of the administration of the *sacrament*, and his subject, of course, was the *passion* of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a *thousand* times. I had supposed it *exhausted* long ago. Little did I expect that in the wild woods of *America* I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a *new* and more *sublime* pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

5. As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than *human* solemnity in his air and manner, which made my *blood* to run cold, and my *whole* frame to shiver. He then drew a picture of the *sufferings* of our Saviour;—his *trial* before Pilate;—his *ascent* up Calvary;—his *crucifixion*,—and his *death*. I *knew* the whole history; but never, until *then*, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all *new*, and I seemed to have heard it for the *first* time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every *heart* in the assembly trembled in unison.

6. His peculiar phrases, had such a force of description, that the original *scene* appeared, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews,—the starting, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet;—my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

7. But when he came to touch the *patience*, the forgiving *meekness* of our Saviour,—when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven—his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faultered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance became entirely obscured by the force of his feelings; he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of tears. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

8. It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how

he would be able to let his audience down from the height* to which he had wound them, without impairing the dignity and solemnity of his subject, or, perhaps, shock them by the abruptness of the fall.

9. But—no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic. The first sentence which broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau:† "*Socrates* died like a *philosopher*, but *Jesus Christ*, like a *God!!*" Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massilon,‡ or the force of Bourdaloue,‖ had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence.

10. The blood, which, just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense; now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe; a kind of shuddering delicious horror! The paroxysm of mingled pity and indignation to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility, and sympathy for our *Saviour*, as a fellow *creature*:—but *now*, with fear and trembling, I adored him as "a *God!!*"

LESSON CI.

Specimen of Welch Preaching.—London Jewish Expositor.

1. At a meeting of ministers at Bristol,§ the Reverend Mr. L—— invited several of his brethren to sup with him; among them was the minister officiating at the Welch meeting-house in that city. He was an entire stranger to all the company, and silently attentive to the general conversation of his brethren.

2. The subject on which they were discoursing, was the different strains of public preaching. When several had given their opinions, and had mentioned some individuals who were good preachers, and such as were models as to style and composition, &c., Mr. L—— turned to the Welch stranger and solicited his opinion.

* Pronounced hite.

† John James Rousseau, a celebrated philosopher, born in Geneva, in Switzerland, A. D. 1711.

‡ A famous French preacher, born in A. D. 1663.

‖ A distinguished French preacher, born in A. D. 1632.

§ A city in the western part of England, situated on the river Avon.

3. He said he felt it to be a privilege to be silent when such men were discoursing: but that he felt it a duty to comply with this request; "but," said he, "if I must give my opinion, I should say you had no good preachers in England." "No!" said Mr. L. "No," said he, "that is, I mean, no such preachers as we have in the principality."

4. "I know," said Mr. L., "you are famous for jumping in Wales, but that is owing, I suppose, as much to the strain of preaching which the people hear, as to the enthusiasm of their characters." "Indeed," said the Welchman, "you would jump too, if you heard and understood such preaching."

5. "Why," said Mr. L., "do you not think I could make them jump, if I were to preach to them?" "You make them jump!" exclaimed the Welchman, "you make them jump! a Welchman would set fire to the world, while you were lighting your match."

6. The whole company became very much interested in this new turn of the subject, and unanimously requested the good man to give them some specimen of the style and manner of preaching in the principality.

7. "Specimen," said he, "I cannot give you; if John Elias was here, he would give you a specimen indeed. Oh! John Elias is an excellent preacher." Well, said the company, give us something that you have heard from him.

8. "Oh, no!" said he, "I cannot do justice to it; besides, do you understand the Welch language?" They said no, not so as to follow a discourse. "Then," said he, "it is impossible for ye to understand, if I were to give you a specimen."

9. But, said they, cannot you put it into English? "Oh!" said he, "your poor meagre language would spoil it; it is not capable of expressing those ideas which a Welchman can conceive; I cannot give you a specimen in English without spoiling it."

10. The interest of the company was increased, and nothing would do but something of a specimen, while they promised to make every allowance for the language.

11. "Well," said the Welchman, "if you must have a piece, I must try; but I don't know what to give you; I do not recollect a piece of John Elias; he is our best preacher. I must think a little;—well, I recollect a piece of Christmas Evans.

12. "Christmas Evans was a good preacher, and I heard him a little time ago, at an association of ministers. He was preaching on the depravity of man by sin; of his recovery by the death of Christ, and he said—'Brethren, if I were to pre-

sent to you, in a figure, the condition of man as a sinner, and the means of his recovery by the cross of Jesus Christ, I should present somewhat in this way.

13. "'Suppose a large grave-yard, surrounded by a high wall, with only one entrance, which is by a large iron gate, which is fast bolted; within these walls are thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, of all ages and of all classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave; the grave yawns to receive them, and they must all die; there is no balm to relieve them, no physician there—they must perish.

14. "'This is the condition of man as a sinner—all, all have sinned, and the soul that sinneth it shall die. While man was in this deplorable state, Mercy, the darling attribute of Deity, came down and stood at the gate, looking at the scene, and wept over it, exclaiming, oh, that I might enter, I would bind up their wounds, I would relieve their sorrows—I would save their souls.

15. "'While Mercy stood weeping at the gate, an embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of Heaven to another world, passing over, paused at the sight—and Heaven forgave that pause—and seeing Mercy standing there, they cried, Mercy, Mercy, can you not enter? Can you look upon this scene and not pity? Can you pity and not relieve? Mercy replied, I can see, and in her tears added, I can pity, but I cannot relieve.

16. "'Why can you not enter? Oh, said Mercy, Justice has barred the gate against me, and I cannot, must not unbar it. At this moment, Justice himself appeared, as it were to watch the gate. The angels inquired of him, why will you not let Mercy in? Justice replied, my law is broken, and it must be honored: die they, or Justice must.

17. "'At this, there appeared a form among the angelic band, like unto the Son of God, who, addressing himself to Justice, said, what are thy demands? Justice replied, my terms are stern and rigid; I must have sickness for their health, I must have ignominy for their honor, I must have death for life.—Without shedding of blood there is no remission.

18. "'Justice, said the Son of God, I accept thy terms; on me be this wrong, and let Mercy enter. When, said Justice, will you perform this promise? Jesus replied, four thousand years hence, upon the hill of Calvary, without the gates of Jerusalem, I will perform it in my own person.

19. "'The deed was prepared and signed in the presence of the Angels of God, Justice was satisfied, and Mercy entered, preaching salvation in the name of Jesus; the deed was com-

mitted to the Patriarchs, by them to the Kings of Israel and the Prophets; by them it was preserved till Daniel's seventy weeks were accomplished; then, at the appointed time, Justice appeared on the hill of Calvary, and Mercy presented to him the important deed.

20. "'Where,' said Justice, 'is the Son of God?' Mercy answered, behold him at the bottom of the hill, bearing his own cross; and then he departed and stood aloof, at the hour of trial. Jesus ascended the hill, while in his train followed his weeping church.

21. "Justice immediately presented him the deed, saying, this is the day when this bond is to be executed. When he received it, did he tear it in pieces and give it to the winds of heaven? No, he nailed it to the cross, exclaiming, It is finished.

22. "Justice called on holy fire to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy fire descended, it swallowed his humanity, but when it touched his Deity it expired—and there was darkness over the whole heavens: but 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men.'"—This, said the Welchman, is but a specimen of Christmas Evans.

LESSON CII.

Happiness.—Lacon.

1. What is earthly happiness? that phantom of which we hear so much, and see so little? whose promises are constantly given and constantly broken, but as constantly believed? that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit?

2. Like Juno,* she is a goddess in pursuit, but a cloud in possession; deified by those who cannot enjoy her, and despised by those who can. Anticipation is her herald, but Disappointment is her companion; the first addresses itself to our imagination, that *would* believe, but the latter to our experience that *must*.

3. Happiness, that grand mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus† pursued her in pleasure, Socrates† in wisdom, and Epicurus† in both; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endear-

* A heathen goddess. † A Grecian philosopher.

ments on neither; although, like some other gallants, they all boasted of more favours than they had received.

4. Warned by their failure, the stoic* adopted a most paradoxical mode of preferring his suit; he thought, by slandering, to woo her; by shunning, to win her; and proudly presumed, that by fleeing her, she would turn and follow him.

5. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane; smooth as the water on the verge of the cataract; and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm; but, like the mirage† in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys.

6. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and when unexpected, often obtained; while those who seek for her the most diligently, fail the most, because they seek her where she is not.

7. Antony‡ sought her in love; Brutus‡ in glory; Cesar‡ in dominion; the first found disgrace,—the second disgust,—the last ingratitude,—and each destruction. To some she is more kind, but not less cruel; she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men with Philip,‖ or dream that they are gods with Alexander.‖

8. On some she smiles as on Napoleon,§ with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control.

9. But, like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence-chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, Avarice, Love, Revenge, all these seek her, and her alone; alas! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them.

10. She despatches, however, her envoys unto them—mean and poor representatives of their queen. To Ambition, she

* Stoics, a set of heathen philosophers, who prided themselves in an affected indifference to pleasure or pain.

† A curious phenomenon, supposed to result from an inverted image of the sky intermixed with the ground scenery. They are seen principally in he African deserts.

‡ A Roman General.

‖ A king of Macedon.

§ Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of France in 1804.

sends power; to Avarice, wealth; to Love, jealousy; to Revenge, remorse; alas! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment.

11. Neither is she to be won by flatteries or by bribes; she is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies*, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them.

12. None bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none more able, to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects; she mocks them indeed with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train, but she comes not herself. What detains her? She is travelling incognita* to keep a private assignation with Contentment, and to partake of a *tete-a-tete*† and a dinner of herbs in a cottage.

13. Hear then, mighty queen! what sovereigns seldom hear, the words of soberness and truth. I neither despise thee too little, nor desire thee too much; for thou wieldest an earthly sceptre, and thy gifts cannot exceed thy dominion. Like other potentates, thou also art a creature of circumstance, and an ephemeris‡ of Time.

14. Like other potentates, thou also, when stripped of thy auxiliaries, art no longer competent even to thine own subsistence; nay, thou canst not even stand by thyself. Unsupported by Content on the one hand, and by Health on the other, thou fallest an unwieldy and bloated pageant to the ground.

LESSON CIII.

William Tell.‖—KNOWLES.

GESLER, the tyrant—SARNEM, his officer—and WM. TELL, a Swiss peasant.

Sar. DOWN, slave, upon thy knees before the governor, And beg for mercy.

Ges. Does he hear?

Sar. He does, but braves thy power. [*To Tell*] Down, slave, And ask for life.

* In disguise, or in private.

† Tete-a-tete, face to face, or a private conversation.

‡ Ephemeris, a daily journal.

‖ William Tell, an illustrious Swiss patriot, and one of the heroes who restored liberty to their oppressed country, in 1307. Herman Gesler, the Austrian governor, suspecting that a conspiracy was formed against him, and

Ges. [*To Tell*] Why speakest thou not?
Tell. For wonder.
Ges. Wonder?
Tell. Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.
Ges. What should I seem?
Tell. A monster.
Ges. Ha! Beware!—think on thy chains.
Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down
Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, usurper, to thy teeth,
Thou art a monster.—Think on my chains!
How came they on me?
Ges. Darest thou question me?
Tell. Darest thou answer?
Ges. Beware my vengeance.
Tell. Can it more than kill?
Ges. And is not that enough:—
Tell. No, not enough:—
It cannot take away the grace of life—
The comeliness of look that virtue gives—
Its port erect with consciousness of truth—
Its rich attire of honorable deeds—
Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues:—
It cannot lay its hand on these, no more
Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,
Or with polluted finger tarnish it.
Ges. But it can make thee writhe.
Tell. It may, and I may say,
Go on, though it should make me groan again.
Ges. Whence comest thou?
Tell. From the mountains.
Ges. Canst tell me any news from them?
Tell. Ay;—they watch no more the avalanche.*
Ges. Why so?

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wishing to ascertain the spirit of the people, ordered his hat to be raised on a pole, and homage to be paid to it as to himself. Tell refused to do homage to the hat, and was immediately seized and carried before the governor. Gesler ordered him to shoot an arrow at an apple placed on the head of his own son, or else be dragged with his child to immediate death. He shot the apple off his son's head,—and soon after shot Gesler. The Swiss, roused to arms by the conduct of Tell, drove away their Austrian masters, and established the independence of their country, A. D. 1307.

* Pronounced av-a-lanch', a vast body of snow sliding down a mountain.

Tell. Because they look for thee. The hurricane
Comes unawares upon them ; from its bed
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.
Ges. What then ?
Tell. They thank kind Providence it is not thou.
Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth
Presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked.
The harvest sun is constant, and they scarce
Return his smile. Their flocks and herds increase,
And they look on as men who count a loss.
There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes them, but
The thought of thee doth wither to a curse,
As something they must lose, and had far better
Lack.
Ges. 'Tis well. I'd have them as their hills
That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.
Tell. But they do sometimes smile.
Ges. Ah !—when is that ?
Tell. When they do pray for vengeance.
Ges. Dare they pray for that ?
Tell. They dare, and they expect it, too.
Ges. From whence ?
Tell. From Heaven, and their true hearts.
Ges. [*To Sarnem.*] Lead in his son. Now will I take
Exquisite vengeance. [*To Tell, as the boy enters.*] I have destined him
To die along with thee.
Tell. To die ! for what ? he's but a child.
Ges. He's thine, however.
Tell. He is an only child.
Ges. So much the easier to crush the race.
Tell. He may have a mother.
Ges. So the viper hath—
And yet who spares it for the mother's sake ?
Tell. I talk to stone. I'll talk to it no more.
Come, my boy, I taught thee how to live,—
I'll teach thee,—how to die.
Ges. But first, I'd see thee make
A trial of thy skill with that same bow.
Thy arrows never miss, 'tis said.
Tell. What is the trial ?
Ges. Thou look'st upon thy boy as though thou guessest it.
Tell. Look upon my boy ! what mean you ?

Look upon my boy as though I guessed it!—
Guessed the trial thoud'st have me make!—
Guessed it instinctively! Thou dost not mean—
No, no—Thou wouldst not have me make
A trial of my skill upon my child!
Impossible! I do not guess thy meaning.
Ges. I'd see thee hit an apple on his head,
Three hundred paces off.
Tell. Great Heaven!
Ges. On this condition only will I spare
His life and thine.
Tell. Ferocious monster! make a father
Murder his own child!
Ges. Dost thou consent?
Tell. With his own hand!—
The hand I've led him when an infant by!
My hands are free from blood, and have no gust
For it, that they should drink my child's.
I'll not murder my boy, for Gesler.
Boy. You will not hit me, father. You'll be sure
To hit the apple. Will you not save me, father?
Tell. Lead me forth—I'll make the trial.
Boy. Father——
Tell. Speak not to me;—
Let me not hear thy voice—Thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be—Earth should be dumb,
And Heaven, unless its thunder muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it.—
Give me my bow and quiver.
Ges. When all is ready. Sarnem, measure hence
The distance—three hundred paces.
Tell. Will he do it fairly?
Ges. What is't to thee, fairly or not.
Tell. [*sarcastically.*] O, nothing, a little thing,
A very little thing; I only shoot
At my child!
[*Sarnem prepares to measure.*]
Villain, stop! you measure against the sun.
Ges. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?
Tell. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots—
I will not shoot against the sun.
Ges. Give him his way. [*Sarnem paces and goes out.*]

Tell. I should like to see the apple I must hit.
Ges. [*Picks out the smallest one*] There, take that.
Tell. You've picked the smallest one.
Ges. I know I have. Thy skill will be
The greater if thou hittest it.
Tell. [*sarcastically.*] True—true! I did not think of that
I wonder I did not think of that. A larger one
Had given me a chance to save my boy.—
Give me my bow. Let me see my quiver.
Ges. Give him a single arrow. [*To an attendant.*]
[*Tell looks at it and breaks it.*]
Tell. Let me see my quiver. It is not
One arrow in a dozen I would use
To shoot with at a dove, much less a dove
Like that.
Ges. Show him the quiver.
[*Sarnem returns and takes the apple and the boy to place them. While this is doing, Tell conceals an arrow under his garment. He then selects another arrow, and says,*]
Tell. Is the boy ready? Keep silence now
For Heaven's sake, and be my witnesses,
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.
For mercy's sake keep motionless and silent.
[*He aims and shoots in the direction of the boy. In a moment Sarnem enters with the apple on the arrow's point.*
Sar. The boy is safe.
Tell. [*Raising his arms.*] Thank Heaven!
[*As he raises his arms the concealed arrow falls.*
Ges. [*Picking it up.*] Unequalled archer! why was this concealed?
Tell. To kill *thee*, tyrant, had I slain my boy.

LESSON CIV.

The Philosopher's Scales.—JANE TAYLOR.

1. A MONK* when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell, with its stone-covered floor,

* Monk, a member of the Roman Catholic church, who has taken a vow of poverty and celibacy.

Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain:
But whether by magic's or alchymy's powers,
We know not—indeed, 'tis no business of ours:

2. Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear;
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete, he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure, unless energy fails—
And at length he produced the Philosopher's Scales.

3. "What were they?" you ask; you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts, they could weigh:
Together with articles small, or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense;

4. Nought was there so bulky, but there it could lay,
And nought so ethereal, but there it would stay,
And nought so reluctant, but in it must go—
All which some examples more clearly will show.

5. The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,*
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the Penitent Thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

6. One time he put in Alexander the Great,†
With a garment, that Dorcas‡ had made, for a weight,
And 'hough clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The Hero rose up, and the garment went down.

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* Voltaire, a celebrated French historian, philosopher, dramatic writer, and epic poet, was born at Paris, 1694, and died 1778. He possessed uncommon powers of mind, but was inconstant and unstable; and it is to be regretted that he employed his talents in advancing the cause of infidelity.

† A king of Macedon, born at Pella, B. C. 355. After extending his power over Greece, he invaded Asia. He defeated the Persians at the three celebrated battles of the Granicus, of Issus, and of Arbela, which rendered him the master of the country. He afterwards returned to Babylon, where he died of intemperance, B. C. 323, in the 33d year of his age, and 13th of his reign.

‡ See Acts, chap ix. 39

7. A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed
By a well esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was prest
By those mites the Poor Widow* dropt into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth went with a bounce.

8. Again, he performed an experiment rare—
A monk, with austerities, bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale—in the other was laid
The heart of our Howard, now partly decayed—
When he found with surprise, that the *whole* of his brother
Weighed less by some pounds than the *bit* of the other.

9. By further experiments, (no matter how,)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough;
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail—
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear—

10. A Lord and a Lady went up at full sail,
When a Bee chanced to light on the opposite scale—
Ten Doctors, ten Lawyers, two Courtiers, one Earl,
Ten Counsellor's Wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;

11. A first water Diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potatoe, just washed from the dirt:
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice,
One pearl to outweigh—'twas the Pearl† of great price!

12. Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight—
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof—
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky—
While the scale with the soul in, so mightily fell,
That it jerked the Philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL.

13. Dear Reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try the Philosopher's Scales—

* See St. Mark, chap. xii. 42. † Religion—see Matthew, chap. xiii. 46.

But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute, thus may be found:
Let Judgment and Conscience, in circles be cut,
To which strings of Thought, may be carefully put—
Let these be made even with caution extreme,
And Impartial'ty serve for a beam.
Then bring those good actions, which pride overrates,
And tear up your motives, in bits, for the Weights.

LESSON CV.

[In the Zoonomia of Dr. *Darwin*, among various instances recorded by that philosophical physician of what he calls maniacal hallucination, or mental delusion, is the case of a young farmer of Warwickshire, whose story was well authenticated in the public papers of the time. A poor elderly woman in his neighborhood was in the habit, urged by the pinching necessities of an inclement winter, of taking a few sticks from his grounds and his hedge, to preserve the fading fire in her forlorn cottage. Suspecting the delinquent, the hard-hearted hind watched and detected her. After wrenching from her the scanty faggot, blows and reproaches succeeded. Struck with the misery of her situation, and the cruelty of her oppressor, she kneeled, and, rearing her withered hands to the cold moon, prayed that "he might never again know the blessing of warmth." The consciousness of wrong, the solemnity of the hour, the pathetic tone, "sharp misery," and impassioned gesture of the miserable matron, at once extinguished the dim reason of the rustic. He immediately complained of a preternatural chilness, was continually calling for more fire and clothes, and conceived himself to be in a freezing state, till the time of his death, which happened shortly after. On this singular story is founded the following ballad, which is in the genuine spirit of ancient English song, and shows, by proof irrefragable, that simplicity, and the language of ordinary life, may be connected with the most exquisite poetry.—*Farmer's Museum.*]

Goody Blake and Harry Gill.—WORDSWORTH.

1. OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

2. In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill:

Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

3. Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,
His voice was like the voice of three.
Auld Goody Blake was old and poor
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad:
And any man who passed her door,
Might see how poor a hut she had.

4. All day she spun in her poor dwelling,
And then her three hours' work at night!
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
—This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,
Her hut was on a cold hill side,
And in that country coals are dear,
For they come far by wind and tide.

5. By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage,—
But she, poor woman, dwelt alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long warm lightsome summer day,
Then at her door the canty dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

6. But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh! then how her old bones would shake:
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead;
Sad case it was as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

7. O joy for her! whene'er in winter,
The winds at night had made a rout,
And scattered many a lusty splinter,
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,

A pile before hand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

8. Now when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring,
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

9. Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And vow'd that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watch'd to seize old Goody Blake.

10. And once behind a rick* of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
—He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again!—on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake!
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

11. Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull,
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had fill'd her apron full.
When with her load she turn'd about,
The by-road back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

12. And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cry'd, "I've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;

* Rick, a pile, or stack.

And kneeling on the sticks, she pray'd
To God that is the Judge of all.

13. She pray'd, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turn'd away.

14. He went complaining all the morrow,
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

15. 'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinn'd:
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say 'tis plain,
That live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

16. No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still;
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

LESSON CVI.

The Three Warnings.—Mrs. Thrale.

1. The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground.
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,

That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

2. This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

3. When sports went round, and all were gay
On neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."

4. "With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am? 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding-night, you know."
What more he urged I have not heard:
His reasons could not well be stronger:
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.

5. Yet, calling up a serious look—
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,—
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And farther to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing, for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased, the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted, perfectly contented.

6. What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wisely,—and how well
It pleased him, in his prosperous course,
To smoke his pipe, and pat his horse,—
The willing muse shall tell:—
He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But, while he viewed his wealth increase,—
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,—
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

7. And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.
Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest:
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

8. "So much the worse!" the clown rejoined:
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings."
"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength."

9. "Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast:
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;

And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might;
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith;
Yet there's some comfort, still," says Death:
"Each strives your sadness to amuse:
I warrant you hear all the news."

10. "There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unreasonable yearnings:
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings:
So come along; no more we'll part."
He said, and touched him with his dart:
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate——so ends my tale.

LESSON CVII.

The Dervis and the Two Merchants.—LACON.

1. THE ignorant have often given credit to the wise, for powers that are permitted to none, merely because the wise have made a proper use of those powers that are permitted to all.

2. The little Arabian tale of the dervis, shall be the comment of this proposition. A dervis was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him; "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants; "indeed we have," they replied:

3. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervis; "he was," replied the merchants; "had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervis, "he had," rejoined the merchants; "and was he not loaded with honey on one side and wheat on the other?"—"most certainly he was," they replied, "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us unto him."

4. "My friends," said the dervis, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants, "but where are the jewels which

formed a part of his cargo?" "I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervis.

5. On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi,* where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or theft.

6. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervis, with great calmness, thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; I have lived long, and alone; I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert.

7. "I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path: and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression that particular foot had produced on the sand; I concluded, that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured, in the centre of its bite.

8. "As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

LESSON CVIII.

On the Present and Future State.—ADDISON.

1. A LEWD young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father," says he, "you are in a very miserable condition, if there is not another world." "True, son," said the hermit; "but what is thy condition if there is?"—Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting.

2. The question we are all concerned in, is this—In which of these two lives is it our chief interest to make ourselves happy? Or, in other words—Whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length, of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a

* A Turkish magistrate.

life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with.

3. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provision for this life as though it were never to have an end; and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

4. Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon this earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants—What would his notions of us be? Would he not think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must he not imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honors? Would he not think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title?

5. Nay, would he not believe we were forbidden poverty, by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures, under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us.

6. And, truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe;—that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

7. But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above three score and ten years: and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of *that* age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavors for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence, when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations?

8. Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of three score and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which, after many myriads of years, will be still new and still beginning; especially when we consider, that our endeavors for making ourselves great, or rich, or honorable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavor to make ourselves happy in

the other life, we are sure that our endeavors will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

9. The following question is started by one of our schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years?—Supposing, then, that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming, by this slow method, until there was not a grain left, on condition that you were to be miserable for ever after? Or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand in a thousand years;—which of these two cases would you make your choice?

10. It must be confessed, in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though, in reality, they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice.

11. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might, in such a case, be so overset by imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it;—the mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long.

12. But when the choice we have actually before us is this—Whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only three score and ten, nay, perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say for only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity—what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which, in such case, makes a wrong choice!

13. I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing what seldom happens,—that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: but if we suppose, as it generally happens, that virtue would make us more happy, even in this life, than a contrary course of vice, how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

14. Every wise man, therefore, will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years, to those of an eternity.

LESSON CIX.

My Mother's Picture.—COWPER.

1. O THAT those *lips* had language! life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
My mother, when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the *tears* I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even *then*, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a *kiss*;
Perhaps a *tear*, if souls can weep in bliss:
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.

2. I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.
But was it such?—It was—where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells, are a sound unknown.
And if *this* meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.

3. Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation, every day beguil'd,
Dupe of to-morrow, even when a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd, at last, submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplore thee, ne'er forgot.

4. My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But *higher* far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell. Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.

5. By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have liv'd my *childhood* o'er again;

To have renew'd the joys that once were *mine*,
Without the sin of violating *thine;*
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft;
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me, left.

LESSON CX.

Ode to Disappointment.—Henry Kirke White.

1. Come, Disappointment, come,
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress twine.

2. Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet meditation, in her cell,
Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile and say, my all was not laid here.

3. Come, Disappointment, come.
Though from hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world:
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

4. What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun, a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

5. Oh! what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

6. The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb, the form beloved is laid.

7. Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still.

8. Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me:
Sad monitress! I own thy sway;
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow and say—my God, thy will be done.

LESSON CXI.

What is Time?—MARSDEN.

1. I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs;
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "Oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it *well!*"

2. I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!"

3. I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: "Time!" he replied;
"I've lost it! Ah, the treasure!" and he died.

4. I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years:
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare!"
And bade us for *eternity* prepare.

5. I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify, or desolate the ground;
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)
"'Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!"

6. I asked a spirit lost; but oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!
It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"—

7. Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:—
"Time is the season fair of *living* well,
The path of glory, or the path of hell."

8. I asked my Bible; and methinks it said,
"Time is the *present-hour*,—the past is fled;
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

9. I asked old Father Time *himself*, at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past:
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

10. I asked the mighty Angel* who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
"I now declare, the mystery is o'er—
Time *was*," he cried, "but Time shall be no more!"

* See Revelation, chap. x.

LESSON CXII.

Casabianca.—Mrs. Hemans.

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post, (in the battle of the Nile,) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

1. The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck.
Shone round him o'er the dead.

2. Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

3. The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

4. He call'd aloud—"Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

5. "Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone?"
—And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

6. Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

7. And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

8. They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

9. There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—Oh! where was he?
—Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!

10. With mast and helm, and pennon* fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young faithful heart.

LESSON CXIII.

The Just Judge.—ANONYMOUS.

1. A GENTLEMAN, who possessed an estate, worth about five hundred a year, in the eastern part of England, had also two sons. The eldest, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died; when the younger son, destroying his will, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of it.

2. In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but came home in miserable circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him that he was an impostor and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago; and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a most dismal situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and, at last to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied, "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause and lose it, it will bring me into disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence are on your brother's side.

3. "But, however, I will undertake your cause on this condition: you shall enter into an obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequences; and I venture with my eyes open." Accordingly, he entered an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes† at Chelmsford, in Essex.

4. The lawyer, having engaged in the cause of the young man, and stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best methods to gain his end. At last he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult

* Pennon, a small flag, or banner. ‡ As-si'-zes, a court in England.

the first judge of his age, Lord Chief Justice Hale.† Accordingly, he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause, and all its circumstances. The judge, who was a great lover of justice, heard the case attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power.

5. The lawyer having taken leave, the judge contrived matters so as to finish all his business at the King's Bench, before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When within a short distance of the place, he dismissed his man and horses, and sought out for a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object.

6. Accordingly, the judge shifted himself from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with a miller's hat, and shoes, and stick, away he marches to Chelmsford, and procured good lodging, suitable for the assizes that should come on next day. When the trials came on, he walked, like an ignorant country fellow, backwards and forwards along the county hall. He had a thousand eyes within him, and when the court began to fill, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff.

7. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him. "Honest friend," said he, "how is your cause like to go to-day?" "Why," replied the plaintiff, "my cause is in a very precarious situation, and, if I lose it, I am ruined for life." "Well, honest friend," replied the miller, "if you will take my advice, I will let you into a secret, which perhaps you do not know; every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one juryman through the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

8. Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against that gentleman?" "I mean, my Lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

9. The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the

* Sir Matthew Hale, a very distinguished lawyer, born in A. D. 1609, and died in 1676.

superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?" After a short time, taken in consideration, "My lord," says he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen in;" and looking round the court—"My lord, there is that miller in the court, we will have him, if you please." Accordingly, the miller was chosen in.

10. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten guineas into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed, that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "how much have you got?" "Ten pieces," said he. But he concealed what he had got himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor.

11. The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses, and pleaders, all plentifully bribed as well as the judge. The evidence deposed, that they were in the self same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counsellors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence: and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation;—"And now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

12. They waited but a few minutes, before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen, are you agreed, and who shall speak for you?"—"We are all agreed, my lord," replied one; "our foreman shall speak for us." "Hold, my lord," replied the miller, "we are not all agreed." "Why?" said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with you? what reasons have you for disagreeing?"

13 "I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller: "the first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such vast penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of law, and was expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence, that astonished the judge and the whole court.

14. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in a surprise of soul, stopped him. "Where did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Matthew Hale. I am lord chief justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are no ways worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again."

15. Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He evinced the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unravelled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

LESSON CXIV.

On Happiness.—STERNE.

1. THE great pursuit of man is after happiness; it is the first and strongest desire of his nature;—in every stage of his life he searches for it as for hid treasure; courts it under a thousand different shapes; and, though perpetually disappointed—still persists—runs after and inquires for it afresh—asks every passenger who comes in his way, "Who will show him any good;"—who will assist him in the attainment of it, or direct him to the discovery of this great end of all his wishes?

2. He is told by one to search for it among the more gay and youthful pleasures of life; in scenes of mirth and sprightliness, where happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter which he will see at once painted in her looks.

3. A second, with a graver aspect, points out to him the costly dwelling which pride and extravagance have erected, tells the inquirer that the object he is in search of inhabits there, that happiness lives only in company with the great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state. That he will easily find her out by the coat of many colors she has on, and the great luxury and expense of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

4. The miser wonders how any one would mislead and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent—convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under the same roof;—that,

if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwelling of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour. That it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all, that constitutes happiness—but that it is the keeping it together, and the having and holding it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.

5. The epicure,* though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet, at the same time, he plunges him, if possible, into a greater; for, hearing the object of his pursuit to be happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in his senses—he sends the inquirer there; tells him it is in vain to search elsewhere for it, than where nature herself has placed it—in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites, which are given us for that end: and in a word—if he will not take his opinion in the matter—he may trust the word of a much wiser man, who has assured us—that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat and drink, and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in his labor—for that is his portion.

6. To rescue him from this brutal experiment—ambition takes him by the hand and carries him into the world—shows him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them—points out the many ways of advancing his fortune, and raising himself to honor—lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power, and asks if there be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered, and followed.

7. To close all, the philosopher meets him bustling in the full career of his pursuits—stops him—tells him, if he is in search of happiness, he is gone far out of his way:—That this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and has fled into solitude, far from all commerce of the world; and, in a word, if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to that peaceful scene of retirement and books, from which he first set out.

8. In this circle, too often does a man run, tries all experiments, and generally sits down wearied and dissatisfied with them all at last—in utter despair of ever accomplishing what

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* Epicure, one excessively fond of eating and drinking.

he wants—not knowing what to trust to after so many disappointments—or where to lay the fault; whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

9. There is hardly any subject more exhausted, or which, at one time or other, has afforded more matter for argument and declamation, than this one, of the insufficiency of our enjoyments Scarce a reformed sensualist, from Solomon down to our own days, who has not in some fits of repentance or disappointment uttered some sharp reflection upon the emptiness of human pleasure, and of the vanity of vanities which discovers itself in all the pursuits of mortal man.

10. And though in our pilgrimage through this world—some of us may be so fortunate as to meet with some clear fountains by the way, that may cool for a few moments the heat of this great thirst of happiness—yet our Saviour, who knew the world, though he enjoyed but little of it, tells us, that whosoever drinketh of this water will thirst again; and we all find by experience, that it is so, and by reason, that it always must be so.

LESSON CXV.

On Sincerity.—TILLOTSON.

1. TRUTH and sincerity have all the advantages of appearance and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency.

2. Now, the best way for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labor to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

3. It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and

evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom.

4. Especially as to the affairs of this world, sincerity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world: it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard, in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest.

5. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

6. A dissembler must always be upon his guard and watch himself carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretensions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself. Whereas he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world; because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuses afterwards, for any thing he hath said or done.

7. But insincerity is very troublesome to manage; a hypocrite has so many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another; but truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips: whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

8. Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end, than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves.

9. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the incon-

venience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

10. Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw.

11. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

LESSON CXVI.

Story of Le Fevre.—STERNE.

1. IT was sometime in the summer of that year in which Dendermond* was taken by the allies, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him, at a small sideboard—I say sitting—for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand.

2. And the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him, with the most dutiful respect: this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes, for five and twenty years together.

3. He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlor, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army, said the landlord,

* A town in the Netherlands.

who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack,* and a thin toast. "I think," says he, taking his hand from his forehead,—"it would comfort me."

4. If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing—added the landlord—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill—I hope he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

5. Thou art a good natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

6. Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that, in so short a time, should win so much upon the affections of his host. —And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him. Step after him, said my uncle Toby—do Trim, and ask if he knows his name.

7. I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlor with the corporal—but I can ask his son again.—Has he a son with him, then? said my uncle Toby. A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

8. My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account: and Trim, without being ordered, took them away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.

9. Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure,† and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. Your honor's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; —and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that, what with

* Sack, a species of sweet wine, brought chiefly from the Canary Islands.
† Pronounced rok'-e-lo, a cloak.

the roquelaure, and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honor your death.

10. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me —I wish I had not known so much of this affair—added my uncle Toby—or that I had known more of it:—how shall we manage it? Leave it, an't* please your honor, to me, quoth† the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house, and reconnoitre, and act accordingly: and I will bring your honor a full account in an hour. Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

11. It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.—Is he of the army, then? said my uncle Toby.—He is. said the corporal.—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honor, replied the corporal, every thing straight forward as I learnt it.

12. Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee;—so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, "Your honor is good;" and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

13. I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honor, about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where the servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing that was proper to be asked——That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an't please your honor, that he had no servant with him—That he had come to the inn with hired horses;—which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.

14. If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man—we can hire horses from hence. But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the

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* An't, if it. † Quoth, said.

landlady to me, for I heard the death watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken hearted already.

15. I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of; but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.

16. I believe, Sir, said he very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. Poor youth! said my uncle Toby—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend. I wish I had him here.

17. I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company: What could be the matter with me, an't please your honor? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose—but that thou art a good natured fellow.

18. When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal—I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou mightest have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby,)—he was heartily welcome to it.

19. He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honor)—but no answer—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast; I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong, added the corporal—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

20. When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon the chair, by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

21. I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all I heard the

poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. Are you sure of it? replied the curate. A soldier, an't please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.

22. 'Twas well said of thee, Trim. said my uncle Toby,—but when a soldier, said I, an't please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together, in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water—or engaged, said I, for months together, in long and dangerous marches: harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow;—detached here—countermanded there—resting this night out upon his arms—beat up in his shirt the next—benumbed in his joints—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on—he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.

23. I believe, said I,—for I was piqued,* quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.

24. I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with the story.

25. When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was laying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, his elbows upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it: The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed—and as he rose, in taking

* Pronounced peck'd, offended.

up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take the book away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

26. He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed side: If you are captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me:—if he was of Leven's——said the lieutenant. I told him your honor was——then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.

27. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's*——but he knows me not—said he a second time, musing;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda,† whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honor, said I, very well.

28. Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief—then well may I.——In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice.—Here, Billy, said he—the boy flew across the room to the bed side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

29. I wish, said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.—Your honor, replied the corporal, is too much concerned: shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe? Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

30. I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, and particularly well, that he as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what,) was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story.

31. 'Tis finished already, said the corporal, for I could stay no longer, so wished his honor a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed; and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But, alas! said the corporal, the lieutenant's last day's

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* Angus's regiment. † A town in the Netherlands.

march is over. Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

32. Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby, to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou mad'st an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist, as well as himself, out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse, because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself. Your honor knows, said the corporal, I had no orders: True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, Trim, as a *soldier*, but certainly, very wrong, as a *man*.

33. In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, when thou offeredst him whatever was *in* my house, that thou shouldest have offered him my *house too:* A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him; thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

34. In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march. He will never march, an't please your honor, in this world, said the corporal. He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off. An't please your honor, said the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave. He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, he shall march to his regiment. He cannot stand it, said the corporal. He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby. He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy? He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. A well o'day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by H——n, cried my uncle Toby.

35. —The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

36. —My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

37. The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had got up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain, in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him? And without giving him time to answer any one of these inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal, the night before, for him.

38. You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter—and we'll have an apothecary—and the corporal shall be your nurse—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

39. There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.

40. The blood and spirit of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back—the film forsook his eyes for a moment, he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face—then cast a look upon his boy.—Nature instantly ebb'd again—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered, stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped—shall I go on?—No.

LESSON CXVII.

Prince Henry and Falstaff.—SHAKSPEARE.

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack!—Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy:—ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether socks and mend them, and foot them

too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*he drinks.*]—You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat and grows old, Heaven help the while! A bad world! I say—A plague of all cowards! I say still.

P. Henry. How now Woolsack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me that.

P. Henry. An'* ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hang'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You're straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of friends? a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me—give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards! still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a handsaw—I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

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* An', if.

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray Heav'n, you have not murder'd some of them!

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four! thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four,—These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target,* thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But as Satan would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained heap, thou knotty-pated fool—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth.

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

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* Target, a small shield, used as a defensive weapon.

Fal. What, upon compulsion!—No: were I at the strappado,* or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion? Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee?

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carry'd yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard a calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know you? I knew you as well as he that made you. Why, hear ye, my master, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules;† but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me.

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* Strappado, a punishment formerly in use, in which the offender was drawn to the top of a beam, and let fall.

† Pronounced Her'-cu-lees, a Grecian hero, distinguished for his strength and valor.

LESSON CXVIII.

Scene from the Tragedy of King John.—SHAKSPEARE.

Prince ARTHUR, HUBERT, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.—A room in the castle, Northampton.

Enter HUBERT *and two* ATTENDANTS.

Hubert. HEAT me these irons hot: and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
1 *Attendant.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't—
[*Exeunt Attendants*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him;
Is it my fault that I were Jeffrey's son?
No indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you *were* a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now, foolish rheum? [*Aside.*
Turning dispiteous torture out the door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes!
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but acne,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, and if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age would do it:
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of the bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous rough:
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angrily;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

1 *Atten.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants*

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief—
Being create for comfort—to be used
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that does set him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends--
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns;
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace: no more; Adieu!—
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

LESSON CXIX.

Speech of a Scythian Ambassador to Alexander.*—Q. CURTIUS.

1. WHEN the Scythian ambassadors waited on Alexander the Great, they gazed on him a long time without speaking a word; being very probably surprised, as they formed a judgment of men from their air and stature, to find that his did not answer the high idea they entertained of him from his fame.

2. At last the oldest of the ambassadors addressed him thus: "Had the gods given thee a body proportionable to thy ambition, the whole universe would have been too little for thee. With one hand thou wouldst touch the East, and with the other the West; and not satisfied with this, thou wouldst follow the sun, and know where he hides himself.

* The Scythians were a wandering people, in the eastern part of Europe and western part of Asia.

3. "But what have we to do with thee? We never set foot in thy country. May not those who inhabit woods be allowed to live, without knowing who thou art, and whence thou comest? We will neither command over, nor submit to any man.

4. "And that thou mayst be sensible what kind of people the Scythians are, know that we received from heaven, as a rich present, a yoke of oxen, a ploughshare, a dart, a javelin, and a cup. These we make use of, both with our friends, and against our enemies.

5. "To our friends we give corn, which we procure by the labor of our oxen; with them we offer wine to the gods in our cup; and with regard to our enemies, we combat them at a distance with our arrows, and near at hand with our javelins.

6. "But thou, who boastest thy coming to extirpate robbers, art thyself the greatest robber upon earth. Thou hast plundered all nations thou overcamest; thou hast possessed thyself of Libya, invaded Syria, Persia, and Bactriana; thou art forming a design to march as far as India, and now thou comest hither to seize upon our herds of cattle.

7. "The greater possessions thou hast, only make thee covet the more eagerly what thou hast not. If thou art a god, thou oughtest to do good to mortals, and not deprive them of their possessions.

8. "If thou art a mere man, reflect always on what thou art. They whom thou shalt not molest will be thy true friends; the strongest friendships being contracted between equals; and they are esteemed equals who have not tried their strength against each other. But do not suppose that those whom thou conquerest can love thee."

LESSON CXX.

*Diogenes at the Isthmian Games.**—Wakefield's Dio Chrysostom.

1. The cynic philosopher Diogenes,† observing a person stalking from the Stadium,‡ in the midst of so immense a multi-

* So called from their being celebrated on the Isthmus of Corinth, in the southern part of Greece.

† Diogenes was a celebrated cynic philosopher, born 420 years B. C., at Sinope. He was remarkable for his contempt of riches, and for his negligence in dress; he had no food but what was brought to him daily; and he lived in a tub, of which he turned the open side toward the sun in winter, and the contrary in summer. After a life spent in the greatest indigence and misery, he died in the 96th year of his age.

‡ A place for running, wrestling, &c.

tude, as sometimes not even to touch the ground, but to be borne aloft by the concourse round him: some following close upon him with loud acclamations, others leaping with exultation and raising their hands to heaven; others again throwing garlands and fillets* at the man—as soon as he was able to approach, inquired, What this tumultuous assemblage of people was doing? and, What had happened? The man replied, "I have gained the victory, Diogenes! over the runners in the Stadium."

2. "What is the nature of this victory?" said he. "Your understanding, I presume, has acquired not even the slenderest improvements from your superiority of speed over your competitors; nor are you become more temperate and continent than before; nor less timorous, nor less a prey to melancholy: nor, peradventure, will you live henceforward with more moderate desires, or under greater freedom from uneasiness and vexation of spirit."

3. "Be that as it may," the man rejoins, "I excel all the other Greeks in the swiftness of my feet."—"But," said Diogenes, "you are not swifter than the hares, nor the stags; and yet these creatures, though the swiftest of all others, are at the same time the most timorous, afraid both of men, and birds of prey, and of dogs; so as to lead a life of uninterrupted misery.

4. "Indeed you must be aware, are you not, that speed is in reality a symptom of timidity? for the most timid animals are also invariably the swiftest. In conformity with this dispensation of nature, Hercules was slower of foot than most men; and, from his consequent inability of laying hold on his antagonists by speed, was accustomed to carry a bow and arrows, and thus arrest a flying adversary with his weapons."

5. "Yes," said the man: "but the poet tells us, how Achilles,† the swift-footed, was a warrior likewise of incomparable fortitude." "And whence," replied Diogenes, "can we infer the celerity of Achilles? for we find him incapable of overtaking Hector,‡ after a pursuit of an entire day. However, are you not ashamed of priding yourself on that property, in which you must acknowledge your inferiority to the meanest animals? Nay, I suppose, that you would not be able to outstrip even a *fox* in speed. But, after all, at what a distance did you leave your competitors behind?"

6. "A very small distance, Diogenes! and this very circumstance makes my victory so admirably glorious." "It seems,

* Fillet, a band to tie up the hair.

† The bravest of the Greeks in the Trojan war.

‡ The son of Priam, king of Troy, and a valiant hero.

then," said Diogenes, "that your triumph and felicity depended on a single step."—"No wonder: we were all the fleetest runners imaginable."—"By how great an interval do you think a *lark* would have gone over the Stadium before you all?" "But they have wings, and fly." "Well!" replied Diogenes: "if swiftness then be a proof of excellence, it were better to be a lark than a man: so that our commiseration for larks and lapwings, because they were metamorphosed* from men into birds, as mythologists inform us, is unseasonable and unnecessary."

7. "But I," said the victorious racer, "who am a man myself, am the swiftest of mankind." "Yes!" replied Diogenes: "and is it not probable, that among ants, also, one is swifter than another? Yet are the ants objects of admiration to their fellows on that account? Or would you not think it a laughable absurdity in any man to admire an ant for his speed? Suppose again, that all your competitors had been lame, would you have prided yourself, as on some masterly achievement, for outstripping the lame, when you were not lame like the rest?"

8. By such conversation as this, he produced in many of his hearers a supreme contempt for the boasted accomplishment in question: and the man too departed, under no little mortification and humiliation, from this interview with Diogenes. Nor was the philosopher of little service to society in this respect, by reducing to a smaller compass and assuaging the tumors of a senseless infatuation, as swellings on the body subside from scarification and puncture, whenever he saw any man inflated with a frivolous conceit of unsubstantial excellence, and carried beyond the limits of sober sentiment by qualities utterly destitute of intrinsic worth.

LESSON CXXI.

Diversity in the Human Character.—POPE.

1. VIRTUOUS and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool, by fits are fair and wise,
And e'en the best, by fits what they despise.
'Tis but by part we follow good or ill,
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;*
But Heaven's great view is one,—and that the whole.

* Pronounced Met-a-mor-fus'd, changed.
† Goal, the end which a person aims to reach or accomplish.

2. That counterworks each folly and caprice,
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd—
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief.
That Virtue's end from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

3. Heaven, forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To those we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each homefelt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same, we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign.
Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

4. What'er the passion, knowledge, fame or pelf,
Not one would change his neighbor with himself.
The learn'd is happy, nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of heaven:
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chimist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

5. See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride, bestow'd on all, a common friend;
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

6. Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And cards and counters are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

7. Meanwhile opinion gilds, with varying rays,
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride.
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy:
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy:
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain:
E'en mean *self-love* becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this: Though man's a fool, yet GOD is wise.

LESSON CXXII.

On the Pursuits of Mankind.—POPE.

1. HONOR and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made;
One flaunts in rags—one flutters in brocade;*
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd;
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?†"
I'll tell you friend—a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

2. Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood,
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood:
Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards;
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

3. Look next on greatness—say where greatness lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"

* Brocade, a silk stuff variegated with gold and silver.
† Cowl, a hood worn by a monk.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman* to the Swede :†
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward; onward still he goes;
Yet ne'er looks forward, farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things with circumspective eyes.
Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

4. But grant that those can conquer; these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains;
Like good Aurelius‡ let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates—that man is great indeed.

5. What's fame? a fanci'd life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart;
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas:
And more true joy, Marcellus‖ exil'd, feels,
Than Cesar, with a Senate at his heels.

6. In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell, (for you can,) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

7. Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions, see to what they 'mount;

* Alexander the Great.

† Charles XII. king of Sweden, born A. D. 1682. His whole reign was one continued scene of warfare. He was killed at the siege of Fredericks-hall, in Norway, December, 1718.

‡ A Roman emperor in A. D. 161.

‖ Marcellus, an eminent Roman, banished by Julius Cesar to Asia, and recalled by Augustus Cesar.

How much, of other, each is sure to cost;
How each, for other, oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think. And if still such things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?

8. To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon* shin'd;
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell† damn'd to everlasting fame.
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.

LESSON CXXIII.

The Road to Happiness open to all Men.—POPE.

1. OH Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! Whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die:
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise;
Plant of celestial seed, if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?

2. Fair op'ning to some courts propitious shine.
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurel yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

* Francis Bacon, an English philosopher and statesman, was born 1561, and died 1626. He was one of the greatest geniuses that any age or country has produced. He laid down those principles upon which Newton demonstrated the whole law of nature. He was chosen lord high chancellor of England, but was legally convicted of bribery and corruption, and accused of the most gross and profligate flattery. He spent the last years of his life in study and retirement.

† Oliver Cromwell, a celebrated English general, was born 1599. He assumed the title of "Protector of the commonwealth of England," 1653. He administered the affairs of the kingdom, for five years, with great vigor and ability, and died 1658.

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere;
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free;
And, fled from monarchs, Saint John!* dwells with thee.

3. Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind;
This bids to *serve*, and *that* to *shun* mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

4. Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this,—that happiness is happiness?
Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive:
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, "the universal cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

LESSON CXXIV.

Providence Vindicated in the Present State of Man.—Pope.

1. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
—The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

* Henry Saint John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, a great politician and philosopher, was born, 1672, at Battersea, four miles west of London. As a writer, Lord Bolingbroke was nervous, elegant, and argumentative, but in his writings he is too often sceptical, and disregards the great truths of revelation and of Christianity. He was an intimate friend of Pope, and it was by his persuasion that the Essay on Man was begun and finished. He died at Battersea, 1751.

2. Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

3. Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always TO BE blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

4. Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste;
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

5. *To be*, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
—Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say here he gives too little, there too much—

6. In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes;
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' ETERNAL CAUSE.

LESSON CXXV.

The Nature of True Eloquence.—D. WEBSTER.

1. WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction.

2. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man,—in the subject,—and in the occasion.

3. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

4. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour.

5. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent.

6. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object —this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

LESSON CXXVI.

The Perfect Orator.—SHERIDAN.

1. IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes,* addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon

* Pronounced De-mos'-the-nees, the famous Grecian orator. He was born at Athens 381 B. C Though neglected by his guardians, and imped-

the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended—How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion?—Adequate! Yes, superior.

2. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator: and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.

3. With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!——To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.

4. Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external, testify their energies.

5. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul.

6. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude; by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice—The universal cry is—LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP,*—LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES—LET US CONQUER, OR DIE!

LESSON CXXVII.

Rolla's Address to the Peruvians.—SHERIDAN.

1. My brave associates, partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies

ed in his education by weakness of lungs and an inarticulate pronunciation,—his assiduity overcame all obstacles, and enabled him to become the most illustrious and eloquent orator of antiquity. The abilities of Demosthenes raised him to the head of the government in Athens. He roused his countrymen from their indolence, and incited them to oppose the encroachments of Philip, king of Macedon, and his son, Alexander the Great. Antipater, the successor of Alexander, demanded all the Athenian orators to be delivered up to him,—and Demosthenes, seeing no hope of safety, destroyed himself by poison, B. C. 322.

* Philip, king of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great.

which inspire your hearts? No—*you* have judged as *I* have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as *mine* has, the motives, which in a war like this, can animate *their* minds, and ours.

2. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for *power*, for *plunder*, and *extended rule*—*we*, for our *country*, our *altars*, and our *homes*.—*They* follow an adventurer whom they *fear*, and obey a power which they *hate*—*we* serve a *monarch* whom we *love*—a *God* whom we *adore*.

3. Whenever they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Whenever they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship! They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes—*they* will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.

4. They offer us their protection—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—

5. The *throne we* honor, is the *people's choice*—the *laws we* reverence are our brave father's legacy—the *faith we* follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die in hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this; and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as *they* would bring us.

LESSON CXXVIII.

The Hermit.—BEATTIE.

1 AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit* began
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

* Hermit, a person who retires from society and lives in solitude.

2. "Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo;
Why lone Philomela,* that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthral.
But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away;
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

3. "Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

4. "'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave!

5. "'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder; and dazzles to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
O pity, Great Father of light, then I cry'd,
Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee!
Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

6. "And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

* Phi-lo-me'-la, a nightingale.

LESSON CXXIX.

The Mariner's Dream.—DIMOND.

1. In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammoc* swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

2. He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

3. Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise;—
Now far, far behind him, the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

4. The jessamin† clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

5. A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid, whom his bosom holds dear

6. The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulses, his hardships seem o'er:
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God! thou hast blessed me; I ask for no more."

7. Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crushing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

8. He springs from his hammoc—he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel awreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

9. Like mountains the billows tremendously swell:
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;

* Hammoc, a kind of hanging bed, suspended by hooks, on board ships.
† Jessamin, a plant bearing beautiful flowers.

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave!

10. O sailor boy! wo to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure and love's honied kiss.

11. O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed, and unhonored, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

12. No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

13. On a bed of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

14. Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye:—
O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

LESSON CXXX.

*Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.**—COWPER.

1. I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre, all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

* The island of Juan Fernandez lies to the west of South America, about three hundred miles from the coast of Chili. Alexander Selkirk, a seaman, a native of Scotland, was put ashore by his captain, and left in this solitary place, where he lived several years. This gave rise to the celebrated romance of Robinson Crusoe.

2. I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see:
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

3. Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

4. Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appear'd.

5. Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

6. How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wing'd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

7. But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;*
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair
There's mercy in every place;
And mercy—encouraging thought,
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

LESSON CXXXI.

The Hermit.—PARNELL.

1. FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew.
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

2. A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose:
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
Thus sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

3. So, when a smooth expanse receives, imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks; the trees, depending, grow;
And skies, beneath, with answ'ring colors glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side;
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees and skies in thick disorder run.

4. To clear this doubt; to know the world by sight;
To find if books or swains report it right;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop† in his hat before;
Then, with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

* Lair, the bed or couch of a wild beast.

† Scallop, a shell, carried by pilgrims in their hat, with which they dipped water to quench their thirst when travelling.

5. The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass:
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er the crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft, in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.

6. Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cry'd:
"And hail! my son," the rev'rend sire reply'd:
Words follow'd words; from question answer flow'd;
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till, each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound;
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

7. Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose;
When, near the road, a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.

8. It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
Yet still, the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liv'ry'd servants wait,
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
A table groans with costly piles of food;
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

9. At length 'tis morn; and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs* play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres,† the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood, to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.

10. Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd‡ the glitt'ring prize.

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* A calm soft wind. † A flower bed. ‡ Purloin, to steal.

As one who sees a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.

11. He stopt with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass the sun his glory shrouds:
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds:
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain,

12. Warn'd by the signs the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter in a neighb'ring seat,
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground;
And strong and large, and unimprov'd around:
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

13. As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock; but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.

14. At length some pity warm'd the master's breast:
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest;)
Slow creaking turns the door, with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair.
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted,) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

15. With still remark, the pond'ring hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
"And why should such," within himself he cry'd,
"Lock the lost wealth, a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,

And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of his churlish soul!

16. But, now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat;
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

17. While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought.
His partner's acts without their cause appear—
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here.
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

18. Now night's dim shades again involve the sky—
Again the wanderers want a place to lie—
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh—
The soil improv'd around—the mansion neat—
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind—
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet;
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet;
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies.

19. "Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part:
From him you come, from him accept it here—
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke; and bade the welcome table spread;
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by the bell, and close the hours with prayer.

20. At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd* his neck; the landlord's little pride—
O strange return!—grew black, and gasp'd and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the deed was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

* Writhe, to twist with violence.

21. Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues. The country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way.
A river cross'd the path. The passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge supply'd,
And the deep waves, beneath the bending, glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging, he falls; and rising, lifts his head;
Then flashing, turns, and sinks among the dead.

22. Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"——But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man;
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colors glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back, their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

23. Though loud, at first, the pilgrims passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist* not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains, his words suspends,
And, in a calm, his settled temper ends.
But silence here, the beauteous angel broke:
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:

24. "Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life, to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind.
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky;
Nay, cease to kneel, thy fellow servant I.

25. "Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world he made;
In this the right of providence is laid:
Its sacred majesty, through all, depends
On using second means to work his ends.

* Wist, knew.

'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

26. "What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

27. "The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stand with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
Yet still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

28. "The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his churlish soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head:
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

29. "Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all, but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.

30. "But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus heaven instructs thy mind. This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

31. On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,

His master took the chariot of the sky:*
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun:
"Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done."
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

LESSON CXXXII.

Character of William Pitt,† Earl of Chatham.—ANONYMOUS.

1. THE secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought majesty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery —no narrow system of vicious politics—no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great—but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his *object* was England; his *ambition* was fame.

2. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With *one* hand he smote the house of *Bourbon*, and wielded, in the *other*, the democracy of *England*. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not *England*—not the present *age* only—but *Europe* and *posterity*. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished—always seasonable—always adequate—the suggestions of an understanding, animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

3. The ordinary feelings which made life amiable and indolent—those sensations which soften, allure, and vulgarize, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties—no domestic weakness, reached him—but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

4. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all her classes of venality. Corrup-

* See 2d Kings, chap. ii.

† William Pitt, an illustrious English statesman, born in 1708, and died 1778, aged 70.

tion *imagined*, indeed, that she had found *defects* in this statesman, and talked much of the *inconsistency* of his glory, and much of the *ruin* of his victories—but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered, and refuted her.

5. Nor were his *political* abilities his *only* talents. His eloquence was an era in the Senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the *thunder*, and sometimes the *music* of the spheres. Like Murray,* he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the rack of *exertion*; but rather *lightened* upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eye, were *felt*, but could not be *followed*.

6. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could *create*, *subvert*, or *reform*—an understanding—a spirit and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the *world* that should resound through the universe.

LESSON CXXXIII.

Character of the Puritans.—Edinburgh Review.

1. The Puritans† were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually as-

* William Murray, Earl of Mansfield, was born at Perth, in Scotland, 1705. He was an eminent lawyer, and celebrated for integrity, wisdom, and discernment. He died 1793.

† Puritans, the first settlers of New-England. They were dissenters from the established church, and obtained the name of *Puritans*, from the superior purity and simplicity of the modes of worship to which they adhered. Being persecuted in England, a small number removed to Leyden, in Holland. After residing several years in that city, they resolved to leave it, and seek an asylum in the wilderness of America, where they might worship God agreeably to the dictates of their own consciences. On the 22d of December, 1620, they landed on a desolate coast, where they immediately erected huts, and called the place Plymouth. Their number amounted to 101. They suffered incredible hardships from the inclemency of the season, want of provisions, and suitable dwellings, and during the winter one half of their number perished.

cribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence.

2. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions.

3. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God.

4. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands: their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away!

5. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language,—nobles by the right of an earlier creation,—and, priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

6. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account.

7. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that

the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!*

8. Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men; the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the beatific vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire.

9. Like Vane,† he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood,‡ he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But, when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle.

10. The Puritans brought to civil and military affairs, a coolness of judgment, and an immutability of purpose, which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms.

11. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means.

12. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: And we know that, in spite of their hatred of popery, they too often

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* See St. Matthew, chap. xxvii. 45—55.

† Sir Henry Vane, an English statesman, and a political and theological writer, was beheaded on a charge of treason, in 1602.

‡ William Fleetwood, an English bishop, was born in London, 1656, and died 1723.

fell into the vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and an useful body.

LESSON CXXXIV.

*Character of Washington.**—PHILLIPS.

1. No matter what may be the birth-place of such a man as WASHINGTON. No climate can claim, no country can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race—his fame is eternity,—his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin: if the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared—How bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

2. Individual instances, no doubt, there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification—Cæsar† was merciful —Scipio† was continent,—Hannibal‡ was patient,—but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely master-piece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

* George Washington, the commander of the American army in the war of the revolution, and the first president of the United States, was the son of Augustine Washington, of Virginia. He was born February 22d, 1732. At the age of 19, he was appointed an Adjutant-General of Virginia, with the rank of Major, and during the French and Indian wars which immediately followed, he was actively engaged in defending the frontiers of his native state. In 1775, when the United Colonies determined to resist the British claims, Washington was unanimously appointed to the command of the American army. He accepted the office with great diffidence, and declined *any pecuniary compensation for his services*, desiring only that *his expenses should be defrayed by the public*. He immediately entered upon his duties, and during the whole of the revolutionary war and the establishing of the independence of the United States, under the most distressing and discouraging circumstances, he manifested the most determined resolution, fortitude, and intrepidity. He was the first president, chosen in 1789, which office he held eight years. He died December 14th, 1799, universally honored, esteemed, and beloved.

† A Roman General. ‡ A Carthaginian General.

3. As a General, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage.

4. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood—a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command—liberty unsheathed his sword—necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banishes hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage rather than reign in a capitol!

5. Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains—he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy!*—The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

LESSON CXXXV.

Stanzas addressed to the Greeks.—ANONYMOUS.

1. ON, on, to the just and glorious strife!
With your swords your freedom shielding:
Nay, resign, if it must be so, even life:
But die, at least, unyielding.

2. On to the strife! for 'twere far more meet
To sink with the foes who bay you,
Than crouch, like dogs, at your tyrants' feet,
And smile on the swords that slay you.

3. Shall the pagan slaves be masters, then,
Of the land which your fathers gave you?
Shall the Infidel lord it o'er Christian men,
When your own good swords may save you?

* Alluding to Dr. Franklin's discoveries in electricity,—particularly the invention of lightning rods.

4. No! let him feel that their arms are strong,—
That their courage will fail them never,—
Who strike to repay long years of wrong,
And bury past shame for ever.

5. Let him know there are hearts, however bowed
By the chains which he threw around them,
That will rise, like a spirit from pall and shroud,
And cry "wo!" to the slaves who bound them.

6. Let him learn how weak is a tyrant's might
Against liberty's sword contending;
And find how the sons of Greece can fight,
Their freedom and land defending.

7. Then on! then on, to the glorious strife!
With your swords your country shielding;
And resign, if it must be so, even life;
But die, at least, unyielding.

8. Strike! for the sires who left you free!
Strike! for their sakes who bore you!
Strike! for your homes and liberty,
And the heaven you worship o'er you!

LESSON CXXXVI.

Song of the Greeks, 1822.—CAMPBELL.

1. AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree;
It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's* slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

2. Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances

* Mäh-o-met, a celebrated impostor, born at Mecca, A. D. 571, and died A. D. 632.

Are stretched in our aid?—Be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone:
For we've sworn, by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That living, we *will* be victorious,
Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

3. A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide—waves ingulph—fire consume us,
But they *shall* not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:—
But we've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,
And new triumphs on *land* are before us.
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

4. This day—shall ye blush for its story?
Or brighten your lives with its glory?—
Our women—Oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken,
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of earth.
Strike home!—and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

5. Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean:
Fanes* rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine† shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring.
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguished in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens.

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* Fane, a temple. † The Nine Muses.

LESSON CXXXVII.

Warren's Address to the American Soldiers, before the Battle of Bunker's Hill.*—PIERPONT.

1. STAND ! the ground's your own, my braves !
Will ye give it up to slaves ?
Will ye look for greener graves ?
Hope ye mercy still ?
What's the mercy despots feel !
Hear it in that battle peal !
Read it on yon bristling steel !
Ask it—ye who will.

2. Fear ye foes who kill for hire ?
Will you to your *homes* retire ?
Look behind you ! they're afire !
And, before you, see
Who have done it !—From the vale
On they come !—and will ye quail ?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be !

3. In the God of battles trust !
Die we may—and die we must :—
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell ?

LESSON CXXXVIII.

Address to the Patriots of the Revolution.—From D. Webster's Speech, delivered at the laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17th, 1825.

1. VENERABLE MEN ! you have come down to us, from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country.

* Joseph Warren, a Major-General in the American army, killed at the battle of Bunker's Hill, June 17th, 1775.

2. Behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown;*

3. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace.

4. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee.

5. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave for ever.

6. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

7. But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example.

8. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived, at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, and the sky, on which you closed your eyes, was cloudless.

* The British burnt Charlestown, on their way to the battle of Bunker's Hill, June 17th, 1775.

LESSON CXXXIX.

Specimen of the Eloquence of James Otis: extracted from Rebels.*"—MISS FRANCIS.

1. ENGLAND could dam up the waters of the Nile, with bulrushes, and stop the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those, against which we now contend, have cost one king† of England his life, another‡ his crown—and they may yet cost a third‖ his most flourishing colonies.

2. We are two millions—one fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

3. Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True, the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him, is huge enough to darken all this fair land.

4. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude, which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the wilds and storms of the desert.

5. We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics; and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid, than the increase of our wealth and population.

6. And do we owe all this to the fostering success of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny, that drove us from her—to the pelting storms, which invigorated our boyhood—to the cheerless infancy.

* James Otis, a lawyer of Massachusetts,—a zealous defender of the rights of the American colonies.

† Charles I. He was beheaded in 1649.

‡ James II. He abdicated the throne, and fled to France in 1688, where he died in 1701.

‖ George III. He died in 1820, having reigned 60 years.

7. But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your *gratitude*,—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the King—(and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects, as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.)* Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne.

8. In every instance, those who take, are to judge for those who pay; if this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

9. But thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death.

10. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs, that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it

LESSON CXL.

On Conciliation with America.—Edmund Burke.†

1. For that service, for all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire, my trust is in her interest in the British Constitution My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties, which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron.

2. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear

* Choctaws, a tribe of Indians inhabiting the southern part of the United States.

† Edmund Burke, a celebrated orator and statesman, born in the county of Cork, Ireland, in 1730. He became a member of the British Parliament in 1765, and died in 1797.

them from their allegiance. But let it once be understood, that your government may be one thing, and their pivileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation: the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and every thing hastens to decay and dissolution.

3. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have. The more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience.

4. Slavery they can have any where. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But until you become lost to all feelings of your true interest and your national dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly.

5. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond, which originally made, and must still preserve the unity of the empire.

6. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets* and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole.

7. These things do not make your government, dead instruments, passive tools as they are; it is the spirit of the English constitution that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies, every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

8. Is it not the same virtue which does every thing for us here in England? Do you imagine then, that it is the land tax which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply, which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline;

* Cocket, a roll of parchment, sealed and delivered by the officers of the custom-house to merchants, as a warrant that their merchandise is entered

9. No! surely no! It is the love of the people—it is their attachment to their government from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

10. All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine.

11. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth every thing, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America, with the old warning of the church, *Sursum corda!** We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us.

12. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honorable conquests; not by destroying, but by promoting, the wealth, the number, the happiness, of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all that it can be.

LESSON CXLI.

Speech on the Question of War with England.—PATRICK HENRY.

1. THIS, Sir, is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way

* Sursum corda, raise our souls.

that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinion at this time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

2. Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

3. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters, and darken our land.

4. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging.

5. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing

We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

6. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

7. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolable those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

8. They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

9. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations: and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

10. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to

retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

11. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war has actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

LESSON CXLII.

On the Existence of a Deity.—YOUNG.

1. RETIRE—the world shut out—thy thoughts call home—
Imagination's airy wing repress.
Lock up thy senses. Let no passion stir.
Wake all to reason. Let her reign alone.
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire:
What am I? and from whence? I nothing know
But that I am; and since I am, conclude
Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been. Eternal there must be.

2. But, what eternal? Why not human race,
And Adam's ancestors, without an end?
That's hard to be conceiv'd by ev'ry link
Of that long chain'd succession so frail;
Can every part depend and not the whole?
Yet, grant it true, new difficulties rise:
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence earth and these bright orbs? Eternal too?
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father. Much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
Design implies intelligence and art,
That can't be from themselves—or man; that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.

3. Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust.
Has matter none?—then whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from shapeless and repos'd?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,
Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?
If art to form, and council to conduct,
And that with greater far than human skill,
Reside not in each block—a GODHEAD reigns—
And if a GOD there is—that GOD how great!

LESSON CXLIII.

To-morrow.—COTTON.

1. TO-MORROW, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought, but wishes, hopes, and promises
The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.

2. Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present moment:
For be assur'd they all are arrant tell-tales:
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly.
Because, though station'd on th' important watch,

Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumb'rest on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit?

3. Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch* upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

LESSON CXLIV.

Vanity of Power and Misery of Kings.—SHAKSPEARE.

1. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs:
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

2. For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd;—

3. For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—

* See Genesis, chap. xxxii. 24—30.

As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!

4. Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am king?

LESSON CXLV.

Darkness.—Byron.

1. I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished,—and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless—and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:

2. And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.

3. The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down

* Lord George Gordon Byron, an English nobleman, distinguished as a poet. He was born in London, Jan. 22d, 1788, and died at Missolonghi, in April, 1824, while assisting the Greeks in their glorious struggle for freedom

And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd.

4. The wild birds shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twin'd themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food:

5. And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh.

6. The meagre by the meagre were devour'd;
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts, and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.

7. The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,

Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend.

8. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal, as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—

9. The waves were dead, the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd: Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the universe.

LESSON CXLVI.

Hannibal to Scipio Africanus, at their interview preceding the Battle of Zama.†*

1. Since fate has so ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been so often on the point of ending it by a complete conquest, should now come of my own motion, to ask a peace—I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to

* Hannibal, a celebrated Carthaginian, and one of the greatest generals of antiquity, was born 252 years B. C. At 9 years of age, his father, Hamilcar, made him swear on the altar, eternal enmity to Rome. At 25 years of age, he took upon him the command of the army, and having conquered the Roman forces in Spain, he led his army over the Pyrenees and Alps into Italy. Here he gained many important victories; and during sixteen years conquered every army which the Romans sent against him. At the end of this time, the Romans sent an army into Africa, under the command of Scipio, and the Carthaginians called Hannibal out of Italy to defend his own country. He was defeated by Scipio at the battle of Zama, and was obliged to flee his country. He led a wandering life at the courts of Antiochus and Prusias, in Asia, and at last destroyed himself by poison, when he was about to be delivered into the hands of the Romans, B. C. 182, aged 70.

† The battle of Zama was fought 196 years B. C. in which the Carthaginians were totally defeated, and an end put to the second Punic War. The three wars between Rome and Carthage were called Punic Wars. The *first* Punic War commenced 264 years B. C. and lasted 23 years. The *second* commenced 218 years B. C. and lasted 22 years. The *third* commenced 149 years B. C. and lasted 3 years; when Carthage was entirely destroyed, 146 years B. C.

ask it. Nor will this be among the least of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over so many Roman Generals, submitted at last to you.

2 I could wish, that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature seems to have prescribed to it; the shores of Africa, and the shores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates.

3. But since errors past may be more easily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me, to put an end, if possible, to the obstinate contention.—For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the instability of fortune, incline me to leave nothing to her determination which reason can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted success, may render you averse from the thoughts of peace.

4. He whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconstancy. Yet without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am the same Hannibal, who, after my victory at Cannæ, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome.

5. And now—see the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preservation and my country's. Such are the sports of fortune. Is she then to be trusted because she smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory or the glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose, in one hour, all the honor and reputation you have been so many years acquiring.

6. But what is my aim in all this? That you should content yourself with our cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all Islands between Italy and Africa. A peace on these conditions will, in my opinion, not only secure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you and for the Roman name. And do not tell me, that some of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty.—It is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace:—I ask it, because I think it expedient for my country; and thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it.

LESSON CXLVII.

Scipio's Reply to Hannibal.*

1. I KNEW very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return, which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and lay aside all thoughts of peace, when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions, every thing but what we are and have been long possessed of.

2. But as it is your care, that your fellow citizens should have the obligation to you, of being eased from a great part of their burden, so it ought to be mine, that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. Nobody is more sensible than I am of the weakness of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprise, is subject to a thousand chances.

3. If before the Romans passed into Africa, you had, of your own accord, quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But, as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are masters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered.

4. And what is chiefly to be considered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty, which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages for the performance of all.

5 The senate accepted these conditions, but Carthage failed on her part: Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be released from the most important articles of the treaty, as a reward for their breach of faith? No, certainly.

6. If to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added some new articles, to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, instead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians, therefore, must submit to us at discretion, or must vanquish us in battle.

* Publius Cornelius Scipio, an illustrious Roman and brave general.—While Hannibal was in the northern part of Italy, the Roman Senate sent Scipio into Africa to carry war to the gates of Carthage. He defeated the Carthaginians under Hannibal at the battle of Zama, and obtained the honorable surname of Africanus. He was afterwards treated with ingratitude and baseness by the Romans, and fled from the public clamors, and died in retirement B. C. 180.

LESSON CXLVIII.

Cassius instigating Brutus to join the Conspiracy against Cesar.*—TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CESAR.

1. HONOR is the subject of my story—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as myself.
I was born free as Cesar;† so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

2. For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber‡ chafing with his shores,
Cesar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it;
With lusty sinews throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

3. But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cesar cry'd, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

* Caius Cassius, a celebrated Roman, who was attached to the interests of Pompey, and when Cesar obtained the victory in the plains of Pharsalia, Cassius owed his life to the mercy of the conqueror. He was an artful and ambitious man, and was at the head of the conspiracy against Cesar. At the battle of Philippi, fearful of falling into the hands of his enemies, he caused one of his slaves to slay him with the very sword with which he had given wounds to Cesar, B. C. 42.

† Caius Julius Cesar, an illustrious Roman general and historian, was born B. C. 98. He was famous for his learning, his ambition, his valor, and his tragical death. By his valor and eloquence he acquired the highest reputation in the field and in the senate; and enjoyed every magisterial and military honor that the republic could bestow. In 59 B. C. the government of the Roman Commonwealth was divided between Cesar, Crassus, and Pompey. Jealousies soon arose, which terminated in a civil war. Cesar subdued Pompey, and became master of the Commonwealth. His ambition became boundless—he grasped at sovereign power. But he was beloved by the Roman people, and they thought no honor, except that of king, too great to be conferred on him. In the midst of his ambitious projects, a conspiracy was formed against him, headed by Cassius and Brutus, and he was assassinated in the senate-house, B. C. 43, in the 56th year of his age. It is said that he conquered 300 nations, took 800 cities, and defeated 3,000,000 of people, 1,000,000 of which fell in battle.

‡ Tiber, a river of Italy, on whose banks the city of Rome was built.

I, as Æneas,* our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cesar; and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cesar carelessly but nod on him.

4. He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true; this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan,
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
"Alas!" it cry'd—"Give me some drink, Titinius"—
As a sick girl.

5. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.——
Brutus and Cesar!—What should be in that Cesar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
Sound them; it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them; it is as heavy: conjure with 'em;
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cesar.

6. Now in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats doth this our Cesar feed,
That he has grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' infernal devil, to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

* Æneas, a Trojan prince, son of Anchises and Venus.

LESSON CXLIX.

Brutus' Speech on the Death of Cesar.*—Tragedy of Julius Cesar.

1. Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers,—Hear me, for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honor; and have respect for mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me, in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

2. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cesar, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cesar was no less than his, If then, that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cesar, this is my answer; not that I loved Cesar less, but that I love Rome more.

3. Had you rather Cesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cesar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.

4. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that he would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.

5. Who's here so rude, that he would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that he will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.———

6. None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cesar, than you should do to Brutus. And as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I reserve the same dagger for myself, whenever it shall please my country to need my death.

* Marcus Brutus, a brave, virtuous, and honorable Roman—but a blind politician. He was the dupe of Cassius' flattery and art,—and was instigated by him, to join the conspiracy against Cesar, that his virtues and popularity might sanction the atrocious deed. Cesar was Brutus' best and most intimate friend. After the assassination of Cesar, Brutus fled with the other conspirators, collected an army, was defeated at the decisive battle of Philippi, fell upon his sword, and died B. C. 42.

LESSON CL.

Antony's Speech over the Body of Cesar.*—Tragedy of Julius Cesar.

1. Friends, Romans, Countrymen!—Lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them:
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cesar!

2. Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cesar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men)
Come I to speak in Cesar's funeral———

3. He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cesar seem ambitious?

4. When that the poor hath cried, Cesar hath wept!
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,†
I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuse: Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man.

5. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.

* Marcus Antony, a brave, ambitious, artful, and designing Roman. He was warmly attached to Cesar, and after his assassination he resolved to seize the opportunity for raising himself to power. He artfully procured a public funeral for Cesar, and took this occasion to harangue the soldiers and populace in his favor,—and he inflamed them so much against the conspirators, that Brutus and Cassius were obliged to leave the city. He led an army against the conspirators, and defeated them at Philippi. He obtained a share of the Roman empire in the triumvirate which he formed with Augustus Cesar and Marcus Lepidus. But dissensions arising between these three, a civil war commenced, and Antony, defeated at the battle of Actium, fled to Egypt, and killed himself, B. C. 30.

† Lupercal, a feast among the Romans.

You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! Thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cesar;
And I must pause till it come back to me.

6. But yesterday, the word of Cesar might
Have stood against the world! now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! If I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong—I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

7. But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cesar;
I found it in his closet: 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood—
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.—

8. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii*——
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through——
See what a rent the envious Casca made——
Through this the well beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cesar follow'd it!

9. This, this was the unkindest cut of all.
For when the noble Cesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him! Then burst his mighty heart,
And in his mantle muffling up his face,

* Pronounced Nér-ve-i, a warlike people of Gaul, whom Cesar attacked and totally defeated.

E'en at the base of Pompey's statue,
(Which all the while ran blood,) great Cesar fell.
10. O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down!
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; These are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What, weep you when you but behold
Our Cesar's vesture wounded? Look you here!—
Here is himself—marr'd, as you see, by traitors.
11. Good friends! Sweet friends! Let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it! They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
12. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts!
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend—and that they knew full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him!
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
To stir men's blood.
13. I only speak right on,
I tell you that which you yourselves do know—
Show you sweet Cesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

LESSON CLI.

Othello's Apology for his Marriage.—Tragedy of Othello.

1. Most potent, grave and reverend seigniors:
My very noble and approv'd good masters:
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more.

2. Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking of myself. Yet by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceedings I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

3. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year: the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances:
Of moving accidents by flood and field:
Of hair breadths 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach:
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history.

4. ————All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence·
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctly.

5. I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful; 'twas wond'rous pitiful:

She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man.
6. She thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft which I've us'd.

LESSON CLII.

Soliloquy of Hamlet on Death.*——TRAGEDY OF HAMLET.

1. To be—or not to be—that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune—
Or to take arms against a sea of trouble,
And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—
No more? And, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to.
2. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.—To die—to sleep—
To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub—
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.
3. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For, who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely
The pangs of desris'd love—the law's delay—
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes—
When he himself might his quietus† make
With a bare bodkin.
4. Who would fardels‡ bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,

* A Prince of Denmark. † Quietus, rest, repose.
‡ Fardel, a bundle, or little pack.

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
5. Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

LESSON CLIII.

Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.*—TRAGEDY OF CATO.

1. It must be so—Plato,† thou reasonest well!
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us:
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.
2. Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me:
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? Or where? This world was made for Cesar.
I'm weary of conjectures——this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

* Marcus Portius Cato, an eminent Roman, born 94 years B. C. He was a lover of Philosophy, and a brave general; a man of great integrity, and strong attachment to his country. He boldly opposed the conspiracy of Catiline, and the ambition of Julius Cesar. After the battle of Pharsalia, Cato fled to Utica, in Africa, and being pursued by Cesar, he advised his friends to flee, and his son to trust to Cesar's clemency. He then retired to his apartment, and read Plato on the IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, twice over; and then stabbed himself with his sword, and died, aged 48—B. C 46 years.

† A Grecian Philosopher.

3. Thus I am doubly arm'd. My death* and life,†
My bane* and antidote† are both before me.
This* in a moment brings me to an end;
But this† informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth:
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

LESSON CLIV.

Speech of Catiline‡ before the Roman Senate, on hearing his sentence of banishment.—CROLY'S CATILINE.

1. "BANISHED from Rome!"—what's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!"—Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
"Banished?"—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.

2. But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's‖ merciful. For this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.
"Traitor!" I go—but I *return*. This—trial!
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.

3. This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords,
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes;—

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* The sword. † A book written by Plato.

‡ A Roman Senator accused of a conspiracy against the government, and banished.

‖ Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

LESSON CLV.

The Rich Man and the Poor Man.—KHEMNITZER.

1. So goes the world;—if wealthy, you may call
This—friend, *that*—brother; friends and brothers all.
Though you are worthless—witless—never mind it;
You may have been a stable boy—what then?
'Tis wealth, good Sir, makes *honorable men.*
You seek respect, no doubt, and *you* will find it.

2. But if you are poor, heaven help you! though your sire
Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels too,
'Tis all in vain;—the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score:—Why should it take the pains?
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

3. I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
Witty and wise:—he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. "Strange," cried I; "whence is it?"
He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried;
Some formally and freezingly replied,
And some
Said by their silence—"Better stay at home."

4. A rich man burst the door,
As Crœsus* rich, I'm sure
He could not pride himself upon his wit;
And as for wisdom, he had none of it;
He had what's better;—he had wealth.
What a confusion!—all stand up erect—

* Pronounced Cré-zus, a king of Lydia, in Asia Minor, 548 B. C., supposed the richest of mankind.

These crowd around to ask him of his health;
These bow in *honest* duty and respect;
And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these conduct him there.
"Allow me, Sir, the honor;"—Then a bow
Down to the earth—Is't possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?

5. The poor man hung his head,
And to himself he said,
"This is indeed beyond my comprehension:"
Then looking round,
One friendly face he found,
And said—"Pray tell me why is wealth preferr'd
To wisdom?"—"That's a silly question, friend!"
Replied the other—"have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

LESSON CLVI.

Address to the Ocean.—Lord Byron.

I. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all *thy* deed, nor doth remain
A *shadow* of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

3. His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him shivering, in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
Then dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

4. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war!
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's* pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.†

5. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they!
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

6. Thou, glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
(Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving,)—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the *deep* are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

* Ar-má-da, a fleet of armed ships. The term is usually applied to the Spanish fleet, called the INVINCIBLE ARMADA, consisting of 130 ships, intended to act against England in 1588, in the reign of Elizabeth.

† Cape Traf-al-gar, on the southwestern coast of Spain. Off this Cape, on the 21st of October, 1805, was obtained the celebrated victory of the British fleet, commanded by Lord Nelson, over the combined fleets of France and Spain. Lord Nelson lost his life in the action, aged 47 years.

7. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LESSON CLVII.

Wisdom.—POLLOK.

1. WISDOM is humble, said the voice of God.
'Tis proud, the world replied. Wisdom, said God,
Forgives, forbears, and suffers, not for fear
Of man, but God. Wisdom revenges, said
The world, is quick and deadly of resentment,
Thrusts at the very shadow of affront,
And hastes, by death, to wipe its honor clean.

2. Wisdom, said God, loves enemies, entreats,
Solicits, begs for peace. Wisdom, replied
The world, hates enemies, will not ask peace,
Conditions spurns, and triumphs in their fall.
Wisdom mistrusts itself, and leans on Heaven,
Said God. It trusts and leans upon itself,
The world replied.

3. Wisdom retires, said God,
And counts it bravery to bear reproach
And shame, and lowly poverty, upright;
And weeps with all who have just cause to weep.
Wisdom, replied the world, struts forth to gaze,
Treads the broad stage of life with clamorous foot,
Attracts all praises, counts it bravery
Alone to wield the sword, and rush on death;
And never weeps, but for its own disgrace.

4. Wisdom, said God, is highest, when it stoops
Lowest before the Holy Throne; throws down
Its crown, abased; forgets itself, admires,
And breathes adoring praise. There Wisdom stoops,
Indeed, the world replied, there stoops, because
It must, but stoops with dignity; and thinks
And meditates the while of inward worth

LESSON CLVIII.

The Inhumanity of Slavery.—COWPER.

1. OH, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

2. He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not color'd like his own; and having pow'r
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd,
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

3. Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys:
And worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.

4. Then what is man! And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.

5. No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation pris'd above all price;
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.

6. Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive her air, that moment they are free;

They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire: that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

LESSON CLIX.

The Cuckoo.—LOGAN.

1. HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

2. Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

3. Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flow'rs,
When heav'n is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bow'rs.

4. The school-boy wand'ring in the wood,
To pull the flow'rs so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

3. Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st the vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

6. Sweet bird, thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

7. O could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe.
Companions of the spring

LESSON CLX.

The Star of Bethlehem.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

1. BRIGHTER than the rising day,
When the sun of glory shines;
Brighter than the diamond's ray,
Sparkling in Golconda's* mines;
Beaming through the clouds of wo,
Smiles in Mercy's diadem
On the guilty world below,
The star that rose in Bethlehem.

2. When our eyes are dimmed with tears,
This can light them up again,
Sweet as music to our ears,
Faintly warbling o'er the plain.
Never shines a ray so bright
From the purest earthly gem;
O! there is no soothing light
Like the Star of Bethlehem.

3. Grief's dark clouds may o'er us roll,
Every heart may sink in wo,
Gloomy conscience rack the soul,
And sorrow's tears in torrents flow;
Still, through all these clouds and storms,
Shines this purest heavenly gem,
With a ray that kindly warms—
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

4. When we cross the roaring wave
That rolls on life's remotest shore;
When we look into the grave,
And wander through this world no more;
This, the lamp whose genial ray,
Like some brightly-glowing gem,
Points to man his darkling way—
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

5. Let the world be sunk in sorrow,
Not an eye be charmed or bless'd;
We can see a fair to-morrow
Smiling in the rosy west;

* A province in Hindoostan, now called Hyderabad, formerly celebrated for its diamond mines.

This, her beacon, Hope displays;
For, in Mercy's diadem,
Shines, with Faith's serenest rays,
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

6. When this gloomy life is o'er,
When we smile in bliss above,
When, on that delightful shore,
We enjoy the heaven of love,—
O! what dazzling light shall shine
Round salvation's purest gem!
O! what rays of love divine
Gild the Star of Bethlehem!

LESSON CLXI.

The Last Man.—CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom:
The sun *itself* shall die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality.

2. I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time;
I saw the *last* of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw the prime.

3. The sun's eye had a sickly glare;
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man.
Some had expir'd in fight: the brands
Still rested in their bony hands;
In plague and famine, some;
Earth's cities had no sound, no tread;
And ships were drifting with their dead,
To shores where all was dumb.

4. Yet, prophet like, the lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,

Saying, we're twins in death, proud sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
Mere Mercy bids thee go.
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

5. What, though beneath thee, man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made wood, fire, and earth,
The vassals of his will;
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

6. Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men;
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its motley pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain, anew to writhe:
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

7 E'en I am weary, in yon skies,
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not *me* expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death;
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath,
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost.

8. This spirit shall return to him,
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
When *thou thyself* art dark.
No; it shall live *again*, and shine
In bliss *unknown* to beams of *thine*.

By *Him* recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity;
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And pluck'd the sting of death.

9. Go sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last, this bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste;
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God.

LESSON CLXII.

Picture of a Good Man.—YOUNG.

1. SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing else than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships at sea, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares, and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.

2. Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave.
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike;
His full reverse in all! What higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care; the future his;
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court; and he his own.

3. Theirs the wild chase of false felicities·
His, the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent piece,
All of one color, and an even thread;

While party-color'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
Their tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

4. He sees with other eyes than theirs; where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.

5. Titles and honors (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory,) proud of an eclipse:
Himself too much he prizes to be proud;
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.

6. They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe.
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.

7. With nakedness his innocence agrees!
While their broad foliage testifies their fall!
Their no-joys end, where his full feast begins:
His joys create, their's murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, his alone;
And his alone triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete:
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

LESSON CLXIII.

Hymn on a Review of the Seasons.—THOMSON.

1. THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year

Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the soft'ning air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,
And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry heart is joy.

2. Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales.

3. Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that live.
In winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore;
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

4. Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade unperceived, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.

5. But wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

6. Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky:
In adoration join! and, ardent, raise
One general song!———————
Ye, chief,* for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn!

7. For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray

* The sun.

Russets the plain; inspiring autumn gleams;
Or winter rises in the black'ning east;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

8. Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic Isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where HE vital breathes there must be joy.

9. When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new pow'rs,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in HIM, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

LESSON CLXIV.

Questions and Answers.—MONTGOMERY.

Q. FLOWERS,—wherefore do ye bloom?
A. —We strew thy pathway to the tomb.

Q. Stars,—wherefore do ye rise?
A. —To light thy spirit to the skies.

Q. Fair Moon—why dost thou wane?
A. —That I may wax again.

Q. O Sun,—what makes thy beams so bright?
A. —The Word that said,—"Let there be light."

Q. Planets,—what guides you in your course?
A. —Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.

Q. Nature,—whence sprang thy glorious frame?
A. —My Maker call'd me, and I came.

Q. O Light,—thy subtile essence who may know?
A. —Ask not; for all things but myself I show.

Q. What is yon arch which every where I see?
A. —The sign of omnipresent Deity.
Q. Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone?
A. —Where earth, God's footstool, touches heaven, his throne.
Q. Ye clouds,—what bring ye in your train?
A. —God's embassies,—storm—lightning—hail—or rain.
Q. Winds,—whence and whither do ye blow?
A. —Thou must be born again to know.
Q. Bow in the cloud,—what token dost thou bear?
A. —That Justice still cries "*strike*," and Mercy "*spare*."
Q. Dews of the morning,—wherefore were ye given?
A. —To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.
Q. Rise, glitter, break; yet, Bubble, tell me why?
A. —To show the course of all beneath the sky.
Q. Stay, Meteor, stay thy falling fire!
A. —No, thus shall all the host of heaven expire.
Q. Ocean,—what law thy chainless waves confined?
A. —That which in Reason's limits, holds thy mind
Q. Time,—whither dost thou flee?
A. —I travel to Eternity.
Q. Eternity,—what art thou?—say.
A. —Time past, time present, time to come,—*to-day*
Q. Ye Dead,—where can your dwelling be?
A. —The house for all the living;—come and see.
Q. O Life,—what is thy breath?
A. —A vapor, lost in death.
Q. O Death,—how ends thy strife?
A. —In everlasting life.
Q. O Grave,—where is thy victory?
A. —Ask him who rose again from me.

LESSON CLXV.

On the Death of Mrs. Mason.—MASON.

1. TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift, which heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave.

2. And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

3. Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere, as meekly move:
And if as fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love:

4. Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the "pure in heart behold their God."

LESSON CLXVI.

Ode from the 19th Psalm.—ADDISON.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3. What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid these radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

LESSON CLXVII.

Rest in Heaven.—ANONYMOUS.

1. SHOULD sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darken'd shadows fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure at its birth
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth,
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

2. If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If like the weary dove
O'er shoreless ocean driven;
Raise thou thine eye above,
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

3. But O if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gaily fleet the hours,
Unstain'd by earthly gloom,
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Nor always be forgot
Thy better rest in Heaven.

4. When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak,
Tell of a time to die;
Sweet hope shall whisper then—
"Though thou from earth be riven,
"There's bliss beyond thy ken,
"There's rest for thee in Heaven."

LESSON CLXVIII.

The Star of Bethlehem.—H. K. WHITE.

1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;

One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! Hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

2. Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud;—the night was dark,
The ocean yawned—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

3. It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease:
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The star, the star of Bethlehem!

LESSON CLXIX.

Address to Time.—Lord Byron.

1. Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never loses tho' it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.

2. Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
Ruins of years—tho' few—yet full of fate:—
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,

Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?

3. And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Lost the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!*
Here where the ancient paid thee homage long—
Thou, who didst call the Furies† from the abyss,
And round Orestes‡ bade them howl and hiss
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hands less near—in this
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake, thou shalt and must.

4. It is not, that I may not have incurr'd
For my ancestral faults, or mine, the wound
I bleed withal, and had it been conferr'd
With a just weapon, it had flowed unbound;
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;
To thee do I devote it—*thou* shalt take
The vengeance which shall yet be sought and found,
Which if *I* have not taken for the sake—
But let that pass—*I* sleep, but *thou* shalt yet awake.

5. And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now,
I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Tho' I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the *mountain of my curse.*

6. That curse shall be forgiveness.—Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it heaven!—

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* Nem'-e-sis, the goddess of justice among the Greeks and Romans, usually represented with a pair of scales in one hand, and a whip in the other.

† Furies, three fabulous deities, called goddesses of horror. Their office was to observe and punish the actions of bad men, and torment the consciences of secret offenders.

‡ Orestes was the son of Agamemnon, a distinguished hero at the siege of Troy, who was killed, on his return to Greece, by his wife and Ægisthus, her base lover. Orestes, to avenge the death of his father, slew his mother; for which act he was pursued by the Furies, and suffered the most excruciating torments.

Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

7. But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

LESSON CLXX.

*Absalom.**—Willis.

1. The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

2. King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.

* See 2 Samuel, chap. xviii.

They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.

3. Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * * *

4. The pall was settled. He who slept beneath,
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now,
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed, beside him; and the jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.

5. The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,

And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of wo:—

6. "Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

7. "Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*my father*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

8. "The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

9. "And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

10 "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

11. He covered up his face and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;

And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

LESSON CLXXI.

*The Miami Mounds.**—S. L. Fairfield.

1. Wrecks of lost nations! monuments of deeds,
Immortal once—but all forgotten now!
Mysterious ruins of a race unknown,
As proud of ancestry, and pomp, and fame—
Prouder, perchance, than those who ponder here
O'er what their wild conjectures cannot solve!
Who raised these mouldering battlements? who trod
In jealous glory on these ruined walls?—
Who reigned, who triumphed, or who perished here?
What scenes of revelry, and mirth, and crime,
And love, and hate, and bliss, and bale, have passed?
Ah? none can tell.

2. Oblivion's dusky folds
Shroud all the past, and none may lift the pall;
Or, if they could, what would await the eye
Of antique research, but the fleshless forms
Of olden time: dark giant bones that tell—
Nothing! dim mysteries of the earth and air!
Since human passions met in conflict here,
The woods of centuries have grown—and oft
And long, the timid deer hath bounded o'er
The sepulchre of warriors, and wild birds
Sung notes of love o'er slaughter's crimson field,
And the gaunt wolf, and catamount, and fox,
Have made their couches in the embattled towers
Of dauntless chiefs, nor dreamt of danger there!

* In various parts of the Western States, numerous remains of fortifications, and mounds of earth, have been discovered, which have excited the astonishment and curiosity of all who have seen them. Some of these fortifications are small, while others enclose 40 or 50 acres of land. The mounds are built in the form of a sugar-loaf, and were undoubtedly used for burying places, as they are found to contain human bones. They must have been built at a very remote period, as trees several hundred years old are often seen growing upon them, and the present race of Indians have no tradition respecting their origin. They indicate great labor, and were evidently the work of a people who had made some advances in civilization, and who possessed considerable knowledge in the business of fortifications.

Princes and kings—the wise, the great, the good,
May slumber here, and blend their honored dust
With Freedom's soil; and navies may have rode
On the same wave that bears our starry sails.

3. Here heroes may have bled to win a name
On Glory's sunbright scroll, and prophets watched
Their holy shrines, whose fires no longer glow.
Sweet rose and woodbine bowers around these walls
May once have bloomed, less fragrant and less fair
Than the fond hearts that blended, and the lips
That pressed in passion's rapture; and these airs,
That float unconscious by, may have been born
Of gales, that bore Love's soft enchanting words.
But all is silent now as Death's own halls!

4. Empires have perish'd where these forests tower
In desolate array—and nations sunk,
With all their glories, to the darkling gulf
Of cold forgetfulness! But what avails
The uncertain guess, the dark and wildering search
For those whose spirits have but passed away
To the dark land of shadows and of dreams,
An hour before our own? Why in amaze
Behold these shattered walls, when other times
Shall hang in wondering marvel o'er our own
Proud cities, and enquire—"Who builded these?"

LESSON CLXXII.

On Time.—H. K. White.

1. Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass?—That earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? And what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it
Some rainbow promise.—Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.

2. 'Tis but as yesterday, since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd* gaz'd
In his mid-watch, observant, and dispos'd
The twinkling hosts, as fancy gave them shape.

* Alluding to the first Astronomical observations, made by the Chaldean shepherds.

Yet in the interim, what mighty shocks
Have buffetted mankind—whole nations razed—
Cities made desolate—the polished sunk
To barbarism, and once barbaric states
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
Illustrious deeds and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of grey tradition, voluble no more.

3. Where are the heroes of the ages past;
Where the brave chieftains—where the mighty ones
Who flourish'd in the infancy of days?—
All to the grave gone down!—On their fall'n fame
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze
Of his red eye-ball.

4. Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth—To-day—'tis what?
The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flash'd unnotic'd, save by wrinkled eld
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-pois'd shroud, then quietly
Clos'd her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up
Safe in the charnel's treasures.

5. O how weak
Is mortal man! How trifling—how confin'd
His scope of vision!—Puff'd with confidence,
His phrase grows big with immortality;
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
Dreams of eternal honors to his name;
Of endless glory, and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of Eternity,
As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point,
Too trivial for account.———

6. O it is strange,
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile and say, my name shall live with this,
'Till *Time* shall be no more; while at his feet,

Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fall'n fabric of the other day,
Preaches the solemn lesson.—He *should* know,
That time must conquer. That the loudest blast
That ever fill'd Renown's obstrep'rous trump,
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
Who lies inhum'd in the terrific gloom
Of the gigantic pyramid? Or who
Rear'd its huge wall?—Oblivion laughs and says,
The prey is mine. They sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
Their mem'ry burst its fetters.

7. Where is *Rome?*
She lives but in the tale of other times;
Her proud pavilions are the hermits' home.
And her long colonnades, her public walks,
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honored dust.

8. But not to Rome alone has fate confin'd
The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,
Half-raz'd from memory; and their very name
And being in dispute!

LESSON CLXXIII.

Jugurtha in Prison.*—Rev. C. Wolfe.

1. Well—is the rack prepared—the pincers heated?
Where is the scourge?—How?—not employed in Rome?

* Jugurtha was the son of Mastanabal and grand-son of the famous Massinissa, king of Numidia. His father having died while he was yet a child, he was taken by his uncle Micipsa and educated with his two sons, Hiempsal and Adherbal. At the death of Micipsa, the kingdom of Numidia was divided equally between Jugurtha and his two cousins. Jugurtha, greatly in favor with the people, and ambitious to possess the kingdom alone, murdered Hiempsal, and sought to do the same by Adherbal, who fled to Rome for succor. The Roman senate, being highly bribed, not only declared Jugurtha innocent, but decreed him the sovereignty of half the kingdom. Soon after this, he besieged Adherbal in Cirta, the capital of the kingdom, took him, and cruelly put him to death. *This* drew on him the vengeance of the Romans. Being defeated several times by the army under the consul Marius, he applied to Bocchus, his father-in-law, king of Mauritania, for assistance, by whom he was betrayed into the hands of the Romans. He was led in chains to Rome to grace the triumph of Marius. The senate condemned him to be starved to death in a dungeon, where he died, B. C. 103.

We have them in Numidia. Not in Rome?
I'm sorry for it;—I could enjoy it now;
I might have felt them yesterday; but now,—
Now, I have seen my funeral procession;
The chariot-wheels of Marius* have roll'd o'er me;
His horses' hoofs have trampled me in triumph;
I have attain'd that terrible consummation,
My soul could stand aloof, and from on high
Look down upon the ruins of my body
Smiling in apathy;—I feel no longer;
I challenge Rome to give another pang.
Oh! how he smiled, when he beheld me pause
Before his car, and scowl upon the mob;
The curse of Rome was burning on my lips,
And I had gnaw'd my chain, and hurl'd it at them
But that I knew he would have smiled again.

2. A king! and led before the gaudy Marius,
Before those shouting masters of the world,
As if I had been conquered: while each street,
Each peopled wall, and each insulting window,
Peal'd forth their brawling triumphs o'er my head
Oh! for a lion from thy woods, Numidia!—
Or had I, in that moment of disgrace,
Enjoy'd the freedom but of yonder slave,
I would have made my monument in Rome.
Yet I am not that fool, that Roman fool,
To think disgrace entombs the hero's soul,—
Forever damps his fires, and dims his glories;
That no bright laurel can adorn the brow
That once has bow'd; no victory's trumpet-sound
Can drown in joy the rattling of his chains.

3. What avails it now,
That my proud views despised the narrow limits,
Which minds that span and measure out ambition
Had fixed to mine; and, while I seemed intent
On savage subjects and Numidian forests,
My soul had pass'd the bounds of Africa!—

* Caius Marius, a distinguished Roman general. He was seven times consul. Dissensions having arisen between him and Sylla, Marius and his party were defeated, and he was obliged to flee from Italy. After various disasters, he landed in Africa, and went in a melancholy manner and seated himself among the RUINS OF CARTHAGE. His party, headed by Cinna, gaining the ascendency, he returned to Rome, and put to death all whom he considered his enemies. Marius assumed the consulship, but died about one month after, in a fit of debauch, aged 70—B. C. 86.

Defeated !—overthrown !—yet to the last
Ambition taught me hope ; and still my mind,
Through danger, flight, and carnage, grasp'd dominion ;
And had not Bocchus—curses, *curses* on him !—
What Rome has done, she did it for ambition ;
What Rome has done, I might—I would have done ;
What *thou* hast done, thou wretch !—Oh had she proved
Nobly deceitful : had she seized the traitor,
And joined him with the fate of the betrayed,
I had forgiven her all ; for he had been
The consolation of my prison hours ;
I could forget my woes in stinging him ;
And if, before this day, his little soul
Had not in bondage wept itself away,
Rome and Jugurtha should have triumphed o'er him.

4. Look here, thou caitiff,* if thou canst, and see
The fragments of Jugurtha ;—view him wrapt
In the last shred he borrow'd from Numidia ;
'Tis cover'd with the dust of Rome ;—behold
His rooted gaze upon the chains he wears,
And on the channels they have wrought upon him ;
Then look around upon his dungeon walls,
And view yon scanty mat, on which his frame
He flings, and rushes from his thoughts to sleep.

5. Sleep !
I'll sleep no more, until I sleep forever :
When I slept last, I heard Adherbal scream.
I'll sleep no more ! I'll *think* until I die :
My eyes shall pore upon my miseries,
Until my miseries shall be no more.
Yet wherefore did he scream ? Why, I have heard
His *living* scream,—it was not half so frightful.
Whence comes the difference ? When the man was living,
Why, I did gaze upon his couch of torments
With placid vengeance, and each anguish'd cry
Gave me stern satisfaction ; now he's *dead*,
And his lips move not :—yet his voice's image
Flash'd such a dreadful darkness o'er my soul,
I would not hear that fearful cry again
For the high glory of Numidia's throne.

6. But ah ! 'twas I that caused that *living* scream,
And therefore did its *echo* seem so frightful :—
If 'twere to do again, I would not kill thee ;

* Pronounced ca-tif, a base villain—meaning Bocchus.

Wilt thou not be contented?—But thou say'st,
"My father was to thee a father also;
He watch'd thy infant years, and gave thee all
That youth could ask, and scarcely manhood came,
Than came a kingdom also; yet didst thou"—
Oh I am faint!—they have not brought me food—
How did I not perceive it until now?
Hold,—my Numidian cruse is still about me—
No drop within—Oh, faithful friend, companion
Of many a weary march and thirsty day;
'Tis the first time that thou hast fail'd my lips.—

7. Gods! I'm in tears!—I did not think of weeping.
Oh Marius, wilt thou ever feel like this?
Ha! I behold the ruin of a city;
And on a craggy fragment sits a form
That seems in ruins also; how unmoved,
How stern he looks! Amazement! it is Marius.
Ha! Marius, think'st thou now upon Jugurtha?
He turns! he's caught my eye!—I see no more!

LESSON CLXXIV.

Rienzi's Address to the Romans.*—Miss Mitford.

1. Friends,
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots! lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell—a name.

2. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,

* Nicolas Gabrini de Rienzi, a remarkable character of the 14th century. He was the son of an obscure miller, yet by his zeal in opposing the existing vices, and by persuading his friends that he was able to restore the ancient glory of his country, he gained the supreme power; and was declared sovereign of Rome, with the approbation of the Pope. This excited the jealousy of the nobles, and he was murdered in 1354.

Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,
Was struck, struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini*; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor—Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common:
I have known deeper wrongs.

3. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy—there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
'To the beloved disciple.' How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! 'He left my side;
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks,—a smile
Parting his innocent lips.' In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance!

4. Rouse, ye Romans!—Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters?—Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans!
Why in that elder day to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus†! once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free; her sons
Shall walk with princes!

---

* Ursini, a Roman nobleman.

† Lucius Junius Brutus, one who expelled the Tarquins, and abolished the regal government at Rome, B. C. 509.

Marcus Junius Brutus, one of the conspirators who assassinated Julius Cesar.

LESSON CLXXV.

*Battle of Waterloo.**—Lord Byron.

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital† had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

2. Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat.
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the *cannon's* opening roar!

3. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated—who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

4. And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;

---

* Waterloo, a town of Belgium, 12 miles south of Brussels. It is well known as the scene of one of the most important and hard fought battles in modern times, between the allied British, German, and Belgic troops, under the duke of Wellington and marshal Blucher; and the French, under Napoleon Bonaparte, June 18th, 1815. The French were totally defeated, and the hopes of Bonaparte for ever blasted.

† Brussels, one of the most splendid cities in Europe, celebrated for its manufacture of carpets.

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

5. And Ardennes* waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

6. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

LESSON CLXXVI.

The Power of Eloquence.—CARY.

1. HEARD ye those loud contending waves,
That shook Cecropia's† pillar'd state?
Saw ye the mighty from their graves
Look up and tremble at her fate?
Who shall calm the angry storm?
Who the mighty task perform,
And bid the raging tumult cease?
See the son of Hermes‡ rise;
With syren tongue, and speaking eyes,
Hush the noise, and sooth to peace!

* Ardennes, a chain of mountains between the Meuse and Moselle rivers, in the grand-duchy of Luxemburg.

† Athens, the ancient capital of Attica, was founded by Cecrops, 1550 years B. C., and was called Cecropia till the time of Ericthonius, when it received the name of Athens.

‡ Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, called the son of Hermes, because Hermes, or Mercury, was the god of eloquence.

2. Lo! from the regions of the North,
The reddening storm of battle pours;
Rolls along the trembling earth,
Fastens on the Olynthian* towers.
"Where rests the sword?—where sleep the brave?
Awake! Cecropia's ally save
From the fury of the blast;
Burst the storm on Phocis' walls;
Rise! or Greece forever falls,
Up! or Freedom breathes her last!"

3. The jarring States, obsequious now,
View the Patriot's hand on high;
Thunder gathering on his brow,
Lightning flashing from his eye!
Borne by the tide of words along,
One voice, one mind, inspire the throng
"To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry,
"Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,
Lead us to Philippi's lord,†
Let us conquer him—or die!"

4. Ah! *Eloquence!* thou wast undone;
Wast from thy native country driven,
When Tyranny eclips'd the sun,
And blotted out the stars of heaven.
When liberty from Greece withdrew,
And o'er the Adriatic flew,
To where the Tiber pours his urn,
She struck the rude Tarpeian‡ rock;
Sparks were kindled by the shock—
Again thy fires began to burn!

5. Now shining forth, thou mad'st compliant
The Conscript Fathers to thy charms;
Rous'd the world-bestriding giant,
Sinking fast in Slavery's arms!
I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,
Pouring the persuasive strain,

---

* Olynthus was a celebrated town of Macedonia, which was destroyed by Philip, and the inhabitants sold for slaves.

† Philip, king of Macedon.

‡ The Tarpeian rock is a hill at Rome, about 80 feet in perpendicular height, whence condemned criminals were sometimes thrown.

Giving vast conceptions birth;
Hark! I hear thy thunder's sound,
Shake the Forum round and round—
Shake the pillars of the earth!

6. First-born of Liberty divine!
Put on *Religion's* bright array;
Speak! and the starless *grave* shall shine
The portal of eternal day!
Rise, kindling with the orient beam;
Let *Calvary's hill* inspire the theme!
Unfold the garments roll'd in blood!
O touch the soul, touch all her chords,
With all the omnipotence of words,
And point the way to Heaven—to God.

LESSON CLXXVII.

*Death of Marco Bozzaris.**—HALLECK.

1. AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

2. An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;

* He fell in an attack upon the Turkish Camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."

"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

3. They fought like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

4. Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;—
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;—
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;—
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

5. But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Fredom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die

LESSON CLXXVIII.

Dream of Clarence.—SHAKSPEARE.

1. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of dismal terror was the time.

2. Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloucester,*
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we passed along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and in falling
Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

3. O, then methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels;
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's sculls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

4.————————Often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

5. My dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest of my soul;

* Richard III. king of England, in 1483.

I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud——"What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished.

6. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud——
"Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury;
Seize on him, furies! take him to your torments!"
With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled into mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

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